

In All My Fantasies

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30088725) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30088725>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Real Person Fiction , Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream Team - Fandom
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch , Karl Jacobs/Sapnap
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch , Karl Jacobs , Zak Ahmed
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Alpha Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Omega GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound Angst (Video Blogging RPF) , Fluff and Angst , Angst , Smut , Fluff and Smut , Slow Burn , Masturbation , Alpha Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Rutting , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Alternate Universe - College/University , College , Pining , Mutual Pining , Mutually Unrequited , Pining Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Pining GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Anal Sex , Gay Sex , Gay Male Character , Everyone Is Gay , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Touch-Starved Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Flustered Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Breeding , Minor Violence , Knotting , References to Knotting , Omega Verse , Omegaverse , Protective Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Flustered GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Roommates , Dorms , Biting , Anal Fingering , Pregnancy Kink , Scent Kink , George smells like Vanilla , Dream smells like Pine and Citrus , Scent Marking , Scenting , Scents & Smells , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Fantasizing , Fantasy Sex , femboy , Boys in Skirts , Minor Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch , POV GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , POV Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Friends to Lovers , Miscommunication , Alternate Universe - Roommates/Housemates , and they were ROOMMATES , Eventual Smut , Eventual Romance , Eventual Fluff , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Angst and Romance , Angst with a Happy Ending , Misunderstandings , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Song Lyrics , Song: Ocean Eyes (Billie Eilish) , Song: Line Without a Hook (Ricky Montgomery) , Song: Sweater Weather (The Neighbourhood) , Hoodies , Homework , Soft GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Soft Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Implied/Referenced Self-Harm , Dream Sex , Dreams and Nightmares , Nightmares , Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con , Sad with a Happy Ending , Long Shot , Long , Short GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound Has Heterochromia Iridum (Video Blogging RPF) , Wet Dream , Jealous Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Jealous GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Horny Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch is Called BadBoyHalo BBH , Zak Ahmed is Called Skeppy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Our Reverie (mmmMeow's Omegaverse)
Collections:	Exceptional masterpieces

Stats:

Published: 2021-03-16 Completed: 2021-05-05 Chapters: 54/54 Words: 110166

In All My Fantasies

by [mmmMeow](#)

Summary

Dream, Sapnap, BadBoyHalo, and George all share a dorm room at their college. Dream and George are close, but aren't all alphas and omegas close? An incident occurs which brings to question the two boys feelings towards one another. What will it take for the alpha and omega to confess that they like one another as more than just friends?

Chapter 1

George sat on the floor, messing with his phone as he attempted to get it to connect to the television screen. After a few futile attempts with the scent of vanilla frustration rising in the air, the smaller boy's phone screen showed on the tv. He pumped his hands in the air in celebration.

Dream chuckled as he watched this occur. It was rather cute to see George acting like he just completed his first race and placed second place. George had pulled up Netflix and was scrolling through the options before he found what he was looking for and clicked play.

"So what are we watching today?" Bad asked from his spot on the opposite side of the couch from Dream. The four boys were all hanging out for their day off and watching a movie together. They made this a tradition ever since they all decided to room together.

"Maybe we'll be lucky and George will have picked something with a sex scene in it. Or, even better, a porno," Sapnap purred with a smirk. After a moment, he burst into laughter. His scent of smoke and leather spread through the air, sending joy tones to all the other boys in the room. George looked over at Sapnap and stuck his tongue out.

This was how things were ever since they had all decided to dorm together that semester at college. Sapnap had actually been interested in getting out of the dorm arrangement when he met with his boyfriend earlier in the semester, but the college staff didn't allow him too. Dream thought this was better anyway.

Normally, the alphas and the omegas were placed in two different dorm houses on the opposite sides of campus. The betas were allowed to dorm in either one. Recently, they added a third building. Originally, it was meant for only betas, but they decided to allow individuals with different secondary genders to live together in these dorms. The only rule was that the four of them had to sign plenty of waivers.

It wasn't like Dream or Sapnap would do anything to harm George and Bad. Speaking of that, George and Bad were omegas while Sapnap and Dream were alphas. Sapnap had his own relationship and Dream would never stoop low enough to hurt one of his friends.

Bad grabbed the throw pillow resting behind his back and chucked it at Sapnap's head. "Language," he huffed, crossing his arms before sinking into the couch. That was Bad for you.

"But I didn't even say anything bad! All I said was sex and porno. I know all of us have either had sex or watched a porno," Sapnap responded, defending himself. "I think the rest of you have only ever watched porn. I, on the other hand, have sex quite often."

"Ugh, just shut up, Sapnap," George smirked as he got up from his position on the floor. There was no room on the couch as Bad had pulled his legs up and onto the couch while Dream was awkwardly manspreading. George began to walk over to the couch. Before Dream could fully move his legs so he wasn't manspreading all over George's place, George sat down on Dream's lap with a small smirk.

Dream could feel his whole face grow red as George sat down on his lap. Sapnap immediately burst into laughter. "Get a room, fuckers!" Sapnap shouted over his laughing fit as he rocked himself back and forth on his stand-alone chair.

"Language!" Bad shouted again.

"I hope you don't mind, Dream," George purred softly with a small smirk. Dream swallowed and hoped that the red in his face wasn't seen by the omega on his lap.

"Yeah, don't worry. You're fine sitting here, if you want," Dream responded quickly, feeling like the room was heating up several degrees. He thought it was just his face blushing again, but he noticed that there was also sweat on George's forehead that was causing his curly brown hair to stick. Maybe he wasn't blushing, maybe it really was just hot.

The scent wafting from George's scent gland was so nice and sweet. Vanilla and faint strawberries surrounded him as he sat there. He was not really paying attention to the movie as he was more distracted by the alluring scent before him. It was like a delicious pound cake was being baked right in front of him. He had never really reacted this strongly before to George's scent, so what was different right now?

"Whose turn is it to get the popcorn?" George asked aloud. Dream could feel the smaller boy fidgeting around on his lap at that moment. What was wrong? Dream could smell a change in the scent being excreted from the omega in front of him. It was discomfort, but Dream couldn't really understand why. Was his legs too bony? George was definitely uncomfortable sitting on Dream's lap.

"It's mine," Dream said quickly. If George was so uncomfortable there in his lap., he wanted to make sure he should feel more comfortable. Dream grabbed George and plucked him off his lap before sitting him back down where Dream had previously been sitting. Once again, there was a change in George's scent when Dream immediately volunteered himself to be on popcorn duty. Was that sadness? Maybe he was reading it wrong.

The blond alpha stood up and scurried over to the kitchen. He glanced around their snack cabinet before finding the box of popcorn. Thankfully, there was one pack left. He unwrapped it and tossed it into the microwave. He set the time automatically, a number he memorized because it was different in every microwave.

The popcorn began to spin as he ducked down to look for a bowl to place the popcorn in. He knew that they kept it in one of the cabinets... which one though? God damn it Sapnap.

"Oh Dream~" George called from the living room after a moment. George did this a lot, and Dream always responded the same way.

"Oh George~" He hollered in response. It was like their own game of marco-polo that the two shared with one another. They usually only did it when they were in their dorm, though.

"Ugh, would you two just stop and kiss already?" Sapnap huffed from his position across from George in a single-seater chair. Dream glanced back at him and noticed there was a playful smirk on his face. Dream opened his mouth before being stopped by someone else speaking.

"Sapnap, you're making them uncomfortable," Bad snapped at Sapnap. The boy with longer hair stuck his tongue out at Bad. Bad rolled his eyes in response to that. There was a light-hearted smell within the scents of the two boys from what Dream could smell from the kitchen.

"Hurry up with that popcorn, Dream," Sapnap hollered in an annoyed manner, "We're gonna be done with the movie by the time you get in here."

"I would, if you hadn't misplaced the goddamn bowl earlier this week," Dream huffed in response as he pushed aside some of the other cooking supplies from the cabinets. Where did they even get all these things? The only one who ever really cooked was Bad- and he had never seen him touch

half of these things.

“Language!” Bad hollered at Dream when he said the word ‘goddamn.’

After pushing aside some pots (and causing an unusually large amount of noise in the process), Dream managed to grab one of the big bowls that they kept for specifically this reason: holding popcorn. He pulled it out and poured the popcorn into the bowl before joining the other three boys in the living room.

He joined George and Bad on the couch and sat between them with the popcorn on his lap. George immediately reached over and grabbed a handful of buttery popcorn from the newly found bowl.

Sapnap glanced over at Dream and scoffed. “Ugh, gross. Move the popcorn away from your dick! I doubt George and Bad would feel comfortable with that,” Sapnap snorted as he laughed at his own joke.

“Language!” Bad hollered at Sapnap, throwing a nearby remote at him to make him shut up. He earned a ‘hey!’ from Sapnap as the taller, long haired boy was hit.

“I’m trying to watch the movie, guys,” George shook his head as he moved to turn up the volume.

Dream rolled his eyes with a smile at Sapnap’s earlier comment, but complied by moving the popcorn away from his crotch region. He passed it over to George, who happily took it and began to gorge himself on it.

“Save some for the rest of us,” the long haired boy hissed in joking as he pointed out George devouring the bowl of popcorn before anyone else had even laid a hand on it.

“Leave him alone,” Bad huffed once again, looking around for something else to throw at him. Sapnap instinctively curled up to shield himself from the incoming impact.

The movie was soon completely ignored by all inside that room as playful fighting continued to break out. From here, Dream could smell the scent of leather and smoke emanating from Sapnap. From what Dream guessed, he was trying to overpower Dream’s own scent of pine and citrus, but he was failing miserably. George eventually spilled his popcorn as all Dream got up to tussle with Sapnap. After Sapnap ended up in a headlock beneath Dream’s armpit, Bad pointed out the spilled popcorn.

“Oh, oops,” Dream chuckled as he proceeded to give Sapnap a noogie on the noggin. He glanced over at Bad and mouthed, “I’ll clean it up later, don’t worry.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that,” Bad replied, pointing over at George. “I think George was really looking forward to that popcorn.”

Dream’s gaze shifted over to one of his closest friends, George. Even before his gaze even turned to look at the smaller boy, he caught a whiff of the distressed scent of vanilla and hints of strawberry. He also noticed the sadness in his eyes over merely spilled popcorn. What was he so worked up about?

Dream released his grip on the smaller alpha as he went over to George’s side. He crouched down beside the smaller boy and looked him in the eyes. He began to release a soothing scent as he stared at George carefully. “I can go run to the store and buy some popcorn, if you’d like? I don’t know why you’re so upset about this, but I can get some more popcorn. That was the last bag we had here, though. I can go run to the store and buy some popcorn, if you’d like?”

Sapnap landed on the couch with a quiet oomph as he was released was Dream's grip. He rubbed his head, attempting to soothe it, as he looked up at Dream crouched next to George. He laughed and hollered, "Comforting your boyfriend, huh, Dream?"

Dream rolled his eyes and looked at George. "I'd like that," George responded, a smile on his face. Dream smiled in response and patted him gently on the head.

Bad shook his head and grabbed Sapnap by the collar of his shirt. "We should never have invited you to live with us," He huffed, but didn't seem to be too upset. He just looked somewhat frustrated that he was just causing tension among the group. "How about you go to your boyfriend's room and let off some steam?"

Sapnap's face grew red as he realized what Bad was implying he should do. Bad dragged the boy by the collar and chucked him unceremoniously out the door before shutting it. He turned around from the door and rubbed his hands together like there was dirt on them.

Dream stood up and moved to the door. "I'll make sure Sapnap gets where he's going, and I'll get some popcorn while I'm out. What's the nearest place that sells popcorn, Bad?"

When Dream had turned to look back at Bad to answer his question, he noticed that the omega was hovering near George and sniffing him. It wasn't like Dream didn't want to inhale the sweet scent of vanilla from the brown haired boy. The scent that George emitted usually kept the alpha captivated, but today was especially so... for some reason? It looked awkward what Bad was doing, though. The tall alpha repeated the other boy's name once again when he didn't get a response.

Bad pulled away from George and looked over at Dream. He got up and joined Dream's side and responded, "I think the nearest place is the gas station," Bad responded, glancing back at George before looking back at Dream. If Dream didn't know better, he would think that Bad was an alpha trying to get George all for himself. Of course, Dream knew better than that- he had seen Bad heat once. It was actually less seeing and more so 'smelled.'

"Alright, I'll be back in a couple of minutes," Dream responded, glancing from Bad to George who was laying down on the couch. Dream felt a frown cross his face as he noticed the omega curl up on the couch. Dream released some of his soothing scent before he opened the door to leave.

"I'll join you for a bit. I need to tell Skeppy we need to reschedule the thing we were doing after this movie," Bad responded as he stepped outside of the dorm room and into the hallway. "I think there's something I need to do today."

Dream nodded and joined Bad in the hallway. For some reason, he felt like he shouldn't be leaving the dorm. There was no good reason for this, but something kept pulling him to stay in their room and not go for more popcorn. On the other hand, his brain was screaming at him to help George out and get some popcorn for him... and that was what he was going to do.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I'll spoil y'all a little and post two chapters on the first day I published the first one. Otherwise, I'll post them whenever I finish them.

Dream stepped up the stairs as he walked to his dorm room. He ran from where he left Bad to the gas station, bought popcorn, and ran back. There really wasn't a reason for him to run to and from the dorm, but he felt like he had to. He needed to bring this popcorn back to George before the boy got anymore upset.

The tall alpha reached the top of the stairs and placed his hands onto his knees. He needed to catch his breath. He hadn't run that much in forever, especially without reason. The last time he had run that much was probably back when he was in high school.

After a moment of catching his breath, the blond boy moved into the hallway and towards their dorm room. There was nothing odd about it, but something seemed to catch in his chest.

He shook his head and grabbed the key from his pocket. Bad had locked it before the two left despite Dream saying that it was overkill. Both of them would probably be gone for no more than ten minutes at maximum. The door was still locked, meaning that Bad was still with Skeppy- wherever that was, anyway. Last time he checked, they were right outside the student union.

The door opened with a faint click and Dream pushed open the door. "Okay George, I'm back with-" He stopped mid-sentence as he smelled it.

That was what was causing him to feel so weird. That caused George to act so upset over something so minorly upsetting. George was in heat... and now, Dream was standing here, in the doorway, facing George while he was in heat.

Dream, the alpha, was staring at George, the omega, while he was in heat.

George let out a whine before he seemed to scent the alpha standing in the doorway. He raised his head as he turned to look at Dream in the eyes, his face lighting up when he noticed that it was Dream- an alpha.

"Alpha, please, alpha," he whined loudly as he proceeded to claw his way off the couch and towards Dream. Thankfully, he was still clothed, but who knew how long that would last, especially with Dream still in the room.

The tall alpha immediately moved his hand to his nose to cover up the scent, but he couldn't help that he already smelled it. He could feel his cock grow hard within his pants as George crawled towards him. He could see George's face light up even more at the sight of that.

Before George could reach the blond alpha, Dream quickly pulled close the door and locked it as fast as he could. He pressed his back against the door and slid down it. Ugh- that was why Bad was scenting him so closely. He must've scented the heat on him before Dream even noticed it.

Dream could hear the sad and pained noises from the other side of the door as he pawed at the

door. "Alpha, please, come back. I thought you liked me," George pleaded with Dream before Dream moved to cover up his ears. The tall boy really hoped that there were no other alphas on the floor- at least, none that could currently hear what George was saying.

"G-George, go to your room, please," Dream huffed out, his face growing bright red as he heard George's pitiful whines and moans from the other side of the door. The doors within the dorm may have been airtight, but the ones into the hallway certainly weren't. Dream had a choice between either covering his ears or plugging his nose.

Dream chose to cover his nose as he continued to hear the pained moans from George on the other side of the door as he feebly clawed at the door. It seemed that the heat caused him to forget how doors worked- thank god for that.

The blond alpha could feel the tightness in his jeans and wished he had worn anything else. He also wished that he could've seen the signs of heat on George. On top of that, he wished that George had seen the signs of his own heat as well. There were so many things that could've been different- but unfortunately not.

"Alpha- why are you hiding? I just want you to knot me! Fill me with your pups- make me yours! I-I'm so ready for you to be within me," George moaned aloud through the crack at the bottom of the door. Ah- so it seems that he noticed that some of Dream's scent was coming in from the bottom of the door.

"Please George," he cried, continuing to plug his nose. He really hoped that blocking the heat scent was really the better idea than closing his ears. From what he had scented before in the moment he entered the dorm, it smelled so strongly of vanilla that it almost seemed like someone spilled a whole bottle of it while baking a cake. That scent of vanilla heat was most likely so strong now, Dream felt like he could almost orgasm at the mere scent of it.

After a moment, he heard the sound of someone climbing up the stairs. Dream hoped that it was anyone other than an alpha. Please- Sapnap, please be busy burying yourself within your omega partner.

Bad popped in through the doorway. He glanced over at Dream, beginning to wave before pausing as he scented the air around himself. "Oh no-" Bad said as his eyes widened. He looked down at Dream, who responded with a wave from the hand that wasn't holding his nose.

From the other side of the door, George continued to plead with Dream about why he should enter the room and make him full of Dream's pups. He was willing to do anything in order to make sure Dream came in and came inside his slick-filled hole.

"O-okay, Dream, you stay there... actually, maybe go down the hall a bit?" Bad started as he moved towards the door. He seemed rather frightened about what was going to happen. Dream didn't blame him much, though, as he assumed he had heard what other alphas would do if they smelled an unclaimed omega in heat. "Don't come through the door until I... I get George to his room."

"I wasn't planning on going in there right now, anyway," Dream responded, feeling a heavy blush as he continued to hear the whimpering of George from the other side of the door. Bad nodded and stuck his key into the door to unlock it.

It seemed that George scented Bad on the other side of the door and began to get defensive. "Alpha? Are you with another Omega?" He asked defensively as he reached his fingers under the door. "Why would you when I'm all that you need? Fill me up with pups- I need you so much!"

Dream glanced up at Bad, his face tinted a heavy red color as he wondered what the glasses-wearing omega thought of the other omega's words. Bad noticed that Dream was looking at him and gave him an apologetic look for listening to what was happening.

The tall, blond alpha stood up and remembered the hard-on he had within his pants as he began to awkwardly waddle down the hallway a bit to put some distance between himself and George. He really hoped that Bad didn't notice the boner he was rocking as he awkwardly shuffled away.

The door clicked open and Bad seemed to struggle for a moment with George before the door shut once again and the lock made a clicking noise to show that it was locked again. Bad must've been struggling to keep George from scampering out of the door and jumping onto Dream's lap to get to his dick.

God- the idea of George being horny for him... Dream shook his head- that was just the heat scent talking. Sure, he loved the scent of George's vanilla, but that was it. It wasn't like he was actually interested in George... no, of course not.

Dream stood awkwardly leaning on the wall, staring at the door of his apartment. He really hoped that no one would exit their dorm room or come up the stairs, or else they would see the alpha, visibly horny, standing awkwardly in the hallway while the scent of heat seemed to waft through the hallway. How would he explain that to anyone walking through. 'Sorry, my closest friend went into heat and I accidentally caught a whiff. Don't worry, my other omega friend is helping him out while I stand out here with a boner.'

Another moment passed before the door to his dorm clicked open and Bad popped his head out. He looked over at Dream and gave him a thumbs up. "George is safely locked in his room so you two can't... maybe I should lock you in your room as well."

Dream chuckled lightly as he rubbed his neck nervously. Man, that was so awkward- one of his friends seeing him horny for another one of his friends who just happened to be in heat now. Thankfully, his boner had gone down to merely a half-chub over the embarrassment of the situation. He smiled lightly and scurried his way into the dorm.

When he first entered the dorm, he unplugged his nose before realizing that the heat scent had not wafted out. Bad probably hadn't lit anything to cover the scent yet- oh god. Vanilla fragrance so strong it could kill someone allergic from a mere whiff caressed his nose as he removed his fingers from his nose. His full boner returned before he could even begin to move his hand to cover his nose again.

Before Bad could even look at him, he hurried off into his room and locked the door behind himself. The best thing about this was that all the rooms were both sound and smell proof. That meant that anyone could rut or heat in privacy without the other members of the house being disturbed. Of course, it worked both ways. He couldn't smell or hear anything outside the room nor could anyone outside smell or hear what he was doing inside. The only way to get someone's attention was to bang on their doors. When they discovered that, Sapnap had a field day of waking Dream up at odd hours of the night.

Dream sighed and moved onto his bed. He undid his jeans and reached over for the lotion he kept in the drawer of his bedside table. After grabbing it, he pulled it out and squirted it into his hand before removing his underwear as well.

He glanced down at his dick. It was rock hard and basically throbbing for George. Precum was leaking out the tip already. Dream flopped his head down onto his pillow and grabbed his penis within the hand that held the lotion. The cold of the lotion felt good as he began to pump himself.

Despite trying not to, his thoughts all drifted to George. It was a combination between seeing him crawl towards him while begging for him as well as all the noise he made while Dream was locked on the other side of the door. And the scent of vanilla. God- if Dream ever decided to make a cake, it would probably make him so horny.

He began to moan softly as he could only think about how hot George would look with sweat covering his bright red face as Dream pounded into him. George's slick-covered hole taking in the entirety of Dream's length with ease as he pumped himself in and out of the smaller omega boy. Once again, thank god the walls were soundproof.

He could only picture what it would be like to see George's cum face as he came all over both of their bodies while Dream continued to ram his dick against George's precious prostate. The sweaty and red-faced boy would look so cute as he moaned out Dream's name in between other moans of pleasure. The idea of Dream finally climaxing and knotting while inside of George while the two celebrate their high together.

"George~" He moaned out as he felt himself orgasm. He could feel his semen rush from the tip of his dick and over his hand and bed. Dream was so invested with his sex fantasy that he absolutely forgot that he wasn't fucking George's brains out.

Ugh- now Dream was covered in his own sticky semen. This was going to take a bit to clean up and Dream was not looking forward to that. He also wasn't looking forward to seeing Bad when he eventually left his room... probably to look for paper towels or tissues to clean up his mess as he realized he had run out. He would probably die of embarrassment after everything that happened today.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

short chapter unfortunately :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The following day, Dream was preparing some lunch for himself while he stood within the dorm. Sure, he didn't know how to make that much, but he was still making something. It may have just been a BLT, but it was still something!

Sapnap was chilling on the couch- probably still enjoying the high from fucking someone yesterday. All Dream did yesterday was fuck his own hand while picturing his closest friend in heat. On top of that, he awkwardly exited his room shortly afterwards and stole a roll of paper towels from the kitchen while avoiding making eye contact with Bad.

Dream grabbed his plate holding his BLT as he joined Sapnap on the couch. He rested his feet on top of Sapnap's lap playfully as he began to eat his sandwich. He winked at the other alpha before taking another bite. Sapnap rolled his eyes.

"Why aren't you in there fucking the brains out of your boyfriend, Dream," He smirked as he pushed Dream's feet off of his lap.

Dream rolled his eyes and gestured at the other alpha with his sandwich. "You know very well that George and I are nothing but friends. The flirting is as playful as we're being right now," he explained, kicking Sapnap lightly. He took another bite of the sandwich.

"Sure you are," he said sarcastically before laughing at him. He kicked Dream's legs in response. "Then explain why Bad told me he found you with a boner while George was moaning for you?"

"H-he told you that?" Dream asked, his eyes wide as a blush crossed his face. He couldn't imagine Bad doing that to him. He seemed just as embarrassed to be a part of the situation, let alone speak of it to Sapnap. In that moment, he quickly turned his face away to hide the heavy red crossing his cheeks. He, furthermore, stuffed the BLT in his face to hide it even further.

"Of course he didn't. All he told me was that George went into heat while you and him were away. You told me that it happened- just now," He smirked as Dream put together the pieces. WHAT THE FUCK. Dream went back to kicking Sapnap as he giggled like a little school girl who just found out the latest gossip. "How could I not assume that you were horny over the scent of George in heat?"

"I'm gonna talk to the dean and get you removed from this room," Dream huffed, grabbing one of the throw pillows Bad bought and hitting Sapnap over the head with it. Sapnap snorted before being bashed over the head with the soft pillow. He wiggled away from Dream and got himself up.

"Hey- I already tried to. You're stuck with me until the end of the semester," Sapnap chuckled, raising his hands in a surrendering manner. Dream huffed and hit Sapnap over the head one more time before flopping back down on the couch. Sapnap calmed down from his laughing fit before flopping down on the couch next to Dream. "I know you don't mean it, big guy. I'm just messing

with you- but I know that it happened. It would've happened to me, too, if I wasn't already with Karl down in his dorm.

"Yeah, yeah," Dream huffed, turning his face away from Sapnap. He still had a faint blush on his cheeks from the experience. That would just add more fuel to Sapnap's fire. He paused before asking, "Did Bad tell our professors that George is taking a week for his heat? I know that I have the same classes with him, but I feel like it would be awkward if I sent an email saying that..."

"Uh, probably?" Sapnap replied, glancing over at Dream and poking him in the arm. Dream turned to him before realizing that was what Sapnap was trying to make him do. Sapnap shrugged when Dream looked at him and continued, "Dude, they know that the two of you are roommates. It's not like you're saying that both you and George are gonna be gone for George's heat. That would make some of the professors' heads turn."

"Sapnap, I'm going to punch you one day," Dream chuckled, releasing a playful scent to show to the other alpha that he was only joking. Alphas generally had to be more careful with direct threats as some alphas believed that it was an actual threat on them.

"And I can't wait for that day," Sapnap joked back as he stood up and glanced around the area for something. After a moment, he grabbed his book bag and pulled it up onto his shoulder. "If you want to know if Bad contacted your professors, you can ask him when he gets back from class. On a related note, now I have to go to class. Please don't fuck George on the couch while I'm gone. At least do it in one of your rooms."

Dream rolled his eyes and waved Sapnap goodbye as he went into his room, grabbed his laptop, and exited from the shared dorm room. Now Dream was left alone by himself. Well, he technically wasn't alone as George was in the other room, but he didn't want to think about that.

Last time he had thought about George, more than just Sapnap's tauntings from earlier, was the previous day. He felt so bad for masturbating over the idea of his friend, but it was all that his brain could focus on. He blamed the heat- yeah, that was it. It was just the scent of heat in the air that was clouding his brain. No one should tell him that the scent of heat couldn't have gotten into his room since, as stated, they were scent proof.

Now Dream was merely a room away from George as the small omega was alone and in heat within his room. Dream could feel himself wanting to enter the other boy's room and help him out, but he stayed in his seat on the couch. That would be bad- he couldn't do that. He would be taking advantage of his friend... plus it would be super awkward afterwards.

What would he say to George afterwards? "Hey, sorry I fucked you while you were in heat. No, I walked into your room and took advantage of you while you wanted to be filled by an alpha." That made him sound like the worst kind of alpha out there. How could he even think about fucking George right now.

Now that he was thinking about it, had George even had anything to eat yet? Last thing that he knew he had was the popcorn before Dream spilled it everywhere. He was probably hungry right now... but Dream couldn't do anything in order to help him right now. If he opened that door, Dream would get a face full of heat scent and a sex-crazed George pawing at his crotch. Which sounded so hot-

No it didn't. Dream had to stop thinking about George in such a sexual way. If that was all he thought about, he would drive his friend away. Plus, how could he even look George in the eyes after his heat was done? Dream glanced back over his shoulder at the door to George's room.

Thank god everyone was gone or else they would smell the embarrassment within his scent as it wafted through the room. Once again, he was thankful that his scent wouldn't travel into George's room.

That was it. Dream couldn't just keep sitting in the living room awkwardly thinking about how much he wanted to fuck George until he forgot his own name. He shook his head once again and stood up. He carried himself into his room and shut the door. He wouldn't be distracted by anything. He could get some coding homework done. He was putting it off, anyway, so it was better if he just did it now. It would keep him from being so distracted.

Dream closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. All he could smell was his own scent of pine and citrus that covered the room. Good. He exhaled and turned on some music before opening his laptop and getting to work.

Chapter End Notes

now that I see how short this is, maybe I'll post another chapter later

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I made rich on my promise

Dream was sitting in class with his laptop in front of him. It was open to a blank document. He was supposed to be writing notes, but his mind kept drifting off onto other things. They weren't even that important in the first place, but he couldn't keep himself focused. Thankfully, he already understood the concept being taught. Maybe that was why he was actually allowing his mind to wander.

The first thought in his head was about what he should eat for dinner. He always thought about that in this class as it was right before his normal dinner time. If he was lucky, Bad might've cooked something for all of them. The omega tended to make joint meals for the four of them whenever one of them was in heat or in rut. Whenever Bad went into heat, the three took turns making a meal for Bad.

Then his brain began to wonder more about the others. It was the alpha in him to care about the others in his dorm. They were basically his non-biological family while he was here at college. Did Bad eat today? Probably. He was out with Skeppy on a date or something, so they were probably off on a picnic somewhere. What about Sapnap? He was almost always eating- there was no need for him to worry about the other alpha. Plus, Sapnap would be so pissed off if Dream even considered asking him about it.

Did George eat? Dream was in his room all afternoon and into the night, so he had no idea if Bad even came home. Even if the walls in his room weren't soundproof, he was blasting music while heavily focused on his coding. Hopefully George wasn't sitting a puddle of slick while craving both sex and food.

Dream knew that he never really wanted to eat while in a rut, but he would still eat when provided food. He never really went without food during a rut... he thought. His ruts were sometimes rather hazy, so he may have missed a meal or two every once in a while. If Bad didn't give George anything last night, then he hadn't had anything to eat in at least two days. The last thing that Dream even saw him eat was the popcorn.

The tall alpha sighed as he pulled out his phone. He wasn't supposed to be on his phone in class- he never really did this. Usually, he would be focused on his lectures and taking notes. George would be sitting next to him and sometimes giving a playful retort into Dream's ear.

He pulled up his text messages and pulled up his contact for Bad. He paused for a moment, feeling rather guilty to not be paying attention while in class. He momentarily glanced around to see if anyone was looking at him. No one was. Dream guessed that half of the students were actually asleep at that moment. That eased up some of the tension weighing heavy on his back.

Hey Bad, have u fed Gogy recently?

Dream paused before sending the message. The way he typed it made it seem like he was talking about some pet they had within their dorm room. Ugh- George wasn't some pet. He was a human

being and deserved to be treated as such. Dream deleted the text before redrafting it.

Hey Bad, has Gogy ate anything today?

Dream felt tempted to explain himself, but he held back. If he did that, it would probably make him seem more obsessed with George. He sighed silently before sending the message. If he didn't send it now, he would probably redraft it at least fourteen more times.

The alpha held the phone in his hands, completely ignoring anything that was happening around him. He was thankful that he didn't know anyone else in the class. If he did, they would probably be all in his business about what he was doing at that moment. His thumbs twiddled over his phone as he waited for a response. Dream raised his head up to glance at the professor before turning his gaze back down to his phone.

It wasn't like his phone was on his lap or anything. He held it just behind his laptop so that the professor wouldn't see that he was on his phone.

The three typing bubbles popped up on his text messages. He almost dropped his phone at that moment because he was anxious about seeing the response. Thankfully he didn't or else everyone would've looked at him like he just stripped off his pants and waved his dick around.

Yeah! Why :0

Ah- now he has to explain himself. What was he supposed to say? George has been constantly running through his mind ever since two days ago. He wanted to make sure George was okay and wasn't struggling while in heat. He felt like he needed to do anything for George at this moment. He shook his head and typed up a response that he thought of earlier.

I see u guys as family. I need to make sure myy family is fed and

Stupid large fingers caused him to misspell the word "my" as well as send the text before he was done typing. It was probably for the better since Dream was probably going to ramble on for a while if he continued to type any more.

Bad almost immediately began to respond to Dream. He really hoped that he didn't bring up the 'and' at the end of his text message. If he did, maybe Dream could lie and say that he accidentally pressed it when sending it to Bad.

Oh! I see everyone as my family too :) speaking of, what do you want to eat? I'm making dinner today ^-^

Thank god Bad was planning on making dinner. Dream celebrated silently as he thought about what he wanted to eat. There was nothing in particular that he really wanted to eat, but... Man, he was thinking about George again. He knew that George's favorite food was chinese food (or overall generally asian food), but George would not spend enough time to eat that. Plus, Bad was making something.

How bout... garlic bread

Oh no, that was the first thing to pop into his head. That wasn't even like a meal or anything. Maybe he should send a second text and suggest something else. Maybe like chicken alfredo or spaghetti or something. Sure, Dream had just eaten garlic bread for a meal before, but that was when he was alone or had to get to class soon.

George was on his mind. He was too focused on making sure that they had something that George would eat that he completely forgot that he had to eat himself. He shook his head. He needed to stop thinking about George so much. There was no reason for him to be acting this way!

God, that was such a dumbass thing to type. Before Dream moved to type a second text, the phone vibrated in his hands to signal that Bad had responded.

Just garlic bread :o I can make some spaghetti to go with it :3

Dream responded quickly.

Yeah lol I was going to tell you spaghetti too, but my fingers accidentally pressed the send button too early

Dream glanced up at his professor and noticed that he was asking some of the other members of class questions. He was mainly picking on the kids that were visibly sleeping in class, so Dream hoped that he was safe for the moment.

Oh okay :D I'll start it now as I think class ends soon for u

Dream sighed quietly to himself as he pushed his phone back into his pocket. He turned up to look at his professor once again and noticed that he had gone back to writing something on the board. He was assigning homework from the book. Great.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I'm gonna be updating every 2-3 days now. Today, I'll give you the update, but next update comes on either Sunday or Monday.

Dream arrived home at their shared dorm room and kicked open the door. He didn't have any more classes today, so he was thankfully going to share a nice dinner together with Bad and Sapnap.

At least, he thought it was just those two before he opened the door. The scent of leather mixed with black tea and mint. After a moment, he realized that Sapnap was comfortably draped over his chair while his boyfriend was sitting on Sapnap's lap. Karl, the omega who was sitting on Sapnap, noticed Dream in the doorway and gave him a friendly wave as the tall alpha entered.

Dream set his stuff down in his room before scurrying into the kitchen where he noticed Bad was standing over a pot of boiling noodles. He held a fork in his hand that was most likely for stirring the noodles. From what he saw, he could assume that they were the basic spaghetti noodles. His scent of honey and sugar rather overpowering within the kitchen.

"What is Karl doing here, Bad?" Dream muttered to Bad. He kept his voice low enough to make sure that the trio within the living room couldn't hear him speaking.

Bad's eyebrow cocked as he glanced over at Dream. "Why couldn't he be here?" Bad shot back. Thankfully, he was also rather quiet while speaking to the taller alpha who was now invading his kitchen space. Sugar and honey was wafting through the air as he could tell Bad had been in the kitchen for a while.

Dream shook his head as he could smell his own scent of pine and citrus beginning to overpower the scent of sugar and honey that was already in place. Dream could tell that it smelled heavily of frustration. "George is in the next room over in heat! I don't think we should invite another omega over," Dream spat quietly, crossing his arms as he felt his anger bubble within his gut.

Bad glanced over at Dream, backing away from the alpha. He probably felt threatened as he smelled the scent of frustration and possibly anger drifting from Dream's scent glands. Noticing that, Dream attempted to cool himself down so as to not scare the omega in front of him. "George can't smell or hear us while he's inside his room and you know that. Why are you so insistent on making sure George is okay?" Bad asked, his eyebrows going from angry to worried. "Did you accidentally bite George while you smelled his heat? I wouldn't be mad, you know, if you did. I-I'd have to tell the faculty, though..."

Dream's eyes widened as he heard that come from Bad's mouth. Did he bite George? No, he didn't. Dream wasn't in a rut, he could almost vividly remember what happened. The blond alpha had barely been inside the dorm room for ten seconds before he closed the dorm room door and locked himself on the other side.

As Dream went to open his mouth to respond, the oven dinged to signal that the garlic bread was done. Bad glanced over at Dream before shoo-ing away the alpha so he could open the door without burning Dream. Bad grabbed the oven mitts and pulled out a tray of garlic bread onto the

stove. He also moved to turn off the boiling of the water before bringing it over to the sink and straining out the water.

When Bad finished, Dream tried to get Bad to look at him so he could explain. Bad turned to stare at Dream. The tall, blond alpha felt self-conscious as Bad stared at him, so he averted his gaze away while he explained himself. “No, I did not bite George. You can look at his neck, I didn’t touch him. I-I don’t know why I keep thinking about him, Bad. I feel like he’s the only thing that’s been running through my mind. The heat did something to me, Bad.” He turned his gaze up to look at Bad in the face as he finished explaining.

Bad chuckled and placed a hand on Dream’s shoulder. “I think you have a crush on George... and I think you’ve had it for a while,” Bad explained quietly before turning to an upper cabinet and grabbing out six plates for all the boys in the dorm. He hurried over to some sauce that he made and poured it onto five of the six plates and added an equal amount of pasta onto each of the plates except for the one without sauce.

Dream stood there absolutely shocked that Bad would just insinuate that. “Wait, Bad, how could you just say that? I- that’s not true at all. George is just my closest friend- I treat him the same as I do you and Sapnap,” Dream sputtered to the other boy, completely ignoring the fact that he was talking rather loudly. The boys in the other room could most likely hear him at that point.

“Would you let me or Sapnap sit on your lap? No, you wouldn’t. I could see you almost fawning over him when he sat there. I can discuss this after dinner if you’d like- when Sapnap and Karl are in Sapnap’s room,” Bad responded, turning to point at Dream with the fork he was using to get the noodles out. Bad sighed and set down the fork before turning to the tray of bread. He added a piece of garlic bread onto each plate before placing three on the empty plate. When he noticed that Dream was watching him, he pointed at the plate with just garlic bread and said, “For George. Now, help me bring these into the dining room.”

Dream nodded and grabbed two of the plates while Bad somehow managed to grab three of them. Dream was about to ask how he learned to do that when he remembered that Bad informed them that he used to be a waiter during high school. Dream and Bad placed the plates down on the table and took a seat next to each other. Both of them didn’t want to bother the poly of boys, so they preferred the company of one another.

At the sound of food being placed, Karl and Sapnap popped up from their snuggle session on the couch and sat down next to one another at the table. The two were directly next to one another. Dream ended up facing Karl as he began to dig into the food Bad made.

The four boys all quickly went into eating the food. Dream went first for the garlic bread and finished that before he grabbed a fork to eat the spaghetti Bad made. It had been so long since he actually had a proper meal that wasn’t just fast food or delivery. “I forgot to make meatballs!” Bad shouted after a moment of enjoying the meal.

The boys all soon finished their meals... well, the omegas finished their meals while the alphas all got up to get seconds. Biology was a bitch for making them need more calories than betas or omegas.

“I’m so full,” Karl remarked, rubbing his stomach in delight. His scent was sweet. Dream could only guess that it was mint. It mixed rather well with his alpha partner’s scent of leather and smoke. Dream wished for that one day- but he did think that his own scent and George’s smelled rather fantastic.

“You’re supposed to say that later,” Sapnap remarked with a smirk. Classic Sapnap- always making

sexual jokes. At least he wasn't pointing them at Dream now. The other boys at the table chuckled and Dream couldn't help but laugh along.

After finishing that second serving, the boys all sat at the table in solidarity silence. Dream could smell the enjoyment and satisfaction from all the boys together. The scents of Karl and Sapnap seemed to mix rather well, but the addition of the scents from Dream and Bad just messed it up. The mix just muted to smell like satisfaction.

Bad was the first person to stand up after that. He grabbed his plate and announced what he was doing, "I'm gonna wash up. Bring your plates in."

Dream obliged by grabbing his plate and bringing it into the kitchen. The tall alpha set his plate next to the sink as Bad began to wash his plate. The other pot and oven tray that was used were set in the other sink as Bad began to wash his own plate.

The alpha always felt bad that they just let Bad do the cooking as well as the cleaning. Dream once offered to clean the kitchen up after Bad cooked something, but he refused. The reason behind that was probably because Sapnap offered to clean up once. Next time Bad cooked after Sapnap cleaned up, Bad kept screaming at Sapnap to show him where he put everything.

On the other hand, Bad did allow George to help clean up every once in a while. Dream felt bad letting the pair of them clean up alone... especially since the pair were both omegas. It almost felt like Sapnap and Dream were taking advantage of their built in nature.

As Dream turned to leave the kitchen to allow more room for the other boys, he noticed the garlic bread on the plate sitting near the sink. He frowned, worried that it was gonna get wet from where it was placed. Dream scooped it up in his hands and skirted around Sapnap and Karl. He placed it down on the dining table that they were using just previously.

Sapnap soon appeared next to Dream and peeked down at the plate that Dream just placed down. "Ooh, more garlic bread? Were you gonna keep this all to yourself?" Sapnap purred, reaching down to swipe one of the pieces. Noticing this, Dream slapped his hand away and began to growl. In that moment, the scent of pine and citrus grew through the room and drowned out all the other scents of the other boys' scents. Sapnap sprung back from the taller alpha as the blond grew defensive over the bread. "Sheesh, it's just bread. Calm down, dude."

Karl popped out of the kitchen, scented the air, and immediately went to Sapnap's side. Dream's scent was strong and overbearing the room as he grabbed the plate once again. He glanced up at Sapnap and Karl before explaining himself, "They're for George. I'm sure you both understand what it's like when an omega is in heat." After saying that, Dream's eyes went wide as he considered what he said. He phrased it like he was together with George despite the fact that they weren't.

"Oooh, are you admitting you're in a relationship with George?" Sapnap teased, smirking at the taller alpha. Dream rolled his eyes and rubbed his neck nervously. Sapnap began to prod the blond boy in the belly when he didn't say anything to confirm or deny it.

Karl pushed Sapnap away, causing the alpha to stumble back and whine playfully. He pulled Dream in close and murmured to him, "Ignore him. Alphas are just defensive over omegas, especially ones who are so close. Even before Sapnap and I started dating, he was defensive over me." Dream glanced over at Karl, who winked at him.

Dream huffed and pushed the omega away gently. "I'm not into George. You all should stop implying that," Dream grumbled, stalking away into the living room. He flopped on the couch and

could feel the anger wafting through his scent. The others were probably suffering in the scent of pine and citrus at this point. Unfortunately for them, Dream decided that wasn't his problem as he slowly tried to defuse himself.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Over some time, Sapnap and his boyfriend filtered into Sapnap's room. What they were doing? Dream could only imagine... and he really didn't want to imagine that. Once again, soundproofing is the best thing to have ever happened to these rooms.

Dream had been laying down on the couch, taking up the entire couch. Dream was hiding his face in the crook of his elbow. When he first flopped here, he was blushing heavily, so he wanted to hide his face.

Bad finished up cleaning and joined Dream in the living room. He sat down on the lone seat nearby. He reached up to plug his nose as the scent of agitated alpha was all over the room. The reason that Dream knew this was because the chair creaked whenever someone sat down in it.

Dream moved his arm, allowing it to flop down and onto the floor. He turned his head to look at Bad. Instead of greeting him, he gave him a quick peace sign to show that he noticed him.

Bad chuckled lightly before adjusting his position in the chair. It was uncomfortable and that was why Dream never sat in it. "I heard you get mad at Karl for him insinuating that you were with George," Bad began, his face looking like he was walking on eggshells, "But, I know we discussed earlier that we were going to discuss this."

Dream gave a small "hmpf" in response. He didn't feel like talking about this at all... but Bad wouldn't leave him alone if he didn't have this conversation.

"Well-" Bad began before pausing to figure out how he should phrase what he was going to say. "I said it earlier: I think you have a crush on George. I know you're gonna deny it, but it's true. You spend all your time worrying about him- even before his heat you were like this. You and George spent almost every waking moment together aside from whenever you were in rut or he was in heat. Now he's in heat and all you want to do is go to him." Bad sighed as he finished speaking. He peeked over at Dream to see his reaction.

"T-That's just because we're really close. We have all the same classes, so of course I spend a lot of time with him and worry about him," Dream whined to his friend. This was the same thing that ran through his mind every time he thought about George. It was so ingrained within his head that it truly became the reason that Dream believed he hung around George. "Plus, George is an omega. My alpha nature is to protect omegas."

Bad sighed and rested his face behind the palm of his hand. Dream sat up and leaned against the arm of the couch as Bad seemed to want to continue to persuade Dream. "Dream. Look at yourself. You don't do this with me. If your reasoning was correct, you'd be treating me the same way that you currently treat George," Bad stated simply. Dream opened his mouth to respond, but Bad began to talk before the alpha could. "No, don't argue. You know it's true. You and George often cuddle whenever you can. Have you ever noticed when the two of you were doing homework together? George would sit either on your lap or between your legs while you did your homework. He would help you out with the errors. You ran to the gas station to buy popcorn for George when he spilled it."

Dream stayed silent. Yeah, George and Dream did that. The day that George went into heat,

George even sat on Dream's lap. It wasn't even like that was the first time that happened... and Dream loved it every time. Did he really have a crush on the small, brown haired omega? Dream was now considering that it was a strong maybe. On the other hand, did George have a crush on Dream? That was the new question that floated around in the alpha's mind.

Bad continued to speak more as he wasn't getting responses from Dream. Dream, on the other hand, was ignoring his friend in favor of trying to figure out if George liked him to. He was calling for him when he went into heat, but Dream was also the only alpha in the area. George also probably sat on his lap because he was horny from the oncoming heat. The homework situation could easily be explained away by George attempting to get a clear see at his screen and that being the best method. Dream's face grew into a frown as he considered the options.

"Do you understand, Dream?" Bad asked which finally snapped the tall boy into reality.

"Oh, yeah. I-I think you may be right. I think I may have a crush on George," Dream said, rubbing his neck as he felt rather embarrassed. He really needed to be sat down and explained this? God, he was such an idiot.

"Okay," Bad smiled at Dream as he stood up. He glanced over at the dining room table and noticed the plate of garlic bread was sitting there. "Oh, did you move this?" He asked as he walked towards it.

Dream fought back the instinct to growl at him as he approached George's food. He swallowed the growl and nodded to Bad. "It was next to the sink and I didn't want it to get wet while you were cleaning."

Bad smiled over at Dream and picked up the plate. He began to walk towards George's room and turned back to look at Dream. "I think you should go to your room. The heat scent will get out and I will need to light a few candles. Plus, George will smell you... with the way your scent tends to overpower everything."

"Oh-" Dream said, standing up from the couch. He felt rather upset that he couldn't stay in here. Honestly, he wanted to see George once again, but he didn't want to do anything while George was in heat. Dream signed and nodded before walking over to his room.

He stood in the doorway for a moment before moving to shut the door. Before he even fully shut the door, he could hear the opening of George's door. The noises coming from the omega's room that were previously concealed by the walls were now very loud for the alpha now that the door was opened. This made Dream pause from fully closing the door.

There were moans that filled the air. It was George moaning rather loudly while there was very audibly wet noises as Dream assumed the omega was fingering himself. Dream almost felt bad for Bad, but he was also somewhat envious.

The moans quieted down as the boy could smell the scent of Dream from the living room. Dream could feel his breath hitch as the heat-crazed boy moaned out the word, "Alpha~" God, the way he said it sounded like a more sexualized version of the way they called each others' names. And now Dream was hard. Great.

"No, you can't go out there. An alpha isn't there, anyway," Bad huffed as there were the noises of shuffling in the room. There was the sound of the plate being set against a night stand followed by Bad pointing it out to George. "Eat."

Dream wanted to continue to stay in the doorway, but the scent of heat immediately hit his nose

and made his already hard dick harder somehow. His eyes grew wide as he quickly shut his door. Damn it- Bad probably heard that.

Dream put his back on the door and slid down all the way to the floor. He groaned loudly as he glanced down at his dick. It was attempting to break out of the jeans he was wearing. If he didn't do something for this right now, it would bother him for a little while.

The tall alpha grunted as he stood up and flopped onto his bed. Once again- he got a boner from George. He knew it wasn't just the heat this time. He got his boner before he even smelled the heat coming from the omega's room. He leaned over and fished around in his nightstand drawer once again for the lotion.

He set it on his nightstand before turning his attention back to his throbbing erection. He took a deep breath before unzipping his jeans and chucking them away. His dick was trying to break out of his boxers. Not just that, but precum was already staining the front of his boxers. He sighed- he would have to wash those tomorrow. The boy immediately stripped those off before anything else could get on them. Now, he was just laying on his bed, half naked with an erection bothering him.

Dream reached over to the lotion and squirted some into his hand. He then moved his hand onto the shaft of his penis. He shivered at how cold the lotion was compared to his sensitive body part.

His brain immediately went to the sopping sounds that came from George's room. He pictured that it was George readying himself for Dream to enter his whole while Dream admired his fullness. Dream, of course, didn't really know what George looked like under his clothing. In his mind, though, George was so sexy. He was pale and rather skinny. His nipples bright pink in coloration so that they stood out against the stark paleness of his chest. His ass was small and tight, perfectly shaped for Dream. His penis, while small, perfect in Dream's mind. He continued to picture the sexy scene as he pumped his hand up and down his shaft. He pictured the moan from earlier, but the alpha being replaced by his own name. It wasn't that hard to picture as he had heard similar things when the two were messing around.

Dream pictured himself approaching George and inserting his dick into the small omega. The omega was tight, in his mind, but ready to accept the pleasure from the alpha. After a moment of settling, Dream would continue to insert his dick into the omega until he was fully in. After George settled, he would begin to pull himself in and out of the boy until he found the sweet spot. He would know when he hit it when George would give out a very pleasurable moan.

The scent of vanilla decorating the air around him, mixing together with his pine and citrus scents to smell rather natuery and sweet. He would push himself in and out of the omega as he moaned out Dream's name in pleasure. He also pictured the omega moaning aloud how much he wanted to be knotted in and how much he wanted to have Dream's pups within him. In Dream's mind, George had a breeding kink. The only reasoning towards this was from how George acted during his heat... and most omegas wanted to be bred during a heat.

Dream would comply, continuing to ram his dick against the smaller boy's prostate before the boy moaned while cumming all over himself. Dream could picture himself licking that up, but that would be after the act itself. The alpha pictured himself leaning close to George, taking in his scent, and finally knotting within the smaller boy. His sweet seed would fill the smaller boy as he orgasmed into him. Pleasure would cause him to moan loudly into George's ear as he released himself. He was audibly moaning in real life too.

... And Dream was back to reality. Instead of his semen being trapped within George's beautiful hole, it was covering the boy's legs. He also didn't have a knot- something that only occurred whenever actually engaging in intercourse with a partner. Ugh, the cleanup after the act of

masturbating was always the worst part... especially as an alpha. Omegas barely released cum while betas offered a normal amount. Alphas, on the other hand, tended to release rather large amounts of cum at a time. Thankfully Dream still had some paper towels from his last misadventures while masturbating to George.

Chapter End Notes

fun fact: this is page 18 on the google doc- there are currently 69 written and I'm not even done yet

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

so I've decided to spoil y'all a little bit. Next update is on Tuesday, please don't comment asking me about it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Day 4 of George's heat started like any other for Dream. The boy was rather excited as he knew George was nearing the end of his heat. If Dream was lucky, the boy could finish his heat today. He usually tracked how long his friends had been in heat or in a rut for, but it felt weird that he was doing it for George since he realized his attraction.

Day 5 followed and George was still in heat. The boy wasn't up when he had gotten up today at 8:15 for classes, so he assumed that his heat would probably last the rest of today or maybe even go on another day. God, it was so painful waiting for this to occur. He just wanted his George back.

Dream shuffled into his class. This was actually the earliest one he had throughout the semester, so he was almost always half asleep in it. He had it three times a week, so it wasn't even the only one technically. It wasn't even that enjoyable of a class. If they wanted university students to pay attention in class, they should put the interesting ones in the morning and the less interesting ones in the afternoon.

He went over to his seat and sat down, tapping his pencil against the desk as class began to start. This was a basic class that was required for his college education. This wasn't related at all to coding, so he barely paid attention half the time. He made sure to get good grades, yeah, but he couldn't be bothered to do much more than that.

After this class, he also had a required class. It was required for all alphas to take a class on omegas and how to treat them correctly. There were too many cases of alphas taking advantage of and abusing omegas that they had to legally add a class into the curriculum. Most of the concepts were pretty easy, so he also never really paid attention in that class. Some of the other alphas in that class needed it so badly. He could hear them talking in the hallways about how much they wanted to take advantage of some drunk omega that went to one of their frat parties. Dream was always so glad he never became that type of alpha.

The first class was rather basic and ended slowly but quickly at the same time. Dream couldn't get out of there fast enough. He scurried over to his omega treatment class and sat down in one of the chairs. This was the only class that he didn't share with George, and he was actually rather happy about that.

Some of the other alphas had occasionally picked up the scent of George on him and asked him about the omega. Some were implying that Dream was in a relationship with the omega while others were implying that Dream should hook George up with them. Most of them didn't know that George was male, though.

Omegas, male and female, all smell similar aside from their specific scents. On the other side, omegas were almost always female. Male omegas were rather rare, so being in contact with one (let

alone three, Dream still knew Bad and Karl) was a rare sight. Some alphas made it a game of hooking up with a male omega and bragging to their friends about how they fucked some rare find. It disgusted the blond alpha whenever he heard them talk about it.

Thank god none of these alphas took coding classes with him and George. Most of the students in the code courses were omegas or betas. Most alphas tended to seek out “more productive” or more physically active majors instead of sitting around coding all day. Most of the ones in his class were in business or sports education. Most were actually at the college on sports scholarships and were looking into becoming professional sports players.

Dream, on the other hand, managed to snag a few scholarships for alphas that were pursuing careers that were outside what normal alphas went for. He also applied for some loans as well since the scholarships didn’t cover all his education. Together, it was enough to pay for his four years, thankfully.

There were some guys sitting in the set of seats in front of the blond alpha. In total, there were three of them. They were all discussing omegas. Rather on topic for today- usually they just talked about sports. Dream began to eavesdrop on their conversation instead of sitting in his own thoughts.

“Dude, did you hear that the school has three male omegas in it?” One asked his friend, nudging his shoulder to catch his attention.

The second one nodded, chuckling lightly, “How did you not know that? This school provides the most rights to omegas, so of course there are gonna be a lot of male ones here.”

The first one looked mildly offended. “Rude- I just didn’t realize there were three of them. I guessed maybe one at maximum because of how uncommon it is for them to exist.”

Guy number two spoke once again. “I guess three in one place is rather rare. There weren’t any at my high school- and I went to a pretty big high school.”

The third guy finally piped up. He had a devilish looking smile on his face that made Dream’s stomach boil. “I’m gonna find one of them and make him my bitch. He’ll be wishing he had more from me when I’m finished with him.”

The second guy’s eyes widened as he looked at his friend. He chuckled as he asked, “What, are you gay bro?”

The third guy laughed at his friend and shook his head. “Nah, I’m not. Have you ever watched porn with ‘em in it? They’re just like any female omega- except they’re rare. I want to make sure I can show off how I fucked a rare male omega.”

Dream was utterly disgusted by that suggestion. Why would someone do that? Omegas, whether male or female, were people too. This was the whole goddamn reason that they were in this class! The alpha knew that there were some terrible alphas out there, but he never thought he would ever see them in his life.

The first guy chuckled and wrapped his arm around his friend, the third guy, “I like your style. I’m in the student council so I have a list of all students within my own grade along with their primary and secondary genders. I also have their majors as well... From the list of my class, I found there was one within our school level. We could each get one of them if you both get lists from the other classes.”

Dream’s ears perked as he heard this. As they were just saying, there were only three male omegas

within the school and Dream knew all of them. If they said Karl, he would tell Sapnap. If they said Bad, he would inform his friend and Skeppy. If they said-

"His name is George," The first guy finished, a smirk on his face. He looked so proud of himself for knowing about the male omega.

Dream could feel the fury rising within himself. These guys were going to take his George away. They were going to find him, rape him, and leave him alone pleading for someone to help him. A low growl rumbled in his throat as the guys continued to speak over him about his precious George.

No one would hurt George when he was around. George was his omega and none of these bastards would lay a hand on him. The blond alpha stood up and approached the three male alphas who were still plotting the best ways to take advantage of the small brunette boy.

"Bro, did you hear us talking? Did you wanna join?" The second boy asked, chuckling before he caught a whiff of the boy's scent. Dream's scent of pine and citrus was torren and sour due to his current anger. He had to stop the bastards from going through with their plot.

Dream snarled at the first one that talked to him. He grabbed the boy's sweatshirt and pulled him close. He jerked him away before headbutting him. The second boy was quickly knocked out in that moment, and he slumped onto the floor.

"What the fuck are you doing man!" The first guy shrieked, his voice growing rather hoarse as he seemed to be scared of what the anger-driven alpha was going to do. Dream reached up and punched this boy across the face. It hurt his fists, sure, but he was too fucking angry to feel it. The punched boy was punched into the floor. Dream moved to continue to attack him, but something stopped him.

The third boy tackled the tall, blond alpha and brought him down to the ground. Dream began to squirm in order to gain the high ground, but this alpha was most likely a more athletic alpha compared to the blond boy. The third boy proceeded to punch Dream across the face twice. Dream could feel something in his mouth release as blood began to fill the orifice. He looked up at the alpha above him and spit the blood in the guy's face.

He shrieked as he felt the blood go into his eyes and caused him to be unable to see. Dream took this to his advantage and pushed the guy off of him. Dream proceeded to take this and punch him across the face in revenge. The third man growled in response and began to wildly scratch and pull anything he could grab on Dream. Some of his hair was pulled out and his face was scratched in the attack. Despite this physical pain, Dream proceeded to punch the shit out of the disgusting alpha.

Some kid had probably ran to get a professor as one was quickly hurrying into the room. It was an older beta who seemed to be rather miffed about the whole situation. Following him was one of the security guards, an alpha, that usually walked around the building to protect the students within. The security guard grabbed Dream and began to pull him away.

Dream snarled at the man pulling him away, kicking and punching the air. He didn't attempt to bite the security guard as he knew not to do that.

"That fucker attacked me!" The third guy shrieked as Dream was dragged away from the room. "He knocked my buddy out with a headbutt, punched my other friend, and then proceeded to beat the shit out of me. Expel him!"

Dream growled at the guy before he was finally outside of the room and inside the security room.

Dream was forcefully tossed into a chair and was now facing the alpha security guard who was sitting across from him.

“Kid, I’ve never seen you in here before. You’re not an aggressive alpha,” the security guard said, narrowing his eyes at the kid. “Your professor is probably getting what those guys say. Tell me what your side is.”

“They were planning on raping my friend,” Dream spat. The anger was still bubbling within him despite the fact he was dragged away from the boys. There was still blood in his mouth, too, but Dream would get that out later.

The security guard raised an eyebrow at that. It seemed that he may have believed Dream... but it also seemed like he didn’t. His face was pretty much unreadable for the younger alpha.

”Look- he-he’s an omega. They wanted to rape him because he’s so special,” Dream spoke again. He could feel himself almost breakdown at the mere thought that someone was planning on hurting George. He didn’t want that to happen. George should be okay and not have to experience any harm. “They were talking about how much they wanted to fuck him and brag about it. I-I couldn’t let that happen. George is min- my best friend. I can’t let that happen to him.”

Dream could feel tears welling up in his eyes. They were hot and threatened to reveal his thoughts to the older man. The older man, standing up, gave no indication that he believed Dream. Once again, though, he also didn’t indicate that he didn’t believe him. He looked at Dream and allowed him to stand up as well.

The man gave Dream a pat on the back before opening his mouth, “Go home, kid. I can smell the rut on you. I’ll just write it up as you being in an unknown rut rage.” Rut... what? He... he was in rut? Dream’s eyes widened as he looked at the older alpha. The older alpha stared at the younger alpha. His eyes were piercing as he looked at Dream. “When you are around alphas so often, you can begin to detect when they are rutting or close to it. If you really do have an omega friend, don’t interact with him. Go to your dorm immediately.”

Uh oh...

Chapter End Notes

more like RUT ROH

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

George time :)

George opened his eyes and sat up. He felt stiff, stickly, and raw. The brown haired boy glanced down at himself and noticed that he was 1) naked 2) covered in slick and semen and 3) in a nest. He must've just come out of heat, great.

He glanced around the room and noticed that it seemed it was just him in here. Good. He was always worried about going into heat and having an alpha interacting with him. Well, there was one alpha that he wouldn't quite mind meeting up with, but that wasn't an option.

Speaking of that alpha, George noticed that his nest was made up of mainly blankets but included one sweatshirt. He recognized this sweatshirt... it was Dream's. He was informed that it was vibrant green in coloration, but he had never actually seen it before. Colorblindness was his weakness, unfortunately.

Dream had given him the sweatshirt the week before... assuming that it hadn't been more than a week. George had told Dream he was cold. He was gonna get up to grab one of his own sweatshirts, but Dream stripped his own sweatshirt off and gave it to the omega. George could only blush as he wore the large, oversized sweatshirt that whole day.

And now it was back... and it was in his nest. IT WAS IN HIS NEST. Omegas usually only kept items that they liked or were from a mate. Dream wasn't George's mate, no that wasn't true. Why did he keep Dream's hoodie for his hoard, then? Maybe he just felt comforted by the scent.

Sure, he chuckled as he glanced around his room for something to cover himself with. The unfortunate thing about the dorms was that there weren't any adjoining bathrooms to the rooms after heats or ruts. Now George had to awkwardly go into the main living area and get into the bathroom. Without anyone noticing. Great, this would be fun.

The heterochromatic boy noticed that there was still a thin sheet on his bed. It wouldn't be great for hiding himself for too long, but it would be perfect for quick entry into the bathroom. He reached for his phone and noticed that it was only about nine in the morning. Bad and Sapnap didn't get up this early on Thursdays (which he just learned was today from his phone). The only one that would possibly be up would be Dream.

Oh, Dream. George liked to picture the tall alpha helping him out with his heat, but he always shook that image away quickly. How could he ever decide to do that to his best friend? He felt sort of vile just thinking that.

He pulled the sheet off his bed and wrapped it around himself. He moved to the door and opened it quickly. He glanced around and noticed that no one was actually around, thankfully.

George stepped out of his room and began to walk towards the bathroom. As he was halfway across the living room, he heard the door click. Damn it- who was here? He hoped it wasn't someone else who didn't live here. It couldn't be Dream as Dream had that dumb omega awareness

class or whatever at that time.

The boy debated scurrying to the bathroom before the person noticed him, but a scent hit his nose. That was... Dream's scent? What was he doing here? He wouldn't come home early unless something happened. The heterochromatic boy frowned as he turned around to greet the alpha. He was going to make sure he was okay. Of course, he forgot that the only thing covering his shame was a thin sheet.

Dream entered the dorm room. He seemed to be holding his head and growling something to himself. George began to raise his hand in greeting before he noticed something was off. George noticed that Dream seemed to have... was that a boner? It wasn't that big, so George assumed that it was only a chub at the moment. The brown haired boy felt rather crestfallen seeing that as he assumed Dream was most likely thinking about some female omega he had a crush on.

Dream's gaze raised his gaze and noticed George. His eyes went wide and George noticed that the taller boy's boner intensified at the sight of George. The small boy's eyes went wide as he noticed the lust in the alpha's eyes. Oh no, he was rutting. How did their cycles line up almost perfectly? God, what was George going to do.

And now the scent of rut was upon him. He had just stopped leaking slick from his heat and now he was leaking slick because of the rut. Great! He would clean up any mess he made in their living space after his shower. If George didn't plug his nose, his heat might start up once again.

He had three options: run back to his room, run to the bathroom, or accept Dream fucking him. While he did like option number three, he assumed that Dream wouldn't like that as much when he wasn't rutting. God- what kind of a friend was he to be considering that as an option? Maybe the heat wasn't fully out of his head yet.

George decided that he was going to sprint to the bathroom. He wanted to have Dream inside of him, fucking him like he needed it to live. But he didn't want to take advantage of the alpha as he was rutting. He disregarded the sheet and booked it back to where the bathroom was. Sure, he probably smelled like heat, but this wouldn't cause Dream to rut, yes? It shouldn't. He must've had his cycle hit today as George was walking out of his room. What wonderful timing, wasn't it?

George made it to the bathroom and shoved himself into the room. He closed the door with as much force as he could before clicking the lock in place. He quickly brought his hand to cover his nose as well to stop the scent of rut reaching his nose. "Omega, come out," Dream growled on the other side of the wall. His alpha voice was so strong and commanding. If George had just been a little more in his heat, he definitely would've complied to Dream's commands.

"No, Dream, I can't do that," George mewled to the alpha. It felt wrong to disobey the strong alpha sitting outside the door. His voice was so dominant and all George wanted to do was submit to it. God- maybe he was close enough in heat that he would follow the alpha's orders. He hoped that Dream wouldn't tell him to open the door cause he wasn't sure that he could disobey that.

"Please omega, come out. I want you to be so swollen with my pups," Dream whined. His voice was thick like honey as it slid out of his mouth. George could feel his entire body shiver at the mere sound of it. He had to fight himself from opening the door and having Dream fuck him right then and there. There was a moment of silence. The alpha growled on the other side of the door as he ran his hands around the door. "Being a brat, huh? I'll be waiting for you, my omega. I can't wait for you to be my little slut," Dream purred from the other side of the door.

George listened closely as he heard Dream's footsteps step away from the door and go into his room. He could tell that the door was closed somewhat, but not fully. There was no click from the

door being shut into place.

The omega had his back pressed up against the door. He had been holding his breath- he didn't even realize it until that moment. He stood up and could feel the slick continuing to drip from his hole. Not only that, but his small, omega dick was also hard. Goddamn it omega body. Goddamn it Dream. He was so sexy and alluring that all he could do was leak out. Thank God he wasn't wearing any clothing when this occurred.

He hobbled into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He stood in the corner of the shower, waiting for the water to heat up. He would normally wait for the water to heat up before he actually went into the shower, but he didn't want to leak anything on the bathroom floor. Thankfully he knew his body well as slick began to drip down the back of his legs and mix with the water flowing down the drain.

How could his body really produce more slick and give him a hard on? He had just gone through five days of heat and now his body was telling him to enjoy some alpha dick afterwards.

No! No matter how much he wanted to enjoy the salty taste of Dream's semen or feel his large member submerge into his hole, he knew that he couldn't ever do that. Dream wasn't interested in him as anything more than just a friend.

Now he just felt like he was making himself harder as he pictured himself fucking Dream. The boy debated what he should do to bring down his erection. He sighed and ducked himself into the water to wash the filth from heat off his body. After that, he glanced down at his tiny yet rather hard dick. Omegas got more pleasure from penetration, but male omegas still enjoyed a bit of genital stimulation. Sure, it wasn't the greatest, but George would make it work.

He closed his eyes and began to focus on the fantasies he had shortly before his heat started. Honestly, from those wet dreams, he should've assumed that his heat was going to start soon. His mind soon drifted to his ideals of his friend.

Dream was in his current full-alpha state. Sure, he was rather aggressive towards others, but he was soft on George. The names that he was being called didn't really matter that much to him as he enjoyed it. He wanted to be Dream's perfect little slut. He was careful to investigate the omega's body. He provided kisses to every part of the small omega's body before leaving hickeys in their place. George moaned out in pleasure with every little mark being made.

Dream purred as George proceeded to make every small noise of pleasure. George would feel a hot breath on his dick as Dream approached it. Precum would already be coming out of his tip that Dream would eagerly lick off and lick his lips afterwards. George squeaked at the touch before Dream began to slowly move his mouth down the smaller boy's shaft. He was slow and careful, making little licking motions as he moved down. His tongue would feel against the soft veins on his dick, making him squeal in pleasure.

Dream would pull off, his saliva would string off his dick before he would bring his mouth back onto his dick. He would continue this motion until George began to twitch around and squirm because he was close. Dream paused and looked at George, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Finish me off, Dream! Please, I need to cum," He would whine to the alpha, his face contorted in discomfort.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? I don't want you to cum until I'm inside of you," Dream purred into George's ear before bringing his face close to his scent gland. George would shiver at the thought of the tall alpha near his sensitive gland on the back of his neck. Dream would make

hickey around the area, stimulating the omega more than the other hickey. Dream, despite being in rut-mode, was careful to avoid George's scent gland and mark him. George whined as Dream continued around the spot. Dream smirked and pulled away from George, "I'll mark you later. I want to savor the moment that I mark you as my permanent mate forever. For now, we can just have some fun."

George squealed as he heard that. In this moment, Dream picked the smaller omega up by his hips and brought him onto his back in such a way that his hole was visible. George could feel himself blush. He had imagined this situation so many different times, but he was always embarrassed at the thought that Dream wouldn't like his body.

Dream purred as he noticed the slick leaking out of the omega already. The scent of rut was promoting his hole to leak out some of the natural lubricant for the wonderful alpha. The tall alpha would slowly bring a finger into his omega's hole, attempting to stretch him for the intimate deed. He would add a second finger before adding a third. Dream was slow and careful not to hurt George every time he added a finger. He made sure that George wasn't in pain. After he decided that he was properly prepared, Dream brought out his dick.

George had never seen it before, so he always assumed that it must be massive. All alphas had rather large dicks, especially compared to that of a male omega. George swallowed as he noticed how large Dream was. His erection was strong and ready to insert himself inside of George's hole... and George was certainly ready to experience that.

Dream was slow in the beginning. He inserted the tip of his dick in carefully and allowed George time to fit around it. After George gave him the okay, he continued to insert himself into the omega's hole. Eventually, the pair were now together. George could feel himself moan as he felt the entirety of Dream's length inside of him. God, it felt so good.

Dream pulled out slowly at first before returning in slowly. He wanted to check if George was okay before he did anything else. "Go faster," George huffed, giving Dream the consent that he needed. The rut-driven alpha began to go faster in and out of the omega. George would squeak and moan as he felt himself being used like a plaything. It felt enchanting to him.

"B-breed me, Dream," George moaned aloud, his mind fully immersed in the bliss. He had a breeding kink. Most omegas did, but George always included them in his fantasies... especially the ones that involved Dream. "Please, knot in me and fill me with your pups," George continued, his breathing becoming pants as he felt himself grow more heated from the intense act.

The alpha growled, but George took that as agreement to what he was saying. They both shared a moan as George felt himself cum at the same time as Dream began to knot within him and cum. Their shared cumming sent a rush of serotonin into the omega's brain that lit his brain up like a christmas tree.

Not only that, but it also brought George back to reality. How long was he in here imagining that? Oh, he was probably also moaning out loud. Everything he said was most likely audible to the others. Hopefully no one was awake and heard that. The rooms were all soundproof, yeah, but the living room and bathrooms weren't. Why didn't they soundproof the bathrooms? George honestly didn't know.

His cum was all over the side of the shower. He came into the shower in order to make sure he could wash his filth. Now he was just covered in more filth from himself. Hopefully Dream didn't hear him...

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I hope y'all like this

George wrapped himself in a towel and glanced around the room. He realized that he forgot to grab clothes on his way out of his room. What was he supposed to do? Dream was probably waiting for him with the door open.

Wait- Dream didn't close his door. He heard everything that the omega was moaning in the shower. Oh no, George was fucked... and not in the good way. Maybe Dream wouldn't remember when he got out of his rut. Hopefully he wouldn't...

George pressed himself against the wall, wondering if he could hear anything from the other side. At first, it sounded like Dream was angry. Oh no- maybe he wasn't fully rutting. After a moment, George realized that it was actually Dream snarling to himself while moaning... he was masturbating. His face grew a nice shade of red as he realized this. George felt sort of like a pervert as he listened. He reasoned that the only reason he was doing this was to check where Dream was... sure.

Following this discovery, George heard a very faint click noise as a door opened. He assumed that it was one of the dorm doors as the main door was much louder. He heard a loud yawn before someone shuffling their feet towards the bathroom. Fuck fuck fuck. The shuffling soon stopped followed by Sapnap exclaiming, "What the fuck are you doing, man? There are doors for a reason!"

The small omega could hear a low growl being emitted from Dream as he noticed the other alpha's presence. Hopefully they didn't fight- George couldn't be able to handle it if they decided to fight. If that happened, who knows what George would do to stop it... Now there was a tiny part of his brain encouraging a fight between the two.

The growl slowly grew louder as he seemed to get more distressed with Sapnap's presence. The pine and citrus scent grew strong and volatile as he seemed to grow rather protective. Sapnap must be near the bathroom and Dream was being defensive over George. That didn't mean anything, George thought. All it meant was that Dream was horny and George was the only omega in the area.

"Step away from my omega," George faintly heard come from Dream. His voice was strong and commanding. It was enough to make George swoon, but Sapnap was also an alpha. Maybe he could lock the door and force Dream to rut alone in his room. It wasn't that George didn't want to spend it with him, he was just worried about Dream's emotions towards it. The omega also wasn't too sure about how his body would handle an alpha's rut, especially after a week of heat.

George heard footsteps as Sapnap walked away from the bathroom and towards Dream's room. Talking, growling, and other noises ensued. There may have also been some sounds of fighting, but it was rather hard to tell. A loud thud occurred before there was a loud "slam" noise followed by footsteps towards the bathroom. Was this Dream or Sapnap? George wasn't sure which one he wanted more at that moment. His body was visibly hoping that it was Dream.

There was a knock on the door. It was light- certainly not an alpha who was in rut. "George? I can smell you through the door," Sapnap sighed. He made no move to open the door. He chuckled nervously before continuing, "I'm gonna go back to my room for a few minutes. Dream punched me for getting too close to the bathroom. I think I got a nosebleed, haha." There was a moment of silence before Sapnap began to walk away from the door.

George paused before standing up. He unlocked the door and peeked his head out the door. As he did, Sapnap's door was clicked shut. George released his breath as he walked to his own room while wearing only a towel. When he got into the room, he shut the door quickly.

He glanced around the room and noticed his nest once again. No wonder he had been waking up drenched in sweat while surrounded by his blankets. How did he not recognize the heat signs? Anyway, he'd clean that up after he got dressed.

He scurried over to his dresser and opened it to see what he had inside of it. He debated putting on panties, but decided not to. He usually did that because he wanted Dream to see them, but Dream was in a rut. He tossed on some underwear that was a mix between panties and boxers (made specifically for omega males, thankfully there was a company that did that).

Since he could spend the rest of the day at the dorm, he pulled out one of his skirts and dressed himself in it. Just because he was male didn't mean he wasn't allowed to dress more feminine. He only did this around his dorm mates, though. He didn't trust some of the alphas in the surrounding college area, but he trusted Sapnap and Dream.

Further than that, he also grabbed a blue shirt and threw that on. It was his favorite shirt since he could actually see the color. Most of his shirts were blue, but he still owned some other colors. Whenever he got dressed for class, he always asked Dream if he was wearing a good color. Dream would sometimes tell him that he was wearing clashing colors (rude), but he always helped George pick out something that didn't clash.

The omega turned to look at the floor length mirror he kept in the corner of his room. George always thought he looked nicer when he was dressed more feminine. Shortly after they moved in together, George decided to wear a skirt around the other boys in the dorm. Dream told him that he should wear skirts more often. That caused George to wear them whenever he was in the dorm- especially when Dream was going to be around. Plus, they were super comfy and breezy.

George turned and opened the door. Apparently Sapnap had already exited his room. He was fumbling around in the kitchen while he had one hand up near his face.

"Here, let me do that," George insisted and scurried over to the kitchen to join Sapnap. He glanced over at Sapnap and noticed that he was actually holding a tissue up to his nose. He wasn't lying when he said Dream decked him in the face earlier. He looked over to what Sapnap was making and it was scrambled eggs... but they weren't really that scrambled. He turned his gaze up to Sapnap and raised an eyebrow.

"I only had one hand!" Sapnap defended himself, backing away from the stove. There was embarrassment within his scent of leather and smoke as he noticed George looking at him. "I-I also haven't made scrambled eggs before. I usually have them in the morning after spending the night with Karl as he makes the best ones... and I was craving them."

George rolled his eyes. "Go sit on the couch," George sighed as he took the spatula away from the alpha and took over the role. He felt sort of like a caregiver. Omegas were supposed to take the common household chores usually, but George often didn't partake in them usually. Maybe his omega instincts were a bit more powerful at that moment due to the Dream incident from earlier.

He felt bad to be calling it an 'incident' despite the fact that nothing happened. He also really wanted to get together with Dream despite everything that happened. He just didn't want to ruin his relationship with the taller alpha. He had spent a lot of time building up their friendship so that they were close, but he could ruin it simply by walking into the rut.

Wait- George went into heat and he couldn't remember when he did. The last thing he remembered was watching a movie with the rest of the boys. He could faintly remember a rather strong scent that smelled amazing. He wasn't quite sure what that scent was exactly, but he could probably remember it despite the heat haze. Otherwise, he generally just remembered feeling hot and horny.

While mixing the scrambled eggs, he glanced down at his hands. His nails were rather short than what he remembered they were. Was he scratching at something? What was he even scratching at that would cause this much damage?

The heterochromatic eyed boy had these thoughts float through his mind as he continued to make scrambled eggs for the alpha. He was lightly humming as he proceeded to make them. It wasn't much of a tune, but he knew that Dream liked the song. He played it whenever he was doing his homework, so it almost always got stuck in the omega's head. They finished quickly and George moved to plate it. He scraped them off and proceeded to add some salt and pepper to them. He realized that he didn't even know what he liked, so decided to not add anything else. If Sapnap wanted something else on them, he could add it himself.

George brought the plate into the living room and gave it over to the long haired alpha who sat in the lone chair. Apparently his nosebleed had stopped while George was cooking. His scent grew delighted as he grabbed the plate and began to shovel it down his throat. It appeared that he didn't really care too much about what was on it. George doubted that they tasted anything like the eggs Karl's, but they should satisfy him. George flopped down on the couch, but made sure that his skirt didn't show anything.

"You're still wearing a skirt even though Dream is in a rut?" Sapnap asked in between bites of food. Gross, he was spitting it everywhere.

George stuck his tongue out at the alpha. "I just like wearing skirts, okay?" George responded, shifting his legs to become more comfortable. He felt sort of uncomfortable without Dream being nearby. Usually Dream was always by his side.

"I've seen you specifically wear short skirts and panties whenever Dream is around," Sapnap responded bluntly. George's eyes widened as he felt a blush cross his cheeks. His scent in the air changed from a nice, simple vanilla to a more flustered flavor. Sapnap began to laugh before coughing as he caught a piece of eggs within his throat. He got it out before George could move, though. "I'll take it as though you were doing that on purpose."

"O-of course I wasn't," George responded quickly, turning his head away and crossing his arms across his chest. No way was he doing that for Dream. Actually, he was doing that for Dream, but he wasn't going to tell that to Sapnap.

"Then why are you wearing boxers right now?" Sapnap quipped.

"Why are you looking at my underwear?" George snapped in reply. That shut Sapnap up quickly as he went back to eating silently. Honestly, George preferred the teasing more than the silence from Sapnap. "I won't tell Karl you were peeking at another omega's undies if you answer me something."

"I'll answer anything," Sapnap responded, but he seemed to not believe the threat. George barely

believed his own threat. He would never go out of his way to talk to Karl about this. Plus, they would probably raise eyebrows and assume that he was the omega. George and Sapnap had a friendly relationship, but the two would make a bad pairing and both of them knew that. Sapnap never strayed his eyes away from his boyfriend's body aside from when it was to pick on Dream or George.

"When did I go into heat? I can't remember anything past me setting the movie up on the tv," George asked, turning his gaze over to Sapnap. He had been avoiding him ever since he made him embarrassed earlier. "Since you're the first one up and not currently in full fuck mode, you're my only option at the moment."

"Oh, that's it?" Sapnap asked, placing his plate down on the coffee table in the middle of the seating area. "You could've just asked me without attempting to blackmail me, you know. I wouldn't hide your own bodily functions from you. Do you want to know everything you did or just when your heat started?"

George's eyes widened at the words "everything you did." What did he do? Did he actually find someone to mate with him? Oh no, that would be horrible. Was that why he had that wonderful scent still stuck in his mind? "Tell me everything," George responded, "I deserve to know what happened."

Sapnap nodded and chuckled lightly. "I only know the first half of what happened. Everything else is not from my source. You immediately stood up and sat on Dream's lap. He was basically fawning over you while you were there. I could swear there was a boner on him," Sapnap laughed, and George sent him daggers with his eyes. Sapnap brought his hands up in defense. "Ok, I may be lying about the boner, but everything else is true. Following that, Dream seemed to get nervous and got up to get the popcorn."

Oh no. George completely messed up their friendship. He scared Dream away while he was in heat and caused him to be scared of him. He was probably thinking that George was insane for ever doing that. It wasn't like it was the first time he sat on the alpha lap, but this was the first time he had done so in heat. Hopefully he didn't grind his ass on him like he heard some omegas did.

"He came back with the popcorn and you took it. Me and him got into a fight, you know how we are," Sapnap began, and George nodded. He certainly knew how they were- he lived with them! "I guess Dream spilled your popcorn and that made you really upset. I know omegas calorie load before heat, but I didn't realize you got upset when you lost your food."

"I-I think I was just hungry, okay?" George responded quickly, shaking his head. Why was he so upset over popcorn? It wasn't even that big of a deal. He guessed maybe it was the calorie loading thing.

"Sure, sure," Sapnap responded, shrugging. It seems that he didn't know too much about omegas despite dating one. "You were like, super sad that he spilled your popcorn, so Dream stopped fighting me just to comfort you. He never stops fighting me unless one of us gives up!" George gave Sapnap a look, but Sapnap seemed to avoid it. "I got shoved out to spend some time with Karl. We had a lot of fun. Actually, that was the first time we tried-"

"Please don't continue with your sexual escapades," George huffed, crossing his arms once again.

Sapnap chuckled and apologized before continuing. "Okay, so this is the part that I only got second hand information from. So like, Dream ran to the gas station to get you popcorn. I mean that in the literal sense of the word. He apparently came in to give you the popcorn and noticed you were in full blown heat." George felt himself grow flushed as he realized that Dream probably got a nose

full of heat scent as soon as he stepped through that door. “Oh, you weren’t naked, from what I know. You did, however, give him a boner before he locked you inside the dorm.”

“Oh my god,” George responded, hiding his face inside his hands. He gave his friend a boner because he merely scented his heat scent. Dream was probably super uncomfortable in that situation. He’d need to apologize after Dream stopped rutting. Wait a minute- George had just experienced the same thing with Dream. Maybe they could bond over this incident... maybe.

“You were moaning and pleading on one side of the door for Dream to come into the dorm and fill you with pups,” He chuckled lightly. George felt his face grow to be a hot shade of scarlet. Oh god, his kink reared its ugly head while he was in heat in front of his friend. Hopefully they didn’t judge him. From what George could tell, Sapnap just believed that it was normal for omegas to act like that. Maybe Karl also had a breeding fetish. “Dream had a wicked boner when Bad came back, though. Bad corralled you into your room while you tried to get to Dream. After that, Bad let Dream inside again before he rushed into his room. If I had to guess, I think he was nursing the boner you gave him.”

“Ugh... Dream probably hates me,” George moaned out in displeasure, shaking his head while he continued to hide his face within his hands. How could he do this to his friends? He should’ve noticed the signs before it even hit him. He should’ve spent that day in his room, figuring out his nest. Wait- does that mean the scent he smelled was Dream’s? Oh no. Oh no no no. Omegas usually were only attracted to scents of those they were interested in or pair bonded with. That could explain why he had Dream’s sweatshirt in his nest. The boy quickly moved his hand to feel the back of his neck and noticed that it was still intact. So much for that theory.

“I doubt it. Bad’s said that he needed a lot of paper towels after that,” Sapnap chuckled and winked at George. If George was drinking something, he would’ve done a spit take. George stood up and hit Sapnap on the head lightly as he continued to laugh.

Frustrated, George grabbed Sapnap’s plate and brought it into the kitchen to wash it off. Little did Sapnap notice, the small omega actually had a small boner from the mere idea that Dream came so much from George’s heat scent. He turned the water as high as it could go so he could avoid listening to the snorting coming from Sapnap in the other room and proceeded to scrub the plate very hard to focus his attention from his boner. The plate was already spotless by the time that Sapnap finally finished laughing so hard. His boner was also, thankfully, gone. He sighed, turned the water off, and returned to the living room.

George sat down on the couch and glanced over at Sapnap. He appeared to be wiping tears out of his eyes. “Again, I’m not lying when I say that. Bad didn’t tell me that exactly, but I deduced it from what Bad avoided saying,” Sapnap said when he noticed that George had come back.

“Yeah, yeah,” George huffed, shaking his head before checking his phone. He smirked and asked him, “Aren’t you running late for class?”

Sapnap’s eyes widened as he looked around for the time. He pulled out his phone and jumped out of his seat. He ran around, trying to grab all his things for class while George became the one laughing. Sapnap huffed occasionally when he noticed George just watching him suffer. He eventually grabbed all his things and scurried over to the door and exited quickly.

George chuckled lightly before sighing. Now he was alone... and he didn’t really enjoy silence. Even when he was with Dream while he was doing homework, Dream was always playing the one song that he liked. If not, he was breathing and George enjoyed that. He reached over for the remote and turned on the tv to stop the silence.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

kinda short chapter, sorry

George went to his room after Sapnap left. He needed to investigate the mess he made during his heat. There was his nest and one of his knottable dildos located nearby said nest. George had bought that only the month before this past heat, so it was good. The sex toy brought down the length of his heat from seven days to merely five days. He quickly hid it away in his closet once again. God, his reduced heat was probably the best thing to happen to him... aside from when he masturbated to Dream.

Speaking of Dream, the omega picked up the sweatshirt from the boy out of his nest and examined it. It was otherwise intact aside from the various bodily fluids. Good. He could wash it and give it back to the alpha after his rut.

He put the sweatshirt back on the pile and scooped up the large mess of blankets in his arms. He exited the dorm and went down to the laundry room. George hoped that there weren't any alphas around as the blankets still smelled heavily like heat. He stuffed them into a washing machine quickly. There was communal detergent and other washing items set on a shelf in the corner of the room. George walked over to them and added it to his load.

When he finished, he turned on the machine and scurried back to his dorm. As an omega, it was his natural instinct to get away from small, hidden spaces in fear of being attacked. There were too many stories of omegas being raped occurring in spaces like laundry rooms or supply closets. The heterochromatic omega was not going to spend more time down here than he had to.

George opened and closed the door to his dorm room. When he got inside, he noticed that Bad was chilling in the living room with a cup of coffee. He didn't appear to be drinking it, but rather smelling it. George didn't quite blame him, coffee smelled good, but why was he doing that?

Bad turned and greeted George before taking a sip of his coffee carefully, "If I had known you were awake, I could've made you some coffee or maybe even breakfast." The scent of honey and sugar from Bad filled the air and blended nicely with George's scent of vanilla and strawberries. Omegas always smelled good together- but mates between omegas and alphas smelled better.

George smiled and stepped over to join Bad on the couch. Omegas loved to cuddle and George was definitely not the exception to that rule. He curled up next to Bad while the other omega snuggled up with George without disturbing his coffee drinking.

"I'm not hungry," George responded softly and he nestled himself into the side of Bad carefully. George and Bad were actually the first two to make friends with one another when they joined this college. Bad was nervous about being the only male omega and George introduced himself to the other omega. They bonded quickly after that. George found Dream next, who was already friends with Sapnap.

Unfortunately for George's reply, his stomach growled out in anger as it wanted to be filled with food. After his heat, he was always hungry, but he just wanted to spend some time cuddling

instead. George just spent a whole five days masturbating alone, so he wanted some affection- even if it was platonic.

Bad sighed and pushed George off of him. He took another sip of his coffee before looking at the other male omega sitting on the couch. "Are you sure? I can tell that you are," Bad responded, his eyes going soft as he looked at the smaller omega. Sure, Bad was larger than him, but he didn't need to be treated like he was fragile. His scent of honey and sugar, complimentary to the scent of coffee in his hands, grew worried and somewhat stressed as he began to fret about George's health.

The smaller omega huffed out a whine and replied to Bad with a small, "You can make breakfast." Bad's scent immediately lightened as he moved to stand up and go to the kitchen. Something in Bad made his omega instincts of caring so much stronger than they were in George. Sure, George did care a lot, but it was mainly centered around his family and his dorm mates. Bad's affections spread to whoever he could be around and care for- including this new boy named Skeppy that he spent so much time around.

George, not wanting to be alone in the living room, got up and pulled one of the dining room chairs into the kitchen. He had it set up so he couldn't bother Bad's cooking, but in a way that he could still see his friend. He sat himself down in the chair and waited for Bad to get ready before talking to him.

"So tell me about Skeppy," George started when he noticed that Bad was grabbing some assorted dishware for what he was making. What Bad was making? George wasn't quite sure at the current moment. There were still some scrambled eggs in the sink from when George cleaned Sapnap's plate from earlier. George assumed that Bad was thinking Sapnap made those himself.

"What do you want me to tell you about?" Bad responded, his voice cool and even. Despite his attempts to cover up his emotions, George could very clearly smell the embarrassment and nervousness on his friend. The omega knew what that scent on Bad meant.

"Hmmm... I think you should tell me a bit about your crush on him," George purred out, feeling powerful that he could mess with his friend. He always wanted to join in on the teasings between Sapnap and Dream, but he always felt like they would stop and protect him from that. Bad was the only one he could tease without intimidation.

"What!" Bad responded, dropping the fork that he was holding before he turned to look at George. His eyes were wide as he wondered what the other boy knew. The omega giggled as he watched the other omega struggle for a moment. "Tell me what you know!"

"Not much," George responded, a smirk creeping on his face. "I can tell you like him from the way your scent changed when I mentioned his name."

Bad huffed and turned back to making George brunch. He refused to look George in the eyes as he continued to speak. "Skeppy and I are just friends. Sure, he's great, but I don't wanna mess anything up with him."

George raised an eyebrow as he crossed his arms over his chest. Hmmm... "Is he an alpha?" Omegas were certainly more attracted to alphas, yes, but they could also go after betas sometimes. Male omegas usually didn't work well with male betas, though.

"Oh, yes yes," Bad responded, pulling out a skillet and turning on the stove while it heated up. It was already coated with butter from Bad's earlier messing around. "He's the most wonderful alpha around and smells just like coffee. He's so sweet to me and affectionate, but he tends to swear sometimes."

George chuckled at the response. So that was why he was smelling the coffee earlier. George perched himself on his chair as he continued to listen to Bad babble on about how much he liked Skeppy. Bad continued to flutter around the kitchen and moved to open the fridge. He paused after a moment to which George raised an eyebrow. “What’s wrong, Bad?” He asked, telling that Bad’s scent changed.

“What happened to all the eggs? I knew we had a few left in here. I was gonna make some eggs and bacon for us,” Bad sighed, moving the items around inside the fridge in case that the eggs were just hiding. The smaller omega frowned as he realized that Sapnap must’ve made all the eggs earlier. God did alphas eat a lot. If Sapnap ate the same amount that two omegas could share, that was insane.

“Sapnap ate some earlier. I guess he made them all,” George replied. He wasn’t lying, per say, but he didn’t want to bring up that he decided to cook for Sapnap. He also didn’t want to bring up that the reason that he was cooking for Sapnap was because Dream decked him across the face. Bad was always a bit skittish around alphas when they were in or around rut. It made George wonder why he agreed to room with the three of them.

“Well, we can get some groceries from the store,” Bad responded, closing the fridge door when he discovered that the eggs were, indeed, not hiding. He moved to turn off the heat he had previously turned on and turned to look at George. “I know you’re still adjusting after heat, but come with me. I don’t wanna go alone.”

George nodded and returned the chair to its place in the living room. The pair would go to the grocery store. That would be okay. Dream would be okay- he wouldn’t even notice that George wasn’t around. The pair quickly got ready and left the dorm soon.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

I've counted what I've written so far and I think there's about 30 chapters written already...

George and Bad soon entered the nearby grocery store. Bad had a shopping cart that currently had nothing in it. He seemed to already know what he was doing, so George lazily followed along. While it was supposed to be a short trip, Bad decided that he was gonna stock up on foodstuff while they were out.

Despite being with Bad, George felt a little on edge walking around the store. It was early in the morning so there weren't many people there, but George and Bad were both omegas. It didn't help that George didn't change out of his skirt from earlier. He felt like he could easily be taken advantage of. Bad tried to give off a soothing scent to calm him down, but that didn't work as Bad was just as worried. Dream usually went shopping with them, but Dream was rutting. In Bad's mind, Dream was in class.

The pair went up and down the isles grabbing various things that they could use over the next week or two depending on how much they grabbed and ate. Bad didn't know that Dream was rutting yet, so he was probably factoring in Dream into that. No matter- Sappnap might invite over Karl, so they could eat that spare serving. Even if he didn't, George could also pressure Bad into inviting Skeppy over once.

They were nearly finished when Bad remembered something. "Oh, George, could you buy some painkillers near the pharmacy? I used the last ones the other night when I had a headache," Bad said, chuckling lightly, "I'll meet up with you in a moment. I just need to grab some eggs at the back of the store- the thing we came here for."

George nodded, but felt that he shouldn't leave Bad's side. He wasn't sure if it was for his own safety or Bad's, but he really didn't feel like leaving. He did, anyways, as he was a strong boy. It didn't matter that he was an omega, he could handle himself. Bad could too! They didn't need someone to watch over them twentyfour-seven. They were fine.

George scurried off to the front of the store to find where the painkillers were located. He knew where they were- on the shelves right in front of the pharmacy. He didn't need to check them out at the pharmacy since they weren't prescription bought ones.

He soon reached the shelves and scanned around for painkillers. He wondered which one that Bad usually bought. George never really used painkillers that often, so he didn't really know what he grabbed. He just grabbed some tylenol and decided that was good. Instead of going back to Bad, he decided to mill around and look at the other things in the area. Bad did say that he would come to George when he finished shopping.

He roamed around from aisle to aisle and paused when he noticed something. Rut and heat suppressants. These were usually prescriptions, why were they just out in the open like this? George approached it and began to read the back.

“New formula of heat suppressants allows for over the counter buying. It has been proven that this brand causes heat to be completely suppressed with half the dosage of the prescription bottles normally sold in drug stores and pharmacies. Long-term use of this new formula can lead to many different side effects such as mock heats, intense sweating, numbness, fatigue, fainting spells, weakness, and infertility. Please discuss with your doctor if you show any signs of these side effects.”

This was why George never went on heat suppressants. He once considered going on some during his high school career since he was missing so much school, but his mother stopped him. His mother always told him that heat suppressants were the worst and that they could cause infertility. He assumed that this “new formula” was probably not as safe as the ones sold by the pharmacy, but those still caused mock heats and infertility. There was no way George was going to risk his ability for pups.

Furthermore, George also scanned the rut suppressants and noticed that they were pretty much the same except that they seemed to show more aggression and mock ruts instead of the heat-like side effects. Why would he take the suppressants if he just felt like he was in constant heat without the need to breed? That sounded rather ridiculous to him, honestly.

His eyes scanned around and noticed that there were also some hormone blockers. They made an alpha or omega smell like merely a beta. Those were generally safer, but George still felt uneasy with the idea of blocking his hormones from getting out. Plus- hormone blockers could only be used with one of the corresponding suppressants.

He huffed as he turned the aisle. He didn't want to be in the other aisle anymore than he had to. All of those things were messing with his head. He had actually considered more recently going on heat suppressants so he could spend some more time with Dream. He always felt bad that he missed out on things at least once a month due to his heats. Ultimately, he decided that it was worth missing out on Dream for one week if he could still have his pups.

Wait- not his pups specifically. Have pups in general. George was not doing this just for Dream, he was doing it for his future partner. If it was Dream, then great, but he wasn't doing it specifically for Dream. George whined out in frustration over the thoughts coming from his own brain.

He shook his head and focused his attention on what was in the new aisle. After a moment, his cheeks grew red as he realized where he was. There were various condoms and birth control throughout the aisle. Not only were there basic condoms, there were also knottable condoms. The birth control was located next to the specifically omega-brand birth control, the omega-ones came in male and female.

George hadn't been in this aisle before. He didn't realize that this was located over here. He bought omega-brand birth control before but not like this. He got it prescribed by his doctor instead of in a store. He stopped going on birth control as it began to mess with his heat cycles. If he got into a relationship, he would go back on it. He certainly was not planning on getting pregnant while in college. He already had enough on his plate being a male omega in a mainly beta field.

His browsing eyes turned to the condoms. He never really shopped for condoms as he didn't need them. There were condoms for both betas and alphas that came in a variety of different brands, shapes, and sizes. On top of that, there were also female condoms for female alphas. His eyes turned to the large, knottable alpha condoms. There was a variety that didn't knot for alphas, but that was for ones on rut suppressants.

The male omega glanced around and noticed that no one was around nor was anyone looking at him. He leaned forward and picked up the knottable condoms. He was debating in his mind over

whether or not he needed it. Maybe if he and Dream-

No... no no no. He should stop thinking that him and Dream were going to hook up. But his mind couldn't stop going back to the idea of that. He held the box in his hands and examined it. Were they too small for Dream? He had thought about the size of Dream's dick so often that he could only assume that he was large- at least large for an alpha, in his mind. Alpha condoms also came in small and medium, but George kept holding onto the condoms in his hands.

"George?" Bad called, seemingly from the next aisle over. George's instinct was to shove the condoms into his pocket and walk out to Bad. He smiled as he joined his friend. Bad smiled back at him as he approached. "Did you get the painkillers?" He asked to which George brought his hand up that had the bottle of tylenol. There was joy in Bad's scent as he purred out, "Great. We can check out now."

George nodded and followed Bad to the checkouts. They entered the self check-out lane and immediately went to scan items. He certainly didn't forget that he had large condoms within his pocket. They were located within his jacket's pocket and were actually sticking out. The box was also rather large to compensate for the size of the condoms within it. The omega felt embarrassed as he pictured all the other customers within the store staring at him.

While helping Bad scan some items, George pulled the condoms out of his pocket and scanned those as well before shoving them back into his pocket. They certainly weren't the cheapest condoms, so he hoped that they were good. Hopefully Bad didn't notice them being displayed on the screen. Thankfully he didn't as he proceeded to scan the rest of the items.

The pair soon scanned everything and Bad paid for the groceries. The other omega felt bad that he had his friend buy condoms for him, so he made a mental note to pay Bad back discretely one of these days. For now, the pair exited the grocery store and prepared to go back home.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

why did no one tell me it was DNF week??? since it is, here is an early update ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of the day was rather uneventful as the pair went home to put all their groceries away. Bad proceeded to make brunch with the new ingredients he bought- specifically eggs and bacon for the pair.

George slipped down to the laundry room after the pair of omegas finished eating brunch. He moved his laundry from the washer into the dryer and turned it on. It shouldn't take too long for it to be finished, anyway.

Bad eventually took his leave as he had classes after lunch. George took this opportunity to stash away the condoms that he bought on top of his dresser. No one came into his room, so they wouldn't see them. Why did he even buy these? He wasn't with an alpha and Dream certainly would never fuck him. Dream would've done it when he was in heat right in front of him if he wanted to. George sighed before continuing through his day.

The omega flopped onto his bed and spent some time scrolling through his various social media. Being gone for a week caused him to have some trouble keeping up with things. When he finally caught up, he wondered what he should do next.

This was always the most boring time: everyone else was out of the house or unavailable. George was a very social creature, so being without the others sometimes stressed him out. He was also in a rather fragile state of mind as he was just out of heat. His instincts were telling him to snuggle up with someone whether it be platonically or romantically. It may have been the reason that he became so connected to Dream in the first place. The alpha seemed to be just as social of a creature as George was.

He missed Dream a lot. Dream was only inside his room, but he was rutting. George didn't want to go out of his way to force his way into that room and feel the full force of a rutting alpha. He would also just be in the way. There was no way that Dream would actually be interested in George anyway. He needed a distraction at this point.

The omega stood up and exited out of his room. He had just remembered that his laundry must be done at this point in time. He went down to the laundry room and found that it was just being finished. Instead of returning to his dorm, he decided to sit and wait for it. The omega hopped up and sat on top of the moving dryer. The heterochromatic omega used to do this when he was younger and helping his mother do the laundry. It was always rather exciting to feel the tumbling of the clothes underneath himself.

The dryer dinged to show that it was done, so George hopped off to pull out his items. He pulled out all his various bedding items and set them on top of the dryer after neatly folding them. Sure, they would go on his bed soon, but they should still be folded.

The final item that George pulled out was Dream's sweatshirt. He couldn't really tell the color, but

Dream had once told him that it was a neon green. Instinctively, George pulled it close to smell the scent of Dream on it, but all it smelled like was laundry detergent. Frustrated, George tossed it onto the pile before giving it another glance. Maybe... Dream wouldn't mind if he wore it again. He wished that it smelled like him, but it would still work.

The small omega tossed the hoodie on over his bright blue covered shirt and moved to collect his bedding. He brought it up to the dorm and into his room before fitting it onto his bed. Now his bed actually looked like a bed once again. Thankfully, George in heat didn't rip off the mattress covers.

He worked on some homework as the day went on. His teachers were understanding of him being in heat and allowing some of his work to be turned in late. Thank god they were accepting of his natural omega tendencies. He had heard horror stories on the internet about teachers not accepting late work due to heats/ruts and therefore forcing students to go on suppressants. Ugh.

He eventually felt bored of how quiet it was. He reached over and, almost instinctively, turned on the song that Dream always played whenever he did his schoolwork. It actually wasn't even one song. Dream would become obsessed with a song and play it all the time while doing homework. It had previously been *Sweater Weather* by The Neighbourhood before becoming the more recent one. The one for the past month has been *Ocean Eyes* by Billie Eilish. George never really took Dream to be the type to like the song, but whatever worked.

The hours passed as George did homework. He was eventually caught up with his work, but he still had an assignment that was just assigned earlier that day. He decided that he would do it despite it not being due for a bit. The song continued to play on repeat throughout the entirety of this homework session. It was just how George liked it.

For some reason, George also quite enjoyed the song. Secretly, George hoped that Dream was thinking about his own ocean eyes... Well, ocean eye. George had one blue eye and one brown eye- heterochromia. It was rather rare to be born with it, so he was considered special. How great- a heterochromatic male omega. If he wasn't already lusted after, that would certainly make some other alphas go nuts.

But not the one that he wanted. Dream probably had other omegas that he had his eyes on anyway. The songs themselves were rather straight in nature, so George always believed that Dream must be lusting after some female omega out there. There were some pretty ones within their classes, so maybe it was one of them. It was probably the blonde one that sat in front of them. She had pretty blue eyes and was always asking Dream questions about class instead of anyone else. She even pulled him aside once to ask him a question privately.

The omega noticed that he couldn't quite see his screen anymore. He reached his hand up to see what was wrong and noticed that his face was wet. He was crying. He was crying over Dream. How stupid was he? He was fucking crying over his closest friend not being attracted to him. How could he be like this? What was wrong with him? More tears streaked down his face as his brain continued to threaten his fragile state.

He couldn't focus on his homework anymore. He closed his laptop and laid down on the couch. He closed his eyes and let the world fade to only the sound coming from his phone. *Ocean eyes*. It was nice and sweet. All he could do was focus on the lyrics that had been repeating within his mind for hours.

The tears dripped down the side of his face as he allowed the music to play. His hand reached up and gripped the sweatshirt from Dream. He didn't care at this point. Whatever was happening around him wasn't going to bother him. The door was shut and no one could really bother him at this point. He didn't feel like moving at all from his current position. He wanted to be the ocean

eyes that Dream was falling into. He wanted to be the one that he was dreaming about. He wanted to be the one in the little high waisted shorts. He wanted to hold Dream's hands through his sweater.

He wanted Dream.

Chapter End Notes

I want to thank y'all for all the support- almost 500 kudos! I didn't really think this would get to be that popular

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

this chapter implies/mentions rape, so be warned. (to be clear, there is no rape that occurs. there are only mentions of it)

The next day droned on. It was rather boring to the omega as he walked from his dorm to his first class. He missed Dream walking with him to all their classes. They shared everyone except for the one about omega awareness or whatever the college named the class.

During his first class, he told the professor that Dream was out on rut. The professor replied that he already knew that. Odd. Sapnap must've informed the professors about Dream's absence from class.

The omega went from his one class towards the dorms. He believed that it was going to be like any other day before he was stopped by an alpha on his way. They weren't in any small space, so George felt comfortable to be around him for the moment. If he made any sudden moves, George would sprint out of there as fast as he could.

"Hey there," He purred, leaning down to look George in the eyes. For some reason, this sent shivers down his spine... but not the good ones. He felt like there was something wrong with this alpha, but he couldn't place it. George had never seen him before in his life, so there was no way that he could know something.

One thing that may have been triggering it was the swollen nose that he wore on his face. His nose seemed to be crooked and rather purple from who knows what. George wondered if this alpha had gotten into a fight recently with someone else.

"Hey- I'm not in the chatting mood right now. I need to get home to my dorm," George responded with a huff. Usually, he was friendlier, but he was just annoyed right now. Since he usually walked with Dream, no alphas walked up to him to talk to him. Honestly, despite being rather social, the heterochromatic omega didn't want to talk to him. Something felt off.

"Aww, come on, babe," The alpha continued to purr, blocking George's path to his dorm. The alpha was bigger, stronger, and faster than George, so he was almost trapped here unless he went in the other direction. George's gaze flicked behind himself as he wondered if he could make it if he ran that way.

"Don't call me that," George growled in response. He didn't sound too intimidating as he was, of course, an omega.

The alpha chuckled at the attempt of a growl. It seemed to be rather amusing to the larger boy despite George's attempts to scare him off. "What, I can't call you babe? How about I call you my bitch, then?" He replied in a low growl. While it may have been phrased as a question, it certainly wasn't. He was saying that he wanted to call George his bitch... and George certainly did not want that.

The brown haired omega's scent grew distressed as he realized what the alpha was implying he

was going to do. Oh god, despite everything that he went through to avoid being harmed by an alpha, he was going to end up like it anyway. His mouth grew dry as he glanced around for an exit. The best way would be to run backwards and back towards his previous class. There were some shortcuts around the other buildings, but if the alpha caught him there, he would certainly be dead meat.

George began to sprint backwards before hitting against a rather soft but solid object. He closed his eyes as tears began to streak down his face. This must be one of this guy's friends. The guy and his friend were going to rape him together and leave him in the dirt. He would be mewling along in an alley hoping that someone would find him after they disgraced him.

There was growling from the figure that George was leaning against. He glanced up to notice that the alpha was actually growling at the other alpha. Odd- why would his friend growl at him if the pair planned on raping him together? That didn't make sense... unless each one of them were determined to have him for themselves. That would make sense. George felt his brain begin to shut off as to allow him to forget about everything that was happening.

"Who the fuck are you? Get away from my omega!" The first alpha growled, stalking forward towards George. Hearing that, the omega felt himself perk up. This first alpha didn't know who this alpha was? Maybe that was a good thing. Maybe that was a bad thing. George couldn't tell what emotion he should feel at this moment.

The scents of the two alphas began to grow rather strong and aggressive. The pair were fighting each other through only their scents. The original alpha smelled like whiskey- at first, George thought it was just him being drunk before he realized that it was actually his scent. The second alpha, though, smelled like coffee and chocolate. Wait a minute- coffee? George knew an alpha who smelled like coffee.

"Skeppy?" George asked, glancing up at the figure he was lying limp on. If he was as good as Bad said, Skeppy meant no harm to him. He assumed that the alpha might've noticed the scene and George's scent of distress and decided to step in before anything could really happen between them.

Skeppy glanced down at George and winked at him to show that he was, indeed, Skeppy. George felt a rush of relief wash over him as he realized he was actually being protected instead of hunted by the alpha. Skeppy's attention raised back to look at the other alpha, his eyes narrowing as he put a protective arm around George. "Your omega, huh? Then why is he here smelling like distress and fear from merely talking to you?"

The alpha grunted and pulled back as he glared at Skeppy. He wasn't too smart, so he apparently didn't really know what to say to that. George could feel Skeppy's throat let out a low growl to threaten the alpha away. "Fine- keep that slut of an omega. You should know that he's not loyal to you, dude. Some other bastard punched me in the face over him yesterday." George closed his eyes as he heard the other, intimidating alpha stalk away. His scent poured out pure anger as he walked away from the pair.

George couldn't help but release tears and a rather strong scent of gratitude. Thank god Skeppy was here. Who knows what would've happened if George was alone without someone to help him out. He hated being an omega for this shit. This never happened to alphas.

"Are you alright, George?" Skeppy asked, pulling George away from him so he could get a better look at the omega.

The smaller boy glanced up at the alpha and smiled. "I-I'm fine. If you weren't here, I-I don't

know what would've happened to me..." George whined, his voice growing rather hoarse as he felt more tears spill from his eyes. This was why Dream was usually with him- there were too many alphas on campus that liked to take advantage of omegas. "How did you know it was me? I-I know there aren't many male omegas on campus, but-"

Skeppy cut him off with his response, "Bad told me all about you and your friends. He said he was excited to have a friend who was also a male omega and described you to me." The taller boy chuckled as he glanced around the area. "I, also, just noticed that an omega was being cornered by an alpha. I needed to step in. How'd you know it was me? Did Bad describe me too?"

George smiled and moved to wipe the tears from his eyes. He was so thankful that his friends were so great- and that they chose such great partners. "T-Thank you Skeppy," George whimpered out as he tried to compose himself. After a moment, he turned to look back up at Skeppy and answered his question, "I badgered Bad until he told me about you. He said that your scent, coffee, was his favorite scent and that-"

"Wait, Bad said that my scent was his favorite?" Skeppy asked, stopping George from continuing to discuss what Bad talked about yesterday. George peered his dual-colored eyes up at the alpha and noticed that his face was rather red in coloration. Did Skeppy also have a crush on Bad? Ooooh. George now had something to do while he was without Dream.

"Yeah- do you like his scent too?" George purred playfully. He loved to tease others whenever he could, so Skeppy could easily be one of them. Usually, he only teased Bad, but now Skeppy could be teased too.

Skeppy chuckled lightly and nodded. It was a faint nod that George almost missed, but he didn't. His smile grew as he noticed that Skeppy's scent of coffee changed to be rather embarrassed. "Can we not discuss this any more? I-I think you need to get where you're going."

Home! George forgot all about that in the previous panic. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and glanced at the time. The omega glanced up at the alpha and stuck out his bottom lip in a false pout fashion. "Can you walk with me?" Skeppy chuckled and nodded. He allowed George to lead the way and the pair quickly walked to George's dorm.

Chapter 14

The next day passed by rather fast once again. George had two morning classes before an afternoon class later in the night. He thought it wasn't too bad of a class. He made sure to keep good notes as he could give them to Dream when he finished rutting. Dream always kept notes for him, so he was always fond to return the favor.

On top of this, George also went to the faculty and reported the alpha for the attempted assault. Skeppy went with him to provide additional evidence and to report him as well. Bad went along as well- he was also an omega and wanted to show his support for his friend. He also just wanted to be around Skeppy.

The day following that was also rather nice and went by rather quick. It was actually the day that all the boys had off, so they all decided to get together and watch the movie that George wanted to watch last week. George had, once again, put on Dream's sweatshirt during the day. He was tormented by Sapnap all day when he realized that it belonged to Dream.

As Monday rolled around, George felt rather uncomfortable. He had the same schedule as he did on Friday- the day he was stopped by the alpha. He had informed Bad and Sapnap of the incident when he came home. Bad grew extremely distressed at the news. Sapnap insisted that he should walk with the two whenever they went to classes. That would never work as Sapnap had his own classes. He informed the pair of dorm mates that Sapnap should walk with Karl while Bad walks with Skeppy. Bad wondered what George was going to do, and he confessed that he was hoping Dream would be there after the rutting.

The omega walked down the campus towards his class. It was only 9:15 in the morning, so he hoped that the alpha wasn't around. He should just leave as soon as class is over and go directly home. There was no stopping for George today.

The boy also decided to wear things that smelled like alpha. Sapnap provided George one of his shirts that smelled like him. Hopefully that would dissuade the alpha from coming around.

Now that George thought about it, maybe it was a bad idea to be wearing shirts that smelled of different alphas. The alpha already thought that he was a slut due to being protected by two different alphas. George wasn't sure who the first one was, but he knew that the second one was Skeppy. If alphas assumed that he was a slut, they could think that they could have their way with him.

Throughout the entire trip to the classroom, he struggled with whether this was really such a good idea. Maybe he should just go home and claim that he hit spontaneous heat after being in contact with an alpha in rut. Wait no- he'd have to have someone else send that email. On top of that, they'd assume that he and Dream were together then... He didn't want that to happen.

Finally, the omega made it to class and scurried over to his seat. He glanced over at the seat next to him, the one that Dream usually sat in. He knew this was how Dream felt every time that he was in heat. Heats happened much more often than ruts did. George had one heat per month compared to an alpha having one heat every three months. This was, yet again, something that made George envious of alphas.

The class passed quickly as George's mind went from his worried thoughts to coding. He was always wonderful at coding, so he always went into a nice state of focus when doing it. He certainly hoped that he could get a good career surrounding his passion after finishing college and

getting his degree. Of course, he wouldn't mind working from home so he could carry the pups. Dream could bring in the money while George worked-

Wait- George shook his head as he once again realized his thoughts. No no no. He wasn't with Dream, he was a single omega who could freely be with whoever he wanted. If he did end up with Dream, then okay. If he didn't, that was also ok. He wasn't going to one hundred percent carry Dream's pups in the end. He wasn't going to live in a nice house with Dream. They weren't going to marry one another and have a nice pack of their own.

Stop. George shook his head and went back to focusing on class. Why did he keep going back to Dream? It wasn't that he could even smell him right now. All he could smell was the rather suffocating scent of leather and smoke. It smelled good, sure, but his own scent made it smell rather... unsavory. Vanilla certainly did not mix with those two very well. Maybe that just pointed to the fact that George wouldn't make too good of a partner to Sappnap.

Class seemed to slip away as he continued to focus on his school work. He was catching so many different mistakes that he had previously made and fixed them quickly. He didn't really know why he was in such a state, but it was nice. That was until class ended.

George stood up and glanced around the class. He didn't know anyone in here... well, he did recognize one of the individuals in here, but he didn't know her. She was a rather petite omega with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes. For some reason, George felt rather envious just looking at her. How could Dream be interested in her?

Stop. George didn't know if Dream even actually liked her. He could only assume that the alpha actually liked that omega. How couldn't he? She was nice and appeared to be almost like the perfect omega... unlike George. George was colorblind- bad for pups to be honest. How would anyone, let alone Dream, like him enough to decide that he wanted to further their relationship and eventually have pups together?

His scent grew sour as he stalked out of the room and scurried off towards home. This class wasn't his farthest class away from the dorm, but it felt like it at this moment. It may have been the creeping idea that the alpha was around every corner or the idea that Dream was totally fucking around with the blonde omega from class. The entire time, George's scent flicked back and forth from fear to frustration and sometimes a mix in between.

As he walked to his dorm, he noticed that he was joined by Skeppy. The alpha was wearing a blue hoodie with a pixel face on it. He liked the color of it- blue, the color he could actually see. He began to make small talk with the boy as the pair walked to the dorm. George assumed that Bad told him to check up on the omega as he returned home from class. George was actually really thankful for this.

"How about you come over for dinner tomorrow?" George asked, a smile on his face. Bad was probably planning on making dinner tonight, so George could pay him back by making it tomorrow. On top of that, he was also inviting Bad's crush. Maybe he could hook them up or let them express how they feel towards one another.

"Oh, tomorrow? What time?" Skeppy asked, seeming to pull up his college schedule within his mind. George hoped that he was free tomorrow or else he'd have to schedule another day.

"My last class ends at 3:35 tomorrow, so maybe come over around 4:30? I know Bad would love to see you," George responded before winking at Skeppy. He was so proud when he earned a heavy blush from the other boy. A smile grew on George's face as he realized that the two were totally into one another. He couldn't wait to see them fumble around while interacting.

“Uh- yeah, yeah,” He responded, shoving his hands into his pocket in a nervous mannerism. He seemed very interested in coming. George wondered if he actually did have class at that time but was planning on ditching anyway. George almost didn’t blame him, he’d do the same thing if he didn’t dorm with Dream.

“Great, I’ll see you then. I’m sure Bad will be happy- don’t tell him you’re coming over!” George sang as he proceeded to scurry to his dorm room rather fast. Oh boy- he was excited. Now he could actually do something other than just lust over Dream.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George hummed as he worked around the kitchen. Rather than just humming one note, he was actually humming the song that Dream loved so much. He decided that he was going to make chicken noodle soup for everyone today. He and Bad bought the ingredients for them the other day, so he knew that they had them.

Bad had insisted on helping George out in the kitchen, but George responded that he knew what he was doing. The small omega fluttered around the kitchen, grabbing all the ingredients that he needed. Maybe he should've asked Bad to help, but he wanted Bad to enjoy his time with Skeppy.

Speaking of Skeppy, the time was only 4:00 meaning that Bad had about thirty minutes before his surprise. After a moment, he sighed and called to Bad. "Do you want to help me chop up some carrots and celery?"

Bad perked up and joined George in the kitchen. He moved to cut up the vegetables as George moved to cut up a chicken. The reason that he didn't start earlier was because he realized he needed to get chicken. After everything that Bad bought, he didn't even buy a chicken. The small omega didn't want to go through with the efforts and instead bought pre-cooked chicken. It didn't change the taste at all... plus George didn't even know how to make chicken.

The omega wiped sweat from his forehead as he continued to cut meat away from the rest of the chicken. He was careful to not ruin the chicken as he continued to cut away some of the meat. He began to hum once again as he moved around the kitchen to get everything ready.

"What're you humming, anyway?" Bad asked, moving the cut up carrots away as he moved on to the celery. He glanced up at George before going back to the task he was assigned by the other omega.

George's mis-matched eyes glanced over at Bad before turning back to pouring the chicken broth into a rather large pot. Some of the liquid splattered up on the boy and he moved to wipe his hands off on the apron he was wearing. There was one apron in the kitchen and Bad was usually the one wearing it. It was pink, frilly, and had a picture of a muffin on it. George had no idea why Bad decided to buy this one. "Oh- uh..." George sputtered, wondering how much he should reveal to Bad. Knowing him, he wasn't the one to really give out secrets, so he decided to tell him. "It's Ocean Eyes. Dream plays it all the time when we're doing homework together. It reminds me of him."

George could hear him set down the knife he was using to cut up the vegetables. Bad walked over to George and poured them into the boiling broth to add some of the flavor in. The other omega looked the heterochromatic omega in the eyes and smiled. "That's nice. I-I think you know that I smell coffee because it reminds me of Skeppy sometimes."

George nodded before he felt his face heat up. Was Bad implying that George had a crush on Dream just like Bad did on Skeppy? Sure, he did, but he didn't want anyone to know that. It would be better if no one knew that he liked Dream so they could just forget about this. Dream was more interested in that other omega anyway. His scent grew bitter in the air which caused Bad to raise an eyebrow. George waved a hand to brush him off. It didn't matter what he was thinking.

"I met Skeppy the other day, but I think you know that," George responded back, ignoring what Bad had previously implied. He didn't want to think about that anymore. "I actually saw him yesterday. Did you tell him to see if I was okay?"

Bad chuckled nervously as his scent grew more embarrassed. George smirked as he loved whenever he could smell embarrassment in the scents of others. He didn't get a sick thrill from it, no, he just felt like his teasing was working. "I know, yeah," He responded, chuckling lightly as he moved to look at what else he could do. He moved to add some noodles into the second pot that George had set up. The water inside of it had been boiling, so Bad took it upon himself to do this. "I did. I was just worried about what happened last time, so he was the best option. He didn't have class during that time, but I did."

The brown haired omega nodded. He thanked Bad for beginning to boil the noodles before there was a knock on the door. George went back to cutting up the chicken and insisted that Bad should open the door. The omega knew exactly who was here, but the glasses-wearing omega certainly didn't. That was if Skeppy kept his side of the deal.

"Who is it?" Bad asked as he walked out of the kitchen and towards the door. After a moment, the door opened and the sound of a hug followed by shuffling footsteps indicated that it was, indeed, Skeppy. "George, did you invite Skeppy over?"

"Yes he did," Skeppy responded instead of George, chuckling lightly. "He pressured me to come here. He insisted that he wanted to make dinner because I helped him out with that alpha."

"You two just hang out in the living room. I'll cook. I don't mind, Bad. I also want to repay you for all the meals you've made for me," George chuckled and went back to cooking. He soon moved to add the chicken to the broth and stirred the noodles within the pot.

He continued to work around and hum the song from earlier. He could occasionally hear Bad and Skeppy bonding with one another. They chuckled sometimes and occasionally spoke a little loud to one another. George felt a smile on his face as he made sure that everything was ready.

During this time, Sapnap entered the dorm after his class and noticed the new figure sitting on the couch. After some explanation, Sapnap joined the pair, but sat in the lone chair instead of on the couch. He called out to George, "You should've told me that you were inviting over Bad's boyfriend. I would've invited mine over as well." After that, there was a thunk noise as George presumed that Bad chuckled something at Sapnap.

The chicken noodle soup was soon completed and George set out the bowls. He didn't want to scoop out everyone's servings as they should get those themselves. He never knew how much alphas ate and didn't want to under-fill.

"Come get your food," George called as he quickly filled up his dish first. This was probably the best part about cooking: getting first dibs. He pulled what he considered to be the best out of each pot before bringing his things over to the dining room table. He removed the apron from his body and hung it back up where Bad kept it.

George went back to his seat and began to dig into his food. The others soon joined him and sat around him. Bad and Skeppy sat next to each other, so Sapnap decided to join George and sit by his side.

They all chuckled and smiled as they talked about their days. They also made jokes- Sapnap continuously brought up sexual jokes that seemed to make the others uncomfortable. Why was he even like this? Sometimes he was funny, sometimes he was annoying. At least he wasn't directing

it towards George. Since no one else was brave enough to stop him, George stomped on the alpha's foot which caused him to yelp in pain.

The four of them finished eating soon... followed by the alphas getting up for seconds. That was just how it always was- the alphas needing more calories to supply their bodies. Omegas needed extra food whenever they were preheat or when they were carrying pups. Thank god George wasn't either of those.

George looked up and Bad and lowered his voice while the two alphas were in the kitchen. "You like your little surprise?" George purred, resting his head on top of his hand as he looked at Bad.

Bad's face grew red as he fumbled over some words. George giggled at this as he knew he acted like this sometimes as well. "Yeah," He responded, covering his face in his hands and groaning out as if George just beat him up. That caused Skeppy to skid out of the kitchen and check up on Bad. He immediately went to the omega's side and made sure he was alright. Bad waved him away and proclaimed that he was fine- much to George's laughter.

Wow- Skeppy was certainly very interested in Bad. Not many alphas would go out of their way to comfort an omega if all they were doing was groaning. George could vaguely remember when Sappap did the same thing for Karl.

After the alphas finished their second bowls, the group all migrated over to the couch and sat around together. Sappap claimed the lone chair, like always, so George was stuck sitting on the couch next to Bad and Skeppy. George grabbed the remote and turned something on- apparently it was a rather popular movie, but George didn't quite see the appeal. Sappap was very intrigued by it.

The pair were rather cuddly at the current time making George wonder how close they were in reality. Skeppy brought his 'friend' closer towards him and snuggled up with him. George felt sort of uncomfortable for sitting on the couch while this was occurring. There was a moment where George felt rather touch-starved. He wanted to be cuddling up with someone just like the way that they were. His scent grew distressed as he wondered what he should do.

Skeppy, noticing this, grabbed George and pulled him close. He was still cuddling with Bad, but the other omega was allowed to sit near the alpha. George sighed and closed his eyes. He wondered if this would be what Dream felt like. He always wanted to cuddle up with Dream but never really had the courage. He sat on his lap sometimes, sure, but that was on his knees so he could read Dream's homework. Despite being in the same classes as George, Dream wasn't as great at coding as he was.

The small omega was not interested in the alpha he was currently resting on, but he didn't really mind spending some time with him. Skeppy was a good character and even managed to protect him from that other alpha. He also made a rather nice pillow for the omega to lay on.

Skeppy and Bad began to speak to one another quietly. George couldn't quite make out what they were saying as they were facing away from him. On top of that, Sappap had the volume of the television up rather high. Why? He didn't quite know. All George could tell was the scents of the two boys. Their scents mixed very nicely in George's nose. He purred softly at the smell of the pair. He could tell their emotions as they shifted from nervousness to embarrassment.

Bad must've pulled away because Skeppy jerked away from George. George opened his eyes and glanced up at Bad. The boy seemed to be awkwardly fluttering around before heading off to the kitchen. Sappap glanced at the two on the couch before excusing himself to join Bad in the kitchen.

“What happened?” George murmured to Skeppy quietly as he rested his head against the alpha’s shoulder. Skeppy’s scent was raw and rather sad in the air. It was very overpowering as though someone just brewed ten pots of coffee.

“I-I told him that I liked him and he started to freak out. I don’t really know if he was scared or excited or what... I think I should go,” He responded, his scent growing rather panicked as he worried about how he was affecting Bad.

George whined as Skeppy began to fidget around in a panic. George shook his head and replied once again, “I think you should just stay here and wait it out. If Bad wants you to leave, you’ll be told to leave. Don’t go before he’s talked to you, okay?”

“Okay,” Skeppy responded before sitting up. He felt stiff and rigid as George rested his head on the other boy. He didn’t realize how tired he was at this point. The sounds of individuals talking soon drifted off as his mind began to focus on other things. All he could really do at this point was dream.

Chapter End Notes

the next chapter is the beginning of angst >:)

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

y'all are getting angst while I'm like 20 chapters ahead writing tons of cute fluff~

Dream opened his eyes with a grunt. He grabbed his phone and checked the time. It was about 6 o'clock at night on Tuesday. He usually came out of ruts rather late in the night, so this wasn't too surprising to him.

He must've fallen asleep after his last masturbation session. He knew he was completely naked just from merely feeling the fabric of his bedding on his body. He glanced around and noticed that there was semen all over his bed. Great- that was something he had to get cleaned. He didn't keep any sex toys to use during ruts as his were rather manageable whenever he masturbated.

He stretched his arms and got out of bed. The tall alpha turned on the lamp next to his bed to examine his room. There wasn't much else wrong or out of place. The boy stood up and walked over to his drawer. He should take a shower. He smelled like rut and semen and that wasn't too much fun to walk around smelling like.

Since it wasn't early in the morning, he knew that the other boys were certainly out in the living room or in the dining room. He tossed on some clothing really quickly and glanced at the mirror. That stopped him in his tracks immediately.

He had a black eye. His vision in that eye was blurry, yeah, but he just assumed it was because he had just woken up. Was this because of that alpha he beat up the other day. Wait a minute... he went into rut almost immediately when he got home since he couldn't remember what actually happened after that moment. No one informed his roommates about the stray alpha with a lust for George and any other male omegas he could get his dirty hands on.

Dream shivered as he moved to exit his room. He grabbed his phone before leaving the room. Like anyone else in college, he never left without it. He opened the door to look around at what was happening. He moved towards the living room when he noticed that there were two people on the couch. One of them was George- precious George that always seemed to run through Dream's mind at all hours of the day. The other one was an alpha he had never seen before.

Something inside of him, maybe the rut hormones that weren't fully out of his system, caused him to growl at the alpha. This snapped the alpha's attention immediately to Dream, his scent growing rather confused as he wondered what this new character was doing here. George also blinked awake, rubbing his eyes as he turned towards Dream.

Pain in his chest was all Dream felt in that moment. He couldn't fight George's boyfriend. Dream had no control over George. There was nothing that made George his. The alpha turned around and hurried to the bathroom. He wasn't going to deal with this. He was going to wash away his pain in the shower. He could calm down and accept that George had found someone else to comfort him. It must've happened while Dream was rutting. God- Dream missed his chance with George. All he wanted was the omega and he missed his chance.

Dream entered the bathroom and locked the door. He turned to look at himself in the mirror when

he noticed that his vision went blurry in both of his eyes. There were hot tears pouring from his eyes as he realized that he didn't have a shot with George anymore. All he could do was be the supportive best friend. For his George- no, for George. Just for George.

His voice cracked as he began to just cry at the mere idea of George not being there anymore. He wouldn't be able to have George on his lap since he was in a relationship. That would be too inappropriate for an omega to do to his alpha friend. He groaned as he continued to worry about how he could treat George. He just realized his crush and now he had to shove that away. He had to make sure that the omega didn't feel uncomfortable around him.

There was a loud knock on the door that caused Dream to quiet himself down. He always forgot the bathroom wasn't soundproof. God- what was he supposed to do. They probably all heard him crying. George was probably embarrassed. They'd all move out and leave Dream to dorm with some random alphas. Knowing his luck, he'd be stuck with the three from his omega appreciation class and they would basically make his life a living hell.

"Dream?" Sapnap confessed to the alpha on the other side of the door. Dream ignored him as he turned on the water for the shower. He didn't want to hear Sapnap try to explain that George was in a relationship with that other alpha. It didn't matter how his friend phrased it, it didn't stop it from being true. Sapnap proclaimed louder once he noticed the water running, "Dream, please. Can we talk?"

Dream refused to respond. He grabbed his phone and turned on the song he'd been playing on repeat for the past month. He turned the volume up so he couldn't hear Sapnap on the other side of the door anymore. It was Ocean Eyes. Dream always pictured George's eyes whenever the song played. It didn't matter that George only had one blue eye, his other brown eye was just as beautiful as the deep abyss of the ocean.

This just made tears stream down the alpha's eyes faster. God- maybe this wasn't a good idea. That was all Dream could do at the moment. Cry. He could stay in here for as long as he wanted and cry. Whenever he stepped out that door, he had to go back to what he was previously doing. He had to pretend that he was happy for George. He had to say that nothing was bothering him and that he was okay.

Dream felt snot run out of his nose as he continued to bawl over the mere idea of George. All that ran through his mind was the image of George sleeping comfortably on that alpha's shoulder. Why couldn't that be Dream? Dream's body had to be rutting that very week. He lost his chance. His opportunity to have George all to himself.

He moved to wipe his face with his hands. He was blubbering out random noises that went along with his sobs. Maybe he should've gone to his room to do this. At least his room was soundproof while the bathroom was only hidden by the noise of the shower and his phone.

The boy stood up and moved to wipe his face once again. Tears were still streaking down his face as he stepped into the shower. He needed to wash off his filth from earlier.

Dream guessed that, during the entirety of his rut, he masturbated to the mere idea of George. He could almost picture George moaning out his name from the very beginning of his rut. It sounded so realistic that Dream had been wondering if it really happened. Apparently, Dream just had a very active imagination when fantasizing about George. He choked back another sob as he continued to think about his friend.

The hot water ran down his back as he continued to just hear the song play outside of the shower. The water was actually too hot for Dream, but he didn't care. The water was most likely turning his

body red as it threatened to boil at the mere touch from the water. Dream didn't care. His body could do whatever it wanted, he just wasn't going to stop it. He wanted to feel the pain he felt inside, outside.

Fuck this. Fuck the world. He was now stuck in a sticky situation. What should he even do now? He would do anything to rewind time to stop that from happening and making George his own.

He took a deep breath and tried to assemble himself. He'd need to get out of the bathroom soon and hang around the others. He needed to calm down.

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

me: should I update my fanfic today? I left them with angst
friend: yeah, you should

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream walked around the dorm room aimlessly. George was in class, same with Bad and Sapnap. When Dream got out of the shower last night, Sapnap tried to talk to him again along with everyone else. He ignored them and stalked off to his room. He wasn't in the mood for dealing with all of that last night.

He had only woken up after the rest of them were already gone for their classes. Dream had classes, too, but he was allowed another day off for his hormones to settle properly. That was the only reason he was so upset. Dream's hormones weren't quite stable. When George came home, he would be alright. He would be happy for George and his new boyfriend.

Dream felt like a caged animal as he paced around the area. He felt like there was nothing to do while also wanting to do everything. He had already put his bedding down into the laundry room to be washed. He could put that in the dryer soon, but Dream didn't have anything to do right now.

His mind was too focused on George. He needed to take his mind off of him. He debated doing his homework, but he knew he would play that song once again and grow upset and frustrated with the whole situation. He was gonna avoid stressing himself out like that for as long as he could. If he just avoided the issue, he should be fine. Right?

Maybe he should clean up. That could work. It wasn't in Dream's nature as an alpha to clean, but he felt inclined to as it was distracting him from all his other thoughts. He started in the kitchen. There were various things left lying around the room from the meal that was made last night. Dream learned that it was chicken noodle soup when he got some rather late in the night last night. He didn't leave his room until then as he wanted to avoid seeing everyone.

The alpha grabbed a cloth and began to scrub the counters from all the grease and grime from the various meals that Bad and the others made. The stove was filthy so he spent a lot of time using a sponge to clean up the area of stains. Everything in the kitchen probably hadn't been washed in quite a while, so Dream was probably doing something good. He was only doing this because he wanted to avoid thinking about- no. Don't think of his name.

He moved to the fridge to see what they had in there. There was probably some expired foodstuff inside there that Dream could throw away. As he sorted through there, he realized that a lot of the things were rather fresh. Did Bad go shopping recently? That was probably why they had chicken noodle soup last night. Better to use the fresh ingredients before they went to waste.

Dream soon finished what he was doing inside of the kitchen and wiped some of the sweat off of his forehead. Cleaning was rather hard work. He could understand why some omegas were utterly exhausted after going through a cleaning spree or cooking. Dream had only cleaned one room and he already felt like he needed a nap. Maybe that was more because he hadn't really regained all his energy after his rut.

The alpha moved to the living room and began to clean the area. He scrubbed the coffee table from various stains- including one of coffee. The only one who ever drank coffee in the dorm was Bad, so he assumed they were from him. He wondered what made him spill the coffee onto the coffee table. Huh- how ironic now that he said that.

He wiped down the tv from any fingerprints that were on it before dusting the stand that the tv was located on. He moved to fit their setup for various gaming consoles and otherwise that were set up under the tv. None of them had much time recently to game, so they were pretty dusty.

He cleaned under the couch of the remaining popcorn. How was this stuff still down here despite George spilling them from last week? George... no. Stop. Just clean up the popcorn and continue on with whatever you were doing. Dream noticed that there were some stains on the floor and attempted to scrub those out. He grew frustrated when they wouldn't clean out. He grew angry and slammed his fist against the floor before standing up. He took a deep breath and moved on to clean something else.

Dream moved on to the bathroom to clean up that room. There was some dirty laundry on the floor from Sapnap taking a shower and not throwing his clothes in his room or in the laundry bin. Goddamn Sapnap was annoying sometimes. On his way out to chuck the clothes in the laundry bin, he noticed that there was a sheet pushed under the lone chair in the living room. He rolled his eyes and pulled it out.

At first, Dream believed that it belonged to Sapnap. He assumed that Karl exited his room in only a bedsheet to get a drink of water or something. As soon as Dream pulled it close to him, the scent of old slick and vanilla flooded his nose like it was the only scent in his room. Oh shit- these were George's sheets... and they were covered in some slick. It didn't seem like they were from his heat, but there was very visible slick covering parts of it. He wondered why it was here instead of in his room...

Oh. It was probably the same thing that he assumed with Sapnap. It must've been, instead of Karl, either George or his partner needed some water and used George's blanket. God- that just broke Dream a little more...

He shook his head and grabbed it in his arms. He unceremoniously tossed Sapnap's clothing into his room before moving towards George's door. What should he do? Should he just leave the blanket outside of his room? That would probably be a bad idea. Should he... go in? Dream didn't want to invade the small omega's privacy by entering the room.

Dream swallowed his pride and opened the door. He was instantly embraced by the sweet scent of vanilla that clung to everything inside of the room. Dream felt like he was melting as he inhaled the scent as much as he could. After a moment, he realized that he shouldn't be doing this. This made him a creep. He couldn't be doing this.

Dream tossed the sheets onto the omega's floor. As he turned to walk out of the room, he noticed that there was something sitting on top of George's dresser. Condoms. Large knottable alpha condoms. The alpha rushed out the door before he started throwing a tantrum within the room.

He slid down George's door after he closed it. Large tears leaked from his eyes as Dream couldn't help but quietly sob. George was taken. It didn't matter that he had discovered that he had a crush on his friend. His friend had already engaged in a relationship with someone else. Dream was nothing. He shouldn't have even considered that George would be interested in him.

The tall alpha curled into the fetal position and wondered how he could even handle seeing George again. Every time he merely thought about him, he cried. Maybe he could just avoid George? That

could work... maybe. It probably wouldn't be the nicest thing to do, but that was what Dream had to do in order to stop his feelings from rushing to the surface. This was probably a good thing. He knew George's schedule so he knew when George would be home.

That was it. He would avoid George until his feelings went away naturally. He could do this. He was doing this for their friendship.

Chapter End Notes

y'all can either thank her or yell at her for providing more angst ;)

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

I hate leaving you guys with angst as much as you do, believe me. Why do you think I've been posting daily instead of every other day?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George hurried after Dream as the pair were walking towards class. Dream was already out of the door when George had just barely woken up for class. George knew that Dream wasn't the type to wake up early, so he wondered why he went out of his way to wake up at 7:30 to leave at 7:45 before George was even awake.

George huffed as he scurried after the taller boy. The only reason that he was still on his tracks was because he threw on some random clothing, grabbed his laptop, and booked it out of the house before Dream could get too far.

On top of that, he also noticed that Dream had a black eye. When did he even get that? Did Sapnap give him that when Dream began to rut? He certainly hoped that he didn't do that. He did, though, wonder if Dream was actually the first guy to beat up the rapist alpha. It made George's heart flutter at the thought, but George quickly pushed that back down before his feelings could get out.

"Dream- can you slow down please? I can't keep up," George huffed, visibly out of breath as he attempted to keep pace with the tall boy's long strides. For a moment, the scent of Dream changed to one of worry and care before Dream's back straightened and he quickened his pace. That was odd.

Since they left so early, the pair would most likely be the only ones in class, so maybe George could ask him what was wrong. Bad said that he had an idea why he was so upset that night, but he wasn't completely sure about it. Bad didn't want to spread rumors was all he told Sapnap and George when they pleaded with him.

Class was soon upon them. George followed Dream into the classroom. George was following Dream, a smile plastered on his face as he realized that Dream would have to speak to him. There were two other students already in class along with the professor. George moved to his seat and turned to see Dream... only to notice that he wasn't sitting next to George. He was sitting next to the blonde omega girl he had seen earlier that week.

Maybe it was true. Maybe Dream did have a crush on her. George felt himself grow weak as he watched the two talk. Dream smiled and laughed, pure joy in his bright green eyes as he looked at the girl.

George could feel his stomach drop and all he could do was rest his head against the desk. His eyes were wide open as he wondered if he even had a shot with Dream in the past. Sure, Dream was his best friend, but that was all they were. George wasn't special. He wasn't unique. Dream didn't want him.

George could feel himself quietly whine in self-pity as he wondered what he should do. He should be happy for Dream. Dream was going after a pretty omega who was much better than he was. The

pair could have a wonderful brood of blonde pups who were all gorgeous. George would be the happy friend who watched by while all it happened. George would probably be made the godfather of one of the kids and feel awful the entire time.

George felt like he was dying at that moment. How could this even be happening? One moment, he was sitting on Dream's lap while mocking him for the simple coding mistakes he always made. The next moment, he was sitting in class awkwardly missing his closest friend while he flirted with another omega.

Dream wasn't his. He didn't belong to Dream. Neither one of them were together and they didn't belong together, he guessed. He should just calm down and forget all about Dream. Maybe that was what George was doing. He can't be distracted by the omega, George, while he was planning on getting into a relationship with the omega girl.

The professor soon started the class. George attempted to swallow his self-pitying ways and instead focus on what he was supposed to be doing. It wasn't even like he just had one class with Dream today. The two shared almost their entire schedule. They had two classes together today. How was he going to handle the rest of the day if this was only about 20 minutes into him interacting with someone who wasn't him?

George closed his eyes and focused on his coding instead. He wasn't even in a coding class at the time, but he couldn't focus on the current lesson. All he needed to do was code. That always distracted him enough to get his mind away from the one who he wanted most. The one who didn't want him back. The one that got away.

The class ended quickly when all George did was focus on coding. He got up and hurried out of the classroom before Dream could even leave. If Dream was avoiding George, then George was going to do the same thing to him. He couldn't handle talking to Dream, anyway. He just needed some time to himself to think about it. They both just needed a moment alone from one another.

The next class was just as unremarkable as the other class. This one actually was a coding class so he knew what he was doing. He could code in this class and no one could call him out for it. So that's what he did. All he did was code, code, code. He was doing homework that wouldn't be due for another week at this point. It didn't matter to him, he just needed to get Dream off his mind. Anything to get him off his mind.

After the class ended, George realized that the pair would be at the dorm together. Sapnap and Bad would be there too, yeah, but they both woke up, grabbed lunch, and then went off to class. George could feel himself grow anxious over the idea of staying within the dorm alone with just Dream. He didn't know what he could do if that happened.

George entered the dorm and closed himself in his room. He didn't need to be anywhere out there. He could just stay in his room until he needed to be at his next class. He could probably sneak out and grab a small lunch before coming back in about an hour.

He looked down and noticed that there was a sheet on his floor. How didn't he notice this earlier? He assumed that it was probably from when Dream had that weird cleaning spree. Sapnap said he came home and noticed that the place was completely spotless with Dream napping on the couch. George brought the sheet close and noticed what it was. This was the sheet he used to cover his body up back when Dream went into his rut. It still had some dried slick on it from when he smelled Dream's rut.

He tossed it unceremoniously back onto the ground before going to lay down on his bed. He took a hard pause as he realized that the condoms that he bought were just sitting out. If Dream had come

in here to return the sheet, he would've seen the condoms. Dream might've connected the dots. He might know that George has a crush on him. That could be why he was avoiding the small omega. Dream found out about his crush and thought that George was disgusting.

The tears that had been building up for the past two hours finally welled up in his eyes. They threatened to fall down his face which George allowed them to. He was allowed to cry. He was alone in his room so he could cry. If Dream was in a relationship, he could handle that. If Dream hated him for discovering that the omega had a crush on the taller boy, he could absolutely not handle that. He'd much rather die than lose Dream forever as a friend.

The brown haired boy felt himself choke up at the mere thought that Dream wasn't going to be there for him anymore. The idea that Dream hated him and wanted nothing to do with him. The idea that he was with that blonde girl. The pups that they could have. The pretty, perfect pups. The ones that weren't male omegas or heterochromatic or colorblind or anything. The good ones. The perfect ones.

The omega rolled over and stuffed his face into his pillow to let out all the noises inside of him. How much he wanted Dream. How much he hated himself. How much he hated that omega. How much he hated the world. How much he hated being an omega. How much he hated that alpha he ran into. How much he hated buying those goddamn condoms. How much he wanted Dream.

Chapter End Notes

Wait wait wait- I just thought of something...

You're probably with that blonde girl
Who always made me doubt
She's so much older than me
She's everything I'm insecure about

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

This chapter is like- really short. Tomorrow's chapter is gonna be longer

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream and George exited their class two days later. It was their last class on Saturday meaning that they had the next day off to do whatever they wanted. The two weren't walking next to one another as they exited the class. Neither one was initiating a conversation at first. George followed awkwardly after the alpha as he wondered if he should even say anything.

The whole avoiding one another had been very rough on George. He spent so much time around Dream previously that he ached just to be around the alpha once again. If Dream really did hate him, George didn't want to provoke him anymore than he already did. Just being around the small omega was probably rather frustrating for the alpha.

George held his laptop close to his chest as he stared at Dream in front of him. He could also smell the alpha rather well as the wind was blowing his scent directly into the omega's face. Pine and citrus. He wished that he could smell that all the time. That might've been why he kept the hoodie that Dream gave him oh so long ago.

Speaking of, George realized that he should give that back to the alpha. It would be weird if the omega was walking around wearing clothing from some alpha that didn't belong to him. Dream was probably in a relationship with the other omega. It would be weird if George tried to bud in with his whole crush on the tall male.

He growled silently to himself for being attracted to the boy in front of him. The mere scent that was streaming off the taller boy was enough to make him feel rather lustful and horny. Thankfully, he didn't have a boner at the current moment as his brain was conflicted in his feelings over the other boy.

After a moment, George walked up to Dream's side. It was rather difficult to keep pace with the alpha as he strided rather quickly. When Dream noticed that George was next to him, his pace slowed down. His scent also changed to a more caring tone for a moment before almost immediately growing to smell like something else. It was such a heavy mix of emotions that George couldn't even detect one of them.

"Hey Dream, I, uh, have a sweatshirt that I found in my closet the other day. You gave it to me like a few weeks ago, I should probably return it," George explained, growing more nervous as he realized that he was rambling for a moment. God- he hadn't talked to Dream in so long. All he wanted to do was talk to Dream like they used to before. He wanted to be close to the alpha and maybe even cuddle up with him.

Dream's eyebrows furrowed as he wondered what he meant. He seemed to be thinking about a time that he gave George a hoodie before his eyes widened. He must've remembered that time. He paused as he looked down at George. He smiled for a moment before responding quickly, "Yeah, yeah. When we get back to the dorm, you can give that back to me." Dream gave a shaky smile before he turned his gaze away from George.

George couldn't help but grow sad as Dream's gaze turned away from him quickly. What was he doing? What could he do to fix their relationship? Nothing, probably. He couldn't do anything to change what was happening at that point in time. All he could do was stay here and hope that, one day, Dream might like him again.

The continued walk home was rather awkward as the pair walked side-by-side without actually talking to one another. To anyone outside, it looked like they were both constipated as they both wondered if they should speak to the other boy. The pair got up to their dorm and Dream unlocked the door and let George in first.

George thanked Dream quickly before walking over to his room. He stepped inside and glanced around for the hoodie. He had worn it a few times in the past week, but he hoped that his scent wasn't strong enough to leave a trace on the hoodie. Maybe Dream would just assume that it came from just being in George's room instead of the omega wearing it.

He eventually found it located on top of his dresser and he picked it up. George could feel his heart break as he realized that he was giving up the last piece of Dream he had in his room. This was the only thing that George had that belonged to Dream. George debated just keeping it and telling Dream that he misplaced it. That would probably be better for both of them.

Eventually, the more rational side of George won over and he exited his room carrying the green hoodie in his hands. He could feel the tears threatening to fall out of his eyes. If he dared to even look at Dream, George could promise that those tears would make good on their threat. He didn't want to cry in front of Dream. He couldn't do that.

After swallowing some of his self-pity, George walked up to Dream and handed him the hoodie. It must smell heavily of vanilla, but at least it didn't have any slick stains or heat scent leftover on it from when George used it in his nest. God- what would he use in his nest to remind himself of Dream?

No. He couldn't ever think about Dream being the one to comfort him in his heat. They weren't like that. The pair were on different levels from one another. Dream was unattainable to George. He couldn't keep up the mere fantasy of Dream while all this was happening.

Dream slowly took the sweatshirt from George's hands and brought it close to him. He smiled down at George, but George adjusted his eyes to stop looking at Dream. If he continued to look at Dream, he would break right in front of him. He would do anything to stop himself from breaking down in front of Dream over Dream. How embarrassing would that be?

George gave a weak smile before he shuffled off to his room and locked himself inside of it. What else could he do? He climbed into his bed and began to let the tears fall from his eyes. He needed this moment for himself. He needed a break.

Chapter End Notes

Have I ever told y'all how much I love reading the comments?

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

I feel like you guys will like this chapter...

George was sitting on Dream's lap. He wondered how he had managed to sit on the alpha's lap again. He was just crying over Dream, and now he was pleasantly watching tv with him. The pair were watching tv together with no one else around. George was confused about where Sapnap and Bad were. He was about to ask Dream when he realized that the boy was resting his nose against his sensitive bonding gland right against the back of his neck.

George could feel his body fall apart in ecstasy as the alpha began to inhale deeply the scent of vanilla that exuded from the small omega's body. The area of his neck was so sensitive that the mere touch of his nose was almost enough to send him into orgasm.

"D-Dream, what are you doing?" George asked, genuinely concerned that something had happened. He didn't want to turn his head away from the alpha, but he strained to look at Dream as he pulled away from the boy's scent gland.

Dream's eyes were full of lust and hunger as he looked over George. He licked his lips as he looked at the smaller boy. This sent a pleasant shiver down the boy's spine. He leaned close to George and purred out, "Do you want me to stop?"

"No," George responded quickly, his eyes filling with as much want as were in Dream's. Something was telling George that this was wrong, but that didn't stop him. The omega turned himself around to face Dream. Dream smirked and leaned down into George. He softly pressed a kiss onto George's lips.

There was almost a spark immediately as the two pressed their lips together. Dream was so soft and caring as he gently pressed kisses against the omega's lips. George was melting over the affection he was getting from the alpha. Did he deserve this? Probably not. Was he going to enjoy this? Hell yeah he was.

Dream began to grow more aggressive as he began to press more passionate kisses against George's soft lips. George opened his mouth and allowed Dream's tongue to explore the cavity of his wet mouth. Dream tasted sweet in his mouth. He dreamed of this moment and now it was actually happening. How could he turn this down?

Dream grabbed the omega's waist and pulled him close. George squealed as he was suddenly jerked closer to Dream's body. He pressed his hands against Dream's chest and realized how firm he felt. God- this was so nice. Dream felt so strong and solid. He was everything that George wanted and needed in that moment.

George began to straddle the alpha before realizing that the lap he was sitting on was rather firm and hard. George glanced down and noticed the bulge located right between the alpha's legs. His face grew hot as he realized that Dream had a boner. Dream was horny for him. This was so exciting for the omega. He moved to press another kiss against the alpha with a soft purr rising in his throat.

The alpha bit down on George's lip lightly before growling. He pulled away and purred softly into George's ear, "What if we moved this to the bedroom instead?"

George felt his face grow hot once again. His own pants felt rather tight as he realized that he also had a hard on from all the making out the pair had been doing on the couch. The omega couldn't muster up words and merely nodded to the alpha. When given consent from the omega, Dream picked George up and brought the pair into Dream's room. He placed George down on the bed and pulled his own shirt off.

George felt his eyes grow wide as he scanned the nice body that Dream had. It was nicely tanned and rather well-worked. He never really thought Dream would be the muscular type, but he didn't know everything about Dream. Maybe the guy went to the gym whenever the pair weren't hanging around one another. He wasn't overly muscular, but he did have a rather well-defined figure. There was still a nice pudge of a belly visible that made George smile.

George moved to remove his own top before tossing it across the room. He felt rather insecure about his own body. Dream's green eyes ate up every single square inch of the omega's body as he stood over the omega. George felt his cheeks glow a nice red as he was hungrily stared at by the alpha.

"D-do you like what you see, Dream?" George purred, his voice still shaky as he was worried about the alpha's reaction. He hated his appearance whenever he saw himself naked. He felt inadequate compared to other omegas. He was small and pale. On top of that, he had a feminine frame, sure, but that didn't stop the maleness of his figure showing.

"Like it? I love it, babe," Dream growled as he pounced on the omega. He began to make out with the omega carefully. The pair were sharing tongues at this point before Dream pulled away. He moved to George's neck and gently bit down before sucking lightly. George realized that the alpha was creating hickeys along the omega's skin.

The alpha was careful to go around the bonding gland on the back of George's neck. Despite this, he did bury his nose into the sensitive area to catch a whiff of the sweet vanilla scent George was oozing out. George felt himself filled with a thrill as the boy touched the area before moving down the smaller boy's body.

Dream planted kisses down George's body. He started near his neck before moving down to his soft, pale chest. When he got to the smaller boy's pink nipples, Dream smirked and pinched them. George fidgeted in pleasure as the sensitive areas of the boys were touched and fondly found by the alpha. Dream seemed to know exactly what to do to the omega to get him places that he needed to go. Everything that Dream did made the omega feel like he was in heaven.

Dream's path down George's body was soon stopped by the skirt George was wearing. George could feel himself squirm as he attempted to kick off the skirt himself. Dream hungrily pulled the skirt down and examined what hid below. George was still in his panies, special lacy ones that he had picked hoping that Dream would see them some day. He had chosen the right day to wear them.

Dream moved himself down to between George's legs and began to press gentle kisses on the boy's thighs. George felt himself shiver as the taller boy drifted rather close to the omega's genitals. He moved from merely kissing the boy's thighs to pressing hickeys along the meaty areas of the omega. He seemed to be enjoying the noises that came out of George's mouth every time he laid another hickey down on the pale, white skin of the omega. He really wanted Dream to just rip off his panties and fill him with his seed, but he also quite enjoyed the feel of teasing and foreplay provided by Dream.

The alpha's gaze turned to the rather small bulge protruding from the omega's panties. Dream's eyes grew hungry as he removed the panies. George was now fully out and available for the alpha to see. All male omegas had small dicks, sure, but George always felt rather embarrassed about his own size. Dream didn't seem to care as he moved his mouth towards the omega's shaft. His gaze drifted up to George's for approval. The omega nodded before squirming as he felt warm lips wrap around his sensitive dick.

Dream's tongue drifted and swirled over the omega's tip to lick up the precum that had oozed out of the omega. George moaned quietly as he was stimulated by this motion. The taller boy seemed to be enthralled by the moan that was elicited and proceeded to bring more of his dick into his warm, wet mouth.

George moved his arm to cover his mouth as he moaned. Dream pulled off of George and pulled the omega's arm away from his mouth. "I want to hear your sweet moans, Georgie," he cooed softly. George nodded as Dream returned to sucking the bottom off.

His dick twitched in pleasure as he felt Dream's mouth reach the bottom of his dick. It didn't take that long and certainly wasn't enough to choke the alpha. George felt his cheeks heat up before Dream bobbed his head up and down the shaft. George moaned in pleasure as he felt the taller boy's tongue caress the bottom of his firm member.

George couldn't help but reach his hands down and grab Dream's hair. As the alpha continued to bob his way up and down the omega, George's moans became more frequent and needy. He could feel the heat rush in his dick as he felt himself grow ever closer to releasing himself into the mouth of his partner. "D-Dream. I-I-" he moaned out to tell the alpha that he was close. It didn't seem to even bother the alpha as he continued to fill his sweet mouth with George's small member.

The omega couldn't hold it anymore. He felt himself release his semen down into Dream's mouth. He moaned in ecstasy as he felt serotonin rush through his brain. George felt so pleased and elated from the thrill of orgasm. He came down from his high and stared at Dream lazily.

Dream smirked and swallowed George's seed. That made George feel warm inside for some reason. The alpha moved up and kissed the omega softly. George fed into the kiss. He was glad that Dream was giving him a moment before they continued on. George really wanted Dream to feel exactly how he felt in that moment. He wanted Dream to cum into his hole and fill him with his semen. Maybe that was George's breeding kink coming in...

George pulled Dream close to him by wrapping his arms around the other boy's neck. His heterochromatic eyes stared into the nice eyes that Dream had. He knew that they were green, but he couldn't see that. He whimpered out softly into the alpha's ear, "I'm ready, Dream."

He wasn't lying. The boy was leaking slick out of his hole as it begged for the embrace of the alpha's dick. George noticed the bulge inside Dream's pants grow hard once again. George slid down and made his way to undo the alpha's pants. He wanted to behold the beauty of his glorious dick. He dreamed of it for so long. Dream's pants fell unceremoniously to the floor followed soon by his boxers. Beneath that was the thing that George was so eagerly looking for.

George reached out for it only to be pushed down by Dream. The alpha growled at the omega as he pressed him onto the bed gently with his strong arms. George whined in protest as all he wanted was Dream's dick. It was so large and beautiful. It was exactly what George always pictured it to look like.

"Easy," Dream purred softly into George's ear. That sent shivers down his spine. His scent of pine and citrus was full of dominance and pleasure. George could only happily lap it up in the air. "I

need to prepare you first, my love.”

George nodded hazily. He was too in bliss to fully connect Dream’s words to meaning. The alpha inserted one finger in first. He was slow and gentle until the omega gave him the go ahead. Dream added a second finger before a third to get him prepared. Dream also added a fourth finger just to be safe. George could feel himself grow wetter with slick as he prepared to be entered by the loving alpha. He pulled his fingers out which alerted the omega.

Dream began to line himself up with the omega’s tight, wet hole that pulsed for Dream’s warm member to invite itself in. George huffed impatiently which caused Dream to laugh. It took another moment before the very tip of Dream’s manhood entered the smaller boy’s entrance. He squeaked as he felt the warm and hard shaft begin to enter him. Dream looked up at George with worry but George waved it off as merely surprise.

After a moment, George told the alpha to push in further. Dream happily complied and plunged himself deeper into the omega. He elicited a squeak moan from the omega as he felt his walls tighten around his member. He wondered how much of Dream was inside of him at that point.

The process repeated itself until Dream was fully submerged into the sweet, slick-filled hole that belonged to George. Dream growled in pleasure as he removed his dick only to insert it again after a moment. George felt himself squeal as he was plunged by the alpha’s rather large member. Dream began to repeat the process slowly to make sure George could handle all of him at a time.

“Faster,” George moaned out which was soon followed by Dream picking up the speed. He felt his breathing grow heavier as Dream continued to pound into him. Soon, Dream found his special sweet spot. The alpha somehow managed to hit it every single time he pulled back and back in. Each time this elicited a nice moan from George’s lips that signaled to Dream that he hit the spot spot-on. Dream joined George in the moaning but his was much deeper and mixed with growls.

The rhythm of Dream pounding into George grew gradually faster as both the boys grew near climax. George squealed aloud to Dream, “D-Dream~” The boy’s cum splattered over both the boys as Dream continued to bring himself in and out of George. Dream purred as George climaxed due to his actions. The omega’s eyes were closed tightly as he experienced the orgasm. The boy moaned out to Dream, “P-please. Fill me up. I want to be full of your pups.” He grunted aloud as he released his seed into his beloved omega while his knot swelled inside of him as well. George found almost as much pleasure feeling the knot as he did feeling Dream’s seed filling him.

The two settled down together when their shared climaxes eventually wore down. Dream’s knot would last at least half an hour before going down. George was purring softly as he cuddled close to Dream. He loved the feeling of being fucked by him. Of being knotted by him. Hell- being held by him.

The pair went down to a quiet understanding of peace together in the moment. This was the thing George wanted so badly. He wanted to be with Dream and be the one who caused him all these different emotions.

“I love you, Dream,” George sputtered out, his cheeks growing red as he realized what he said. His scent of vanilla grew sour and embarrassed as he felt the alpha stare at him.

Dream smiled and nuzzled into the crook of George’s neck to fully scent the vanilla coming out. It didn’t matter that it was embarrassing or bitter to the alpha. He seemed to love it anyway. “I love you too, George,” Dream cooed out softly but loud enough for George to hear still. That sent butterflies through George’s stomach.

The omega was happy. He had just been fucked by Dream until he knotted inside of him and filled him with pups. Everything was good. Wait- George's eyes grew wide as he realized he wasn't on birth control and Dream very clearly didn't use a condom. He shook Dream gently and muttered out, "I'm not on birth control, Dream"

The alpha chuckled. That sent a sour note through the omega's brain. How could he laugh in such a serious situation? They were both still in college and neither of them had jobs. There was no way they could support a pup. Dream seemed to notice the worry on his omega. He adjusted his position so he could look George in the eyes. "Don't worry, Georgie. This is just a dream," he replied before kissing George's neck softly.

George smiled. That was right- it was only a dream. That meant that none of this was real and so Dream never actually filled George with his beloved pups. Wait-

The omega sat bolt upright in his bed. He could feel his underwear were wet with both slick and cum as they were soaked after the omega's wet dream. He groaned as he got up to get another pair to wear before returning to sleep.

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

back to my angst bullshit :)

The next day was the one where all the boys had no classes. They couldn't avoid each other on the next day. Sapnap and Bad were constantly trying to discuss what was happening between the two boys, but they both always brushed it off like it was normal.

Dream sat around in his room as he wondered if George was outside of his yet or not. The alpha was rather nervous about seeing George again. The omega had given him back a hoodie he loaned to him forever ago. When Dream got it back, it smelled amazing. Dream could tell that George had been wearing the hoodie around. That didn't even bother him as he went to wear it himself that very day.

The scent of vanilla was rather soothing to his nerves as he wondered what George was thinking. The reason he was staying away from George was because he saw his partner that one night. Dream didn't want to get in the way of their relationship by feeling attracted to the omega.

The omega he was currently hanging around was actually a lesbian. She had previously asked Dream what the best methods were for wooing the alpha she had a crush on. Dream found it rather sweet and offered her some suggestions such as some great places to eat and nice gifts to give an alpha. The girl was very appreciative about the whole thing.

She was actually rather worried when Dream told her that he was avoiding George. The female omega asked him why and he informed her about his situation. George was with another alpha. He didn't want to ruin his relationship with his friend by getting too close to him. The omega eventually asked Dream if he had a crush on George and he admitted it to her. She encouraged the boy to go after him, but she never really motivated him enough. Once again: George was in a relationship. That would make him the worst kind of alpha out there.

Dream shook his head and stood up. It didn't matter where George was. Maybe he was okay enough to not get upset whenever he noticed George. He glanced at himself in the mirror and noticed that the bruising around his eye was reducing. Thank god for that.

Dream noticed that George wasn't out of his room yet. Bad and Sapnap were talking to one another rather quietly before they realized that Dream had walked out of his room. They smiled as he entered and gestured for him to join them on the couch.

Bad glanced over at Sapnap, encouraging him to speak. This caused Dream to raise an eyebrow at Sapnap as he began to speak. "We were inviting our partners over tonight for dinner. We hoped you wouldn't mind that much," Sapnap replied. He seemed to be choosing his words rather carefully while watching Dream's expression.

Dream felt his blood boil at the idea that George would be here cuddling with some other alpha that wasn't him. Everyone else had relationships with someone else except for the alpha. Dream always considered himself to be rather good with people, but apparently he wasn't as good as he thought. He took a deep breath before calming himself down and nodding.

Bad and Sapnap shared a glance before smiling back over at Dream carefully. Their smiles were shaky while their scents filled the air with discomfort. Dream couldn't understand why. Sure, Dream was upset, but they had nothing to do with that. Maybe it was just because Dream was an alpha. Alphas, in general, were known for being very aggressive- especially around omegas that they liked.

George's door opened followed by Dream exiting. He and Dream stared at one another for a moment before George dropped his gaze. There was something in his eyes that Dream couldn't quite detect. There was also the faint scent of... slick? He scurried over to the living room and sat down on the couch. Bad was now sitting between both Dream and George as they appeared to be avoiding one another.

The tension in the room was so thick that it could easily be sliced with a knife. None of the boys offered to speak up at that moment. Dream could feel his mouth grow dry at the mere silence that filled the room. It was awkward and rather stressful. The scents in the air mixed together with a weird mix of nervousness and frustration.

"So..." Bad started, trying to break the tension. All it did was swallow Bad right up. The boy wasn't deterred by that anyway and continued on with his train of thought. "I was wondering what everyone wanted for dinner tonight. I'd need to check if we have all the ingredients in the fridge, but we should."

The boys all glanced at each other, but Dream avoided looking George in the eyes. Merely looking at him earlier almost caused him to break down at the sight of him. He probably would if he even glanced at him again. The scent of vanilla from the hoodie was rather soothing, though, as he felt himself grow stressed out about being around George.

George- he liked George a lot. He didn't want to let him go. He was wearing the sweatshirt that smelled like George just because he wanted to be closer to him. Dream wanted to have George curled up on his body and openly smell the scent of vanilla waft out of the smaller boy's scent glands. He would do anything for that.

Except break up a relationship. He would absolutely never do anything that would cause harm to George. All he wanted to do was make George happy while being happy himself. If George ended up happy while Dream wasn't, maybe that was enough for him. He could become close with George again and be the uncle that his kids never had. He'd be a wonderful uncle in his mind.

"Pizza," Sapnap spoke up. What? What were they talking about? Oh right- they were discussing what food they wanted to eat for dinner. They were talking about what they should eat with their partners. Except Dream. Dream was and probably always would be lonely. What was he supposed to do about that? Nothing right now.

Bad glanced from George to Dream and noticed that either one of them was planning on objecting. "Okay- so..." He began, wondering if the others would elaborate anymore on what kind of pizza they wanted. "Do you want to order out? I guess I wouldn't mind having a day off from cooking."

"Yeah, we can order out," Sapnap responded, chuckling to try and ease up the tension within the room. It might've helped if the other two were actually paying attention or even responding at all to the conversation.

Bad's scent grew sour as he realized that the two were talking. "Hey muffin heads," He snapped, waving his hands in front of the boys' faces. Both of them snapped out of their trances and glanced at Bad. Thoroughly proud of getting their attention, Bad continued on with his questions. "We're gonna order pizza for later. What toppings do you want and how much should we order?"

“How many alphas are coming?” Dream asked, glancing at Bad. He wondered if Bad had a partner. He realized that he was including the other omega in the “partner-having” category despite not knowing whether or not he actually had someone to spend time with.

Bad counted them off in his head before turning to Dream to answer his question. “There should be three of them. Should we order three pizzas, then?”

Sapnap raised his voice to reply instead of Dream, “That should work. Anything we don’t eat can be stashed in the fridge. I know I’ll eat it before classes, honestly.”

Threealphas. That meant himself, Sapnap, and George’s partner. So Bad didn’t actually have a partner. Dream had thought that Skeppy was his partner, but he guessed that they were just friends. That made him feel a bit better as he wasn’t the only one alone in being without a relationship. That meant that seven people in total were going to be over later today. Maybe that would make him feel better. He wouldn’t be as focused on George if there were others there as well.

“Toppings. Tell me what toppings you want,” Bad continued, his gaze drifting from dorm mate to dorm mate. Dream suggested the classic pepperoni. George responded with the simple cheese. Sapnap let him know that he wanted banana peppers on his. Bad decided to split it up to be one pepperoni pizza, one cheese pizza, and split a pizza between banana peppers and whatever their guests wanted.

Dream nodded and slumped back in his seat. His attention was focused on the television as it played who knows what. He assumed that it was one of Sapnap’s shows as it was playing some action-y scene.

“What if we wanted a movie afterwards?” George piped up, drawing the attention of the others towards him. Dream couldn’t look at him, so he tried to show that he was paying attention in other ways. Dream nodded while continuing to watch Sapnap’s show. He had no idea what was actually happening on the tv, but he pretended to act enthralled by the... jumping?

“What movie, though?” Sapnap responded. He was actually paying attention to what was happening in the show while also glancing at George before turning back. Maybe he could ask Sapnap what was going on.

“We could watch the one that I wanted to play two weeks ago. I think I ruined it by going into heat,” He replied with a chuckle. Dream could see him fidget nervously. The alpha fought the urge to release his soothing scent and comfort the omega. He couldn’t do that. That might be weird... but Dream always comforted George. His emotions took over and the alpha reluctantly released a rather soothing scent into the air. At that, George seemed to stop fidgeting so much.

“That works,” Dream responded simply. He didn’t want to say anything more or less. He wanted to watch the movie that George liked. He wanted to cuddle with George while watching it. He wished that George would sit on his lap like last time they attempted to watch the movie. He wanted to hold George close and rest his head on the smaller boy’s shoulder while they watched the movie.

Everyone fell silent after that. All the boys in the room seemed rather awkward as the tension rose once again. All eyes were focused on the tv despite only a fourth of the individuals in the room actually understanding what was happening. This was quite an uneasy moment in time.

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The day progressed with awkwardness still flooding the area. Dream and George went out of their way to avoid one another. Both had basically been juggling between Sapnap and Bad instead of being with one another. At a point, both of the other boys grew tired of this exchange and couldn't wait for dinner to come any sooner.

Then the time came. From what Dream was told, the partners were supposed to come over at about 4:30 and it was that time. Dream had been worried about what he'd do when he saw George's alpha friend. He had to restrain himself from the idea of punching him right across the face. Dream's eye was much better than it was before, but it still was rather sore. He didn't want another black eye from fighting another alpha over George.

Dream didn't get a good look at him since he had a black eye and it was rather dark, but he felt like he could remember him. Dream could remember the scent of coffee that he gave off. They probably smelled good together... but Dream also noticed that the alpha gave off a hint of chocolate within his scent. The scents of chocolate and vanilla were contradictory in the air and caused Dream to notice the off scent in the mere moment he scented it.

Maybe they didn't smell good together. Maybe Dream was just imagining that coffee and vanilla would smell wonderful together and cause them to be attracted to one another. Complimentary scents usually meant better pairings between alphas and omegas.

Dream watched them sadly before focusing his attention on the television. They had been watching the same show for the past few hours. What even was this? Dream had only been half paying attention the entire time as he was more focused on calming himself down. He was preparing himself to meet George's alpha. He was trying to make sure he wouldn't start a fight. No one wanted a fight.

George also didn't move from his spot on the couch. Bad had gone to do other things throughout the day. The pair were sitting on opposite sides of a three person couch and could easily see each other out of their peripheral vision.

Bad seemed to be rather excited for some reason. He wasn't quite sure why, but he seemed energetic. There wasn't even any reason that he should be excited. Both Dream and Bad didn't have partners in this situation. They were like the awkward third wheels in this situation.

"When should I order the pizza?" Bad asked, glancing around at the others in the room.

"Wait till everyone is here," Dream huffed out. He didn't mean to sound rude, but it came out like that. He frowned and turned his gaze away. The alpha couldn't look the others in the eyes right now. He was just frustrated about seeing George's partner again. That was the only thing running through his mind.

Bad nodded out of the corner of his eye before the bell rang again. The omega stood up quickly and walked to the door. His anxiety over this moment was almost palpable in the moment. Why was he so anxious? What was happening? Why did he insist on being the one to open the door? Dream was much closer to the door than the omega was.

Dream glanced up and noticed another omega was in the hallway. Karl was here. He stepped in nervously as he glanced around for his partner. His face lit up when he noticed Sapnap. The omega scurried over and sat on the lap of Sapnap. They began to snuggle on the solo chair while excitement flowed through their scents.

Dream could feel himself grow jealous of the relationship. He wanted to be cuddling up with an omega just like how they were. Not just any omega, though. George. He turned his head and rested his chin on the palm of his hand. He didn't want to look at them anymore. That whole side of the room was now quarantined from his vision from that point on. He couldn't bear looking at Sapnap, his partner, or George.

Bad returned to his seat. Dream could feel the omega fidgeting around on the couch while his leg bounced the entire time. What was he even doing? Was he excited to see everyone in relationships except for him? Wait- was Bad in a relationship with a beta or omega? That would explain why he didn't say there were four alphas. Oh god- was Dream truly alone tonight? Maybe he should just excuse himself into his room instead.

Dream could only do so much to avoid what everyone else was doing. Sapnap was chatting pleasantly with his partner. Bad and George were discussing something to one another. Dream didn't feel like eavesdropping on the conversation. They were probably talking about George's partner anyway. The pit in Dream's stomach felt like it grew three sizes in that moment.

The bell rang again. The pit in his stomach grew even bigger. This had to be George's partner. There was a chance that Bad had a partner, but he certainly didn't think so. The one that George loved was behind that door and about to enter their dorm.

Dream tried to set aside all his aggression in that moment. He stood up before Bad could even get up. Bad seemed to whine out in surprise when he realized that Dream was going to open the door. The alpha walked over to the door and opened it quickly. On the other side stood an alpha of darker complexion and a strong coffee scent.

The alpha looked nervous. He was trying to glance over Dream's shoulder for someone- George. He knew it was George. This alpha was looking for George to cuddle with. Dream felt a growl rise in his throat but he quickly pushed it down. He could handle that. Dream moved out of the way to get inside the room and the other alpha entered quickly.

Dream turned to watch him probably embrace George. That was something he wanted to do himself to the omega, but now this other alpha was going to do that. But he didn't. He embraced someone else.

Bad and the alpha were quickly within the arms of one another. Bad was standing on his tiptoes in order to even reach up to the taller alpha. Dream's eyes went wide as he noticed this. Was this Bad's partner? Were they together? Why was George cuddling up with him the other night? What happened?

Dream closed the door and joined the others on the couch. He immediately sat down and slumped over. Pure confusion washed over him as he wondered if he had just pictured what had happened that night. Did he mistake Bad for George in that moment? No- Dream could remember the scent of vanilla and the scent of coffee. There wasn't anyone else within the room, honestly.

There were traces of Sapnap and Bad, yeah, but he assumed that was just because they lived here. Were they there too? What were they doing? Did Dream just make a huge mistake that he might not be able to fix?

Anxiety rose in his head as he wondered what he should do. Should he apologize to George? What about apologizing to this alpha? He didn't even know this alpha's name, for God's sake! Was he together with Bad? Maybe they were just close in a friendly way like George and Dream were. But Dream actually liked George. Did the omega and alpha like each other? There were so many questions running through Dream's brain that he felt like short-circuiting.

Bad seemed to notice his furrowed brow and gestured to the alpha. "Dream, this is Skeppy," Bad responded, a smile on his face as his gaze drifted over to Skeppy's. Their scents of coffee, chocolate, sugar, and honey mixed wonderfully in the air. It was almost sickeningly sweet how good they smelled together. Dream could almost vomit due to the amount of sugary sweetness. He might've been getting a cavity just from sitting next to them.

Dream stood up quickly and grabbed Bad's wrist. The omega squealed at this which caused the alpha, Skeppy, to growl in response. The alpha's arms wrapped around the omega's body in a protective way. "I need to borrow Bad for a moment. We'll be right back, okay? I won't do anything to him," Dream responded to the other alpha when he grew defensive. Skeppy seemed to be rather dubious of the alpha at first before letting go of Bad. Bad's face grew visibly red as the pair walked into the kitchen.

"Dream! Why did you pull me away?" Bad huffed when they entered the kitchen. Dream shushed the boy as he was being too loud. There was a wall dividing the kitchen and the living room, but sound easily traveled between the two. The kitchen wasn't soundproof like his room. There was no way he would be allowed to drag Bad into his room with the way the alpha was acting with Dream merely taking him a room away.

"The alpha- Skeppy- is he your partner?" Dream asked in a harsh whisper. His gaze was strong as he stared down at the omega. He needed a direct answer from the omega. He didn't want to assume anything else. He didn't want to confront George about anything. The alpha was worried that he might've just alienated his friend for absolutely no reason at all but because of his own misguided jealousy.

As soon as he asked that question, embarrassment in the scent of sugar and honey filled the air. Dream could scent this almost immediately and hoped that it wouldn't go into the next room over. Skeppy would be over in an instant if it was. Bad tried to hide his face from the alpha as he meekly responded, "Well- not yet? He asked me to be his partner and I asked him for some time to think about it. I-I was going to tell him that I'd like to be his partner... tonight actually."

Dream sighed and stepped away from Bad. He pressed his back against the fridge as he brought his hand up to rub his eyes. He had been cold-shouldering his friend just because he assumed he was in a relationship. Skeppy wasn't even with George, he was with Bad... well, soon to be with Bad.

"Dream, what's wrong?" Bad asked, stepping closer to the alpha. Dream noticed that his scent had grown rather stressed in the air. Dream tried to neutralize it with a calm, more soothing scent in the air, but Bad had already picked up on it.

Dream sighed and felt a tear silently slide from his eye. God, he felt embarrassed. "I-I thought that Skeppy and George were together. When I got out of my rut, I walked out and noticed him sleeping on the alpha's shoulder. I kind of assumed things," Dream admitted as he rubbed his neck nervously. How could he admit this to someone else? At least Bad had already figured out that Dream had a crush on George.

“Is that why you growled at him before closing yourself off in the bathroom?” Bad asked. Dream looked up at the omega, realizing that he must’ve been nearby if he had heard that happen. He knew that Sapnap was around because of the banging on the bathroom door, but Bad was here as well? The omega rubbed his neck, “I assumed it might’ve been that, but...”

“Uh... yeah. Where were you at? Why was George cuddling with your partner?” Dream asked, growing rather frustrated. How was he such an idiot? How did he not notice anything? What was wrong with him? His brain jumped to illogical conclusions that caused him to ignore his friend for half a week. Half a week!

Dream could see the glasses wearing omega grow red and flustered over the question. He sputtered out some nonsense words for a moment before pausing to take a breath. He needed to calm himself down. “I was with Sapnap in the kitchen. Skeppy just asked me to be his boyfriend and I got stressed out about that. I asked Sapnap what I should do, he told me I should be honest with my feelings, and then we heard you growling in the living room,” Bad explained while his hands were moving around wildly as he talked. He was also pacing around as he continued to walk around the rather small kitchen. “George made us dinner that night. It was Tuesday so he had a really early class, right? He must’ve been up a long time and needed a nap. Skeppy noticed that and pulled him in, I guess.”

It took Dream a moment to process everything that Bad said in that moment. There was so much that he missed out on during his rut, huh? He hated going into ruts so much but it was better than taking rut suppressants. He knew what those things did. There was one more thing that didn’t add up to Dream. “Then... Why did George have a sheet covered in slick and condoms inside his room?”

Bad’s eyes widened as soon as Dream said that. He didn’t know about any of that apparently. His scent grew confused before growing angry. “Were you creeping on George? Why were you in his room? I will-”

“No no no no!” Dream responded quickly, eliciting someone from the other room to ask if they were alright. “I’m fine, we’ll be out in a second,” Dream responded to that person before quieting down to talk to Bad again. “I went on a cleaning spree on Wednesday. There was a slick covered sheet in the living room that smelled like vanilla. I went to toss it into his room when I noticed them sitting on his dresser in the open.”

Bad huffed but accepted the response for the moment. Dream would have to figure out a way to confirm that was the truth. He seriously wasn’t lying. Bad sighed and squeezed Dream’s arm. “I wouldn’t know, Dream. Ask him yourself if you’re so worried,” Bad sighed before turning out of the kitchen and going towards the living room.

Dream sighed before following the omega out of the kitchen. He noticed that Bad had taken Dream’s seat and pulled Skeppy over with him. The pair were now cuddling on the spot that once belonged to Dream. Now Dream had to sit next to George.

Dream could feel the fear rise within him as he wondered what George would say to him. He ignored him. He treated him like he was nothing. How could he apologize? What could he say to mend their friendship after he treated his friend like the dirt he walked on.

The alpha slowly walked over to the couch and took the middle seat. When he sat down, the couch cushion sank in and brought George closer to him as he was rather small compared to the alpha. George fell onto Dream’s shoulder. This caused the alpha to hold his breath as George yelped in surprise. The alphas of the room all turned to the omega before he scurried closer to the edge of the couch and away from Dream.

Dream could feel himself grow pained as George pulled away from him. What was he supposed to do now? The other alphas turned their attention away from George and towards their own omegas. Great. At least none of them were paying attention anymore. He could probably talk to George without anyone getting in the way.

“Hey George,” Dream whispered to the omega, smiling lightly to show that he was attempting to be friendly. George didn’t turn to face Dream and muttered something out while facing away from the alpha... he couldn’t even hear what he said. “Huh?”

“I said hey,” George responded louder and bluntly. He still didn’t look back at Dream. The alpha could feel himself grow crestfallen as he worried he lost his friend. He didn’t care if they weren’t able to be in a relationship. He just wanted George to be his friend. He ruined it, didn’t he? He fucked up and ruined his friendship.

Dream felt his mouth grow dry while his eyes grew wet. Dream swallowed and turned his attention away from the small omega. He should just... focus on whatever they were watching. They should talk in private later.

Chapter End Notes

thank y'all for the 1,000 kudos! I didn't think this would ever get this popular lol

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

I'm in good spirits today- eat up my children

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bad ordered the pizza and it arrived quickly. Dream didn't care much about eating at this point as George continued to not speak to him. Dream realized that the omega was doing the same thing that Dream did to him. Dream deserved this. Everything that George was doing was well deserved at this moment. Karma is best served identically or whatever the saying is.

Dream grabbed two slices of pepperoni pizza and consumed them half-heartedly. He didn't feel hungry. He didn't really want to eat. He kind of felt like crying. He felt like he'd been doing a lot of crying lately. That wasn't something he normally did, so this experience was rather recent.

George ate a mere one slice of cheese pizza before deciding that he didn't want any more of it. He threw away the paper plate the pizza was on before leaving for the living room once again. Dream noticed this and decided to join him. The alpha stuffed the two slices down his gullet, threw away his own paper plate, and hurried into the living room with George.

The rest of the boys at the table were awkwardly staring at Dream as he consumed two pieces of pizza in almost thirty seconds flat. Dream didn't care. They could stare at him all they wanted- he wanted to be near George at that moment.

George was messing around with his phone and the tv. Dream felt a weird sense of deja vu from the day George began his heat so long ago. Dream swallowed and forced himself not to remember the scent of strong vanilla from that moment. He couldn't. He shouldn't. He wouldn't.

"Do you need help George?" Dream asked softly as he approached George while he was sitting on the floor. He seemed to be rather frustrated as he couldn't figure out how to do it. George had done it before, yes, but he struggled that time as well. Dream knew about it much more than the other boy did.

George huffed in exasperation as he handed the phone to Dream without looking at him. The omega pushed himself away and sat facing away from the alpha. Dream's eyes were wide for a moment before he looked down at the phone in his hands. He quickly connected the phone to the tv and pulled up Netflix for George to pull up the movie.

George glanced up at the tv and noticed that it was connected. He huffed once again and pulled up the movie they all tried to watch oh so long ago. Dream wondered what they would've watched instead if George's heat didn't occur. Would Dream even realize that he had a crush on George? Unlikely.

The tension was palpable as the pair sat in front of the tv on the floor. Dream reached up to rub his neck as he was wondering what he should say. "I-I'm sorry, George," Dream said simply. He could feel his eyes grow rather moist as he said this. He was horrible for ignoring him. Even if George was in a relationship, he shouldn't ignore him. Dream would feel terrible if George did the same thing to him. "I just-"

"I know," George responded quietly. Dream glanced over at the smaller boy's figure as his head hung low. The strong scent of sadness and misery filled the air that made Dream almost cry himself from the mere scent. Dream swallowed and tried to overpower it with a more soothing scent. The smaller boy's voice was low and hoarse as he began to speak once again, "You don't have to explain anything, I get it."

He got it? He knew why Dream did this. As much as Dream guessed he did, indeed, understand, he certainly didn't seem to appreciate it. The omega certainly didn't want to look Dream in the eyes any more than Dream did when he was ignoring him. The alpha wanted to pull the omega close to him and soothe him down but he knew better.

The omega stood up and placed himself on the single chair. It may have usually been Sappnap's spot, but for the night, it belonged to George. Dream could feel his scent grow rather sad as well. Dream sat down on the couch as far away from George as he could. He didn't want to spoil George's evening by tormenting him. He would just avoid the omega as long as he could. That would be the best thing for him to do, right?

The two couples soon joined the other roommates within the living room. Skeppy and Bad sat close to George while the others decided to take up the middle of the couch. Sappnap sat the closest to Dream but didn't seem to be paying him much mind. Karl sat on his lap. Dream was envious of the other couples but he tried not to show that.

George started the movie. Dream wasn't even paying any attention to it. His mind was racing with all the things he could attempt to do in order to fix his relationship with George. He wanted to rewind time and fix all the mistakes he made. He wanted to slap some sense into himself and cause the whole situation to not happen. God. Dream was an idiot.

Over time, Dream realized that no one was actually paying attention to the movie. All of the others on the couch were too focused on cuddling with their partners instead of the movie. Sappnap was stroking Karl's hair lightly. Skeppy and Bad were talking quietly, probably about their relationship. He couldn't tell what George was doing, though. He assumed that the omega must've been paying attention to the movie. He was the one who suggested it.

Dream stood up and excused himself as he was going to the bathroom. The alpha quickly left the scene. He caught a glance of George as he left. The omega looked rather sad and possibly disappointed. Dream shook his head. He was just imagining it. He just wanted the omega to feel the same way that Dream did at that moment.

Dream walked into the bathroom and shut the door quickly. He brought his hands onto the counter and looked at himself in the mirror. His eyes were rather watery since the alpha felt like he wanted to cry so badly. His black eye was almost completely gone at that point other than some faint traces of purple. He had gotten that mark from protecting George.

Dream sighed and turned the sink on. The water began to rush from the faucet and Dream pulled one of his hands under it. It was cold to the touch enough that Dream's instinct was to pull his hand away from it. He proceeded to scoop his hands together and collect a handful of water. After a moment of staring into the pool of water within his hands, he splashed it onto his face to refresh himself.

He needed that. He needed the reminder of staying focused on what was happening. If George was gone, he could deal with that. He could attempt to rebuild their relationship as long as George allowed it. He wanted to make sure George was okay with everything he was doing. He wanted them to be okay.

Dream took a moment to be alone in the bathroom. It was silent in there with the faint scent of bathroom cleaner from when Dream went on his cleaning spree. Otherwise, there was a Dream's scent of citrus and pine that spread throughout the room since he was still in there.

When he felt ready, the alpha stepped out of the bathroom and returned to his spot on the couch. He still wasn't paying attention to the movie, but he was planning on the best ways to get George to forgive him. He would do anything to make the omega feel better being around the alpha.

Chapter End Notes

EDIT--

I JUST REMEMBERED WHAT THE NEXT CHAPTER IS. Y'ALL ARE GONNA
BE SO MAD AT ME WHOOPS

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The night ended rather quickly after the movie ended. Sappap and his partner, Karl, were the first ones to leave and sneak off into Sappap's room. George could only guess what kind of shenanigans they were up to in there, and he was more than willing to make sure it stayed that way.

George decided to leave next. He didn't want to be the only one left in here with Dream. He just felt too uncomfortable being around Dream in that moment. Dream started talking to him again today after taking Bad away to the kitchen. George didn't know what they discussed but assumed that it was bad. All he wanted to do was have Dream speak to him again, but it felt wrong now that it was happening. George silently believed that Bad must've told Dream about his crush on the alpha.

Dream also apologized to the omega. Why would he even apologize? Was it for having a partner that wasn't George? He must've known that George had a crush on him. Dream was probably only apologizing to say "Hey, I'm sorry, but I don't like you. I have a perfect girlfriend who is much better than you. We'd have the perfect pups together, haha. If you want, you can be their godfather."

George went into his room and shut the door. He walked over to his dresser and pulled out some pajamas to wear. They were just a basic t-shirt and some comfy shorts that he usually wore to bed. He stripped off his clothes before putting these new ones on.

He jumped onto his bed softly before releasing a heavy sigh that had been building up inside of him for a long time. He wanted to cry so badly at that moment. Dream was speaking to him again but only in the way that someone would speak to a puppy or a lost child. That was all George was in Dream's eyes: a lost child.

The omega whined and closed his eyes. He could just fall asleep and forget about all of this. If he was lucky, he could have dreams of Dream once again. That was the best he could hope for. Maybe he could be happy with Dream in his dreams and fantasies. It was the closest thing he got to the real thing, anyway. The boy's mind wandered before he slowly drifted away into dreams.

George stood outside of a house. He felt nervous for some reason. He couldn't quite place why, but he certainly wasn't feeling too great. There was sweat on his forehead that he wiped off with the sleeve of his shirt.

The omega reached over to ring the doorbell of the house. He knew who was inside... but he also didn't at the same time. Who was he waiting for? Whoever it was, they were making him rather nervous.

The door opened and Dream's face appeared. He looked rather confused at first before his face lightened, noticing it was George. The alpha grabbed the omega in his arms and pulled him into a tight hug. George could feel the air squeeze out of him as the larger, stronger boy hugged him tightly.

When George was set down, he noticed that Dream looked older than he did normally. It wasn't that he had gray hairs or anything, but his face looked older and more mature. It wasn't as soft as the current Dream that he knew.

“George! You didn’t say you were coming over?” Dream exclaimed, the smile on his face bright. His teeth looked artificially whitened in that moment as George stood there awkwardly.

George didn’t know what to say. What was he supposed to say? He honestly didn’t even know why he was here. Almost as if someone was controlling George, he smiled and replied, “Ah, I just wanted to check in on the kids. I heard one of them had a birthday recently.”

Kids? Were Dream and George... divorced? Did they have kids together that George could only see occasionally? It didn’t seem like it. If they were George’s kids, he would certainly know when the kids’ birthdays were. He wouldn’t need to hear it secondhand from someone else that his kid was getting older. There was no one who could forget the day that they gave birth to their child.

“Ashlyn did, yes. I see you brought a gift as well,” Dream responded as he opened the door more. A gift? George wasn’t hold- actually he was. As soon as Dream mentioned that he had a gift, one materialized one in his hands. How strange. He gestured for the omega to step in, which George did. He really didn’t want to, but his feet moved for him instead. George felt like fighting this for some reason. He wasn’t entirely sure why, but something was off. When George was fully inside, Dream shut the door.

“Dream, who was that?” A feminine voice called from an area further into the house. After a moment, a femine figure walked out of the area and towards the pair of boys. Her face lightened as she noticed George. “George! It’s good to see you.”

George knew who this was. This was the omega in his coding classes. This was the girl that Dream was spending all his time with as of recently. This was Dream’s girlfriend. She was clearly older than she appeared normally, just like Dream.

When she approached Dream, the alpha leaned over and planted a kiss on the woman’s cheek. George felt like vomiting but the force of whatever controlling him was forcing him to continue smiling. He fought the smile with every muscle of his body, but he knew that he couldn’t. The force was much too strong for him to fight.

“I brought a gift for Ashlyn,” George responded. He felt like it wasn’t himself speaking, but it was definitely his voice coming from his face. Even if the boy moved his mouth in a way that shouldn’t release those words, it still came out as though he was saying what he was supposed to be saying. It felt like he was stuck in a weird, play-like fantasy... and he hated it.

“Come on in. Ashlyn is in the living room. She’ll be happy to see her godfather here for her,” the blonde omega girl responded. She looked like she had some type of plastic surgery on her face. He couldn’t place what it was, but she looked rather plastic and unrealistic. Her teeth were also artificially whitened just like Dream’s were.

The trio walked into the living room. There was a perfect little girl sitting on the couch and playing with a figure of a horse. She looked up at George with perfect little eyes, blue and green heterochromia, and a smile missing the front two teeth. Her face was round and cute in a child-like sense. She also had the same pretty blond hair that Dream had. Her nails were painted the same color blue as her eye. She had the same eye mutation that George had... George could feel himself tear up just looking at her- she could’ve just as easily been the child of George and Dream.

“Uncle Georgie!” She exclaimed as he clamored down from the couch to hug George. The omega set down his present on the coffee table. George leaned down and grabbed the child in his arms and picked her up. She was rather heavy despite being so young. It was probably because George was an omega and still rather small at that.

The girl was giggling in George's arms and staring into his eyes with her blue ones. They were the same color as the woman's. On the other hand, her hair was colored much like Dream's blond. George knew who she was. He knew exactly who she was. The child of Dream and the omega.

This was his nightmare. George just realized what this was. He was stuck in his biggest fear- he was the uncle/godfather of Dream's child as he continued to thrive with a perfect wife and a perfect life. George was stuck in the past with a crush that never ended while being stuck as merely someone who stopped by on occasions.

George tried to scream but it only came out in words. "I got you a gift, Ashlyn," George said as he set down the girl. Her eyes grew wide as she looked at the table. She opened the present and noticed that there was a hoodie inside. Despite not actually being able to see it, George knew that it was green in coloration. George smiled and said, "It's to match with your father. He used to wear a green hoodie just like that one."

Ashlyn's eyes sparkled with joy as she shoved the hoodie over her head. She squirmed her way into it and admired how it looked on her. George was wrong in the size as it was a bit oversized, but she could easily grow into it.

The omega woman smiled as he noticed how happy her daughter was. She grabbed her daughter in a kiss before carrying her away. The pair walked away into another room. George had no idea where they were going or why, but he turned to face Dream.

Dream stared at George. There was no smile on his face nor was there any happiness in his eyes like earlier. He stared at George blankly as though he was looking through him. George could feel himself gain control over himself suddenly. He had no idea why he just suddenly gained the ability to control himself. He gave the alpha a weak smile, wondering what he could do.

"George, I told you to never come back again," Dream growled, his voice was low and harsh. It made George want to run away and never come back... but his feet stayed planted on the ground. It seemed that the only thing he still couldn't control was his feet. Whatever was keeping him here wanted him to know this.

"Why-" George attempted to respond meekly.

"I know about your stupid crush. Do you think I would leave them for you? You're disgusting garbage next to them. I am living the perfect life and you just want to ruin that all for me. Now fucking leave before I tear you to shreds myself," Dream snarled at the omega. George swallowed as his scent of fear wafted strong in the air. This was Dream admitting his true feelings.

George gained control over his legs. He felt like vomiting but knew he couldn't. If he stayed here any longer, he'd be absolutely crushed by the mere power of Dream. George's legs worked before his brain did. He sprinted to the door and almost ripped it off his hinges. He tried to run as far as he could, but he felt like he was going nowhere.

His gaze turned behind himself and he noticed that Dream was behind him. There was pure anger in his eyes as he sprinted after the omega. No matter how fast George ran, he could tell that Dream was picking up speed. He tried his hardest but it wasn't working. There was a moment of silence before Dream pounced on him.

George's eyes sprung open as he sat up in his bed. Tears leaked from his eyes as he realized what just happened. He began to mutter to himself that it was all okay. It was a nightmare. It was just a nightmare. He wasn't actually stuck in a future he never wanted to happen. Dream wasn't planning

on killing him. Dream wasn't married to that omega. Dream didn't have a daughter. George wasn't forced into the role of uncle and godfather.

The boy stood up and noticed that he was drenched in a sweat that he had worked up through the night. Instead of going back to bed, he decided that he was going to wash the filth off of himself. He couldn't go back to bed in fear that nightmare would come back.

Chapter End Notes

there's only ~2 more chapters of angst left from here :)

I can't believe how much a KarlJacobs original song relates to this goddamn fanfic. I legit hadn't heard it before everyone started making references on one of the previous chapters.

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

There's discussion of suicide in here, so I marked it in the text :)

The next two days passed by rough for George. Dream spent the entire time trying to converse with George. For some reason, he wasn't even talking to his new girlfriend and was, instead, speaking to George. The omega almost asked him about it but decided not to. For all he knew, the pair could've gotten into a fight.

The omega also wasn't in all of their shared classes. This female omega might've had a different major from the two boys or chosen to have taken some electives. Whatever it was, she wasn't in all of their classes.

George felt much worse whenever it was the two of them in class together without the omega girl sitting nearby. George felt like Dream was only talking to him because he had no one else to talk to.

Maybe the nightmare he had was still affecting him. He had it the past three nights in a row. There were various small changes in the past two nights. Monday night had Dream with three kids, twin girls and a boy, instead of just the one. The one from last night had George coming over with a baby shower gift as the omega was pregnant with Dream's child.

The nightmares were visibly affecting the omega. He had large bags under his eyes that made it seem like he hadn't slept in three days. He really hadn't. He woke up every night in a cold sweat, took a shower, and worked on some homework instead of going back to sleep.

It was Wednesday. Dream had an omega appreciation class after their shared morning class. George could go back to their dorm and have some alone time. Dream tried to spend as much time as he could with George. George just needed a moment. He couldn't allow Dream to do this. Dream was in a relationship with the other omega. George was just in the way of them. He didn't want what happened in his dreams to happen in real life. He should just break off his friendship with Dream and tell him to be happy. He'd be much happier if he just spent some time with her instead. George could fade away out of Dream's life.

At least since Dream had been around George, the creepy alpha had been staying away from him. George had constantly been wondering if Dream was the "first alpha" the creeper was talking about. When George first met the creeper, he had a broken nose. When George saw Dream after his rut ended, he had a black eye that must've happened a few days before. George liked to hope that it was. It made him feel better.

The class ended soon. George tried to grab his stuff and hurry back to the dorm without Dream. The alpha quickly caught up with him, though, and started to walk by his side despite the fact that he had a class in fifteen minutes.

"I can walk you home, George," Dream said. His pace was evenly matched with George. He knew that his legs were too short to go that far, so the alpha's strides were smaller in order to match. "I know about the, uh, alpha on the loose."

"I'll get home fine," George bluntly responded. He knew that his tone was harsh and shouldn't be used, but he didn't really care that much. He needed to rip the bandage off sooner rather than later. "You have a class, anyway. I think you should get to that."

"Are you sure? Because I could-"

George cut Dream off before he could continue. "I'm fine. Go to your class."

Dream's scent changed to one of sadness as he stopped. The pity and pure sadness that spread through the air caused tears to well up strong and large within the omega's eyes. His class was in the complete opposite direction. After a moment of hesitation, the alpha began to walk away from the omega. His pace was much faster than what he was previously doing when walking with George. He would probably be there in no time. Good.

George sighed as he watched the alpha walk away. He turned himself around and began to run towards the dorm. He couldn't handle seeing Dream that sad. His eyes were already moist with tears that threatened to run down his face. He couldn't cry in the open. He didn't want anyone to see him being vulnerable in the open. A vulnerable omega was a weak omega. Weak omegas were taken advantage of.

George soon made it to the dorm. His breathing was labored as he stepped towards the door. He fumbled to grab his keys out of his pocket before unlocking the door. He took a step in and glanced around the room. None of the others were even awake yet, so he had the time to be by himself.

Instead of locking himself in his room like he normally did, the omega flopped himself onto the couch and let all his emotions out. Tears rushed from their place within his eyes and down his cheeks. He didn't care. Snot also ran out of his nose as he wondered what he should do in order to show Dream they shouldn't be friends anymore. He wanted to stay friends, but knew it would be better to end it.

He hoped Sapnap and Bad wouldn't wake up due to his sobs of sadness from the living room. They shouldn't due to the soundproof walls, but he wasn't thinking straight. All he could think about was Dream. Dream. Dream. Dream wasn't into him. Dream had someone else in his life. Dream didn't need him anymore.

Dream moved on and found another omega to spend his time with. He was just using the omega as a placeholder whenever he got into fights with his new girlfriend. George wondered why he didn't invite her over on Sunday. Maybe they had just gotten into a fight that day. That was the day that he started talking to George again, so he assumed that was definitely a yes in his mind.

He glanced around the room, his eyes half lidded as he felt tears continue to drift down his face. How did his body have so much of the liquid to use up? George didn't even know. He had every urge in him to just run away and hide. He wanted to make a nest for himself and sleep in it for about a month. The omega in him was strong in this moment, but he found it. If he nested, he would feel inclined to grab something of Dream's to add to the pile. The only thing that smelled of him, even slightly, was the sheet covered in his own slick from the rut incident.

[Thoughts of Suicide]

The omega felt useless. He wouldn't be a good partner. He wouldn't produce good pups. He was a worthless omega overall. Maybe he should just end it all. That would probably be easier on the small boy rather than just telling Dream he couldn't be friends with him anymore. The dorms were probably tall enough... if not, he could probably down the bottle of painkillers he bought while grocery shopping with Bad. It would probably be easy and painless if he did it that way.

Any other methods seemed too violent to the omega. He also didn't know where he'd be able to find half the things he needed.

Would that be a good idea? Once again, it would be easier than telling Dream they couldn't be friends... but what would they all do after he was gone? Probably nothing different, honestly. They'd move on with their lives and enjoy spending time together without George. George definitely wasn't the glue holding things together. He could be gone and no one would care. He was the weakest link. He was the weakest omega. He should just kill himself.

No. That would be such a dumb thing to kill himself because the boy he liked was dating someone else. This felt like something he would've done in high school during his emo phase. He felt like a teenager that only listened to My Chemical Romance and Panic! At the Disco. He would give anything to take these thoughts out of his mind. It didn't matter- the thought was still filtering around in his mind. The thought was still tempting.

[End of Suicidal Thoughts]

George slumped himself further onto the couch. His thoughts were endless as they continued to flash through his brain. He had so many things passing through his head that he wanted to say or do to Dream, but he couldn't even do one of them. He wanted to hug him. He wanted to punch him. He wanted to admit his crush to the alpha. He also wanted to tell him that he hated him with all his guts. It wasn't true, though. He liked Dream too much to ever hate the tall and blond alpha that spent so much time around him. The nightmare he had the past few nights also flashed through his brain. It was like a parasite that attached itself to the boy and kept growing and changing in new ways.

No one was around. No one could hear him. Instead of having his quiet sobs, George allowed himself to release the full burst of emotions he had growing within himself.

"Dream," he sobbed aloud, pain audible in his voice. His breathing quickened as he felt himself grow panicked. He had every urge in him to run to Dream and give him a hug. He didn't care that the alpha was probably off in class. He wanted to spend all of his time as close to the alpha as he could. He wanted that so badly. He wanted to never let him go. "I don't wanna lose you." The boy sniffled as more snot poured out of his nose. He felt like he was trapped in a situation and there was no exit. "Why- why couldn't it be me?" The boy cried out, his voice growing hoarse with emotions that flowed out of him. "I wanted you, Dream," he murmured as his tears softened to a steady stream, "I wanted you to be mine."

George brought his legs up to his chest as he leaned down onto the couch. He stuffed his face into one of the pillows that Bad had bought so long ago. They were, honestly, ugly, but they were the softest ones that were available. George knew because he went with the other omega to get it. He didn't care if he was getting tears and snot all over the pillow, he needed the comfort at that moment. He could just wash them later and Bad would never know.

He let out another sad sob as his thoughts spiraled back to Dream. There was no reason for it, but it felt like he could almost smell the alpha. His pine and citrus scent was so delicious that he never doubted why he gained a crush on him. He moaned out in pain and sadness as he curled himself around on the couch.

He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling. His vision was blurry from all the crying and from pressing his face into the pillow. Oddly enough, it smelled like Dream was actually nearby. The omega picked his head up and glanced around the room. There were no signs of him anywhere and the omega also didn't hear any noises nearby. He pushed his head back down and closed his eyes again. He was hallucinating now. Great.

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Today is a special day for me, so I am sharing the love and double updating.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream had walked away from George at first before he felt tears rise in his eyes. He couldn't handle being turned down by George in that moment. He just had to get away. He didn't care how or why. His omega awareness class should help... Dream lied to himself about that. He knew it wouldn't help at all since all he would be thinking about was George. The class was made for people like George specifically.

Dream approached the building and slowed his pace. He was panting by the time he reached the building. He took a few deep breaths before he stood up and walked towards his class. He twisted through the hallways towards the classroom. Before he entered, he noticed that there was a note written on the door.

“For students who did not look online, we will not be having Omega Awareness today. Certain students have been discovered to have been harassing omega on campus. The faculty take assault allegations very seriously. Due to this, they are required to have extra lessons and community service. Class this week will only be those students. They know who they are and will report to this class anyway. There is an online activity, though. Please check on that and turn it in before class next week.
-Professor”

Dream's eyes widened as he realized he didn't even need to be here. They widened even further when he realized that they were discussing rape allegations. Maybe they believed Dream. If they didn't... Did they do something to George? His thoughts grew increasingly worried as his instincts told him to run to the omega. He turned to walk away when he noticed someone approaching. It was one of the guys he had punched when they discussed their plans to rape George.

Dream growled as he approached. This must've been one of the guys who either attempted or actually assaulted his George. He would beat him into a pulp if Dream wasn't more interested in getting to George. The alpha snarled in response as he stepped into the room quickly. Dream watched him enter before the door shut. He deserved to be in that class. He needed to be in there for the sake of George and any other omega he could possibly hurt. Or if he'd already hurt an omega.

He wanted to make sure George was okay. He didn't know everything, but those three alphas might've done something to him. How could he be so horrible to him after he was possibly assaulted? Dream would do anything to make sure he was okay. He wanted to grab the omega and hide him away where no one else could ever hurt him. But if Dream did that, he'd also not be allowed to see him. He hurt him and he knew it.

Dream walked through the hallways. He wanted to try and talk to George again. The omega had been avoiding him the past few days and he felt horrible. This was how George felt when he ignored him after his rut. He wanted to do anything to fix their relationship. He would get on his knees and beg the omega to be forgiven for what he assumed.

As soon as Dream was outside the building, he began to sprint towards the shared dorms. It wasn't the closest place, sure, but he could easily make it there if he continued at this pace. He never felt more like running in his life than in this moment... well, maybe he did back when George was pre-heat.

Dream could feel his legs screaming at him as he continued to sprint towards his home. He hadn't run this much in ages. He spent some time doing runs in the afternoons, yeah, but he never ran this much. He would only go for a little bit before Bad made dinner for them. Maybe he should increase how long he went on runs. That might make his endurance towards it better.

The alpha soon reached the shared dorms. He bent over and rested his hands on his knees. He was audibly panting as he paused for a breath. God, he needed to run more. He was more used to keeping a slower pace as he wanted George to be able to keep up with him.

He picked up his body and entered the dorms quickly. He just needed to get into his room and see George. He wanted to see that George was alright. It wasn't that he didn't believe George was alright, he was just worried about him. Dream had noticed that the omega ran away from Dream the moment the alpha walked away. He wanted to talk to George again. He wanted to be on speaking terms once again.

The alpha finally reached his door and pushed it open. It appeared that George didn't lock it when he walked in. As soon as Dream opened the door, he was overwhelmed by the scent of pain and sadness in the air. Dream could feel his heart breaking at the overwhelming scent that mixed with vanilla in the air.

Dream began to emit his soothing scent in the air almost instinctively. After a moment, he realized that George wasn't just crying, he was also sobbing words out. They were hard to determine and rather slurred, but Dream could pick up the gist of some of them. "Dream," "I don't," "it be me," and "I wanted you."

Dream could only guess what they meant. His mind automatically placed it positively. It may have been his own crush with George that made him assume things. "Dream. I don't want to be without you. I want it to be me. I wanted you." Dream could feel his heart flutter. Maybe George did have a crush on him as well. Maybe they both liked each other. It sounded like such an odd concept inside of Dream's mind, but he believed it could be possible after the sobs from his friend.

Then his heart dropped. George was crying over him. George might like Dream, and Dream pushed him away. When George apologized, he probably assumed that Dream found out about his crush and hated him. That wasn't true. He could never hate George. He loved him too much to ever want to lose him.

The alpha shut the door before the omega could even notice that he was in the doorway. Dream stared at the wood of the door as he processed everything that happened. He had made George cry. He had pushed away George for no reason and now the omega was crying over him. Dream felt like an absolute ass in this situation.

His pain turned into frustration before moving to anger. The alpha snarled as he wondered what George even did to deserve this. George deserved much better than him. He needed someone who actually treated him right and not like how Dream did. He also didn't need someone who treated him like the creepy bastard who made rape threats against him.

In the heat of the moment, Dream turned to the wall and punched as hard as he could. He snarled at himself for ever considering that George was in a relationship with Skeppy. If he had just been a little earlier or later from getting out of his rut, he would've seen the truth. He and George would

still be on good terms. Maybe, just maybe, the two would be together.

He punched the wall once again. There was a noise that sounded from the wall as he punched it. Dream didn't care what was happening to the wall at that moment. He needed to get out his frustration before he did anything else. Thankfully, no one else was in the hallway or else they might get the brunt of the alpha's rage.

It took the alpha a moment before he began to cool off. He placed his back against the wall that he had just punched and slid down. Tears were once again trailing down his cheeks as he wondered what he could ever do to repair his strained relationship with George. There was nothing that he could ever picture that could fix the hole he made. It felt like George was on the other side of a ravine and Dream couldn't find a way across.

He ruined everything in that one moment.

His hand began to throb in pain as the adrenaline drained from his body. Dream swore as he realized he might've broken one of the bones in his hand. The alpha hoped that it was only a sprain or a fracture and not actually a fully broken bone. The best case scenario was that he just punched the wall a little too hard. He didn't want to go to the emergency room to get his hand fixed up if it was nothing.

The alpha picked himself up from the floor and wiped away his tears with his uninjured hand. He took a sniff before deciding that he should go to the nurse's office. She could probably give him some knuckle tape or something. George could just assume that he was in his omega awareness class, anyway.

Dream walked up to the door of his dorm room. The nurse looked at his hand and guessed that it was a fractured knuckle based off of Dream's symptoms. The alpha had his fingers wrapped in tape in order to keep the bones together and allow them to heal. His finger would act as a makeshift splint while they healed. Dream was almost pissed that it was his writing hand that he used to punch the wall.

Speaking of the nurse, she asked why he fractured his knuckle. Dream lied and told her that he had tripped down the stairs while he was going to his dorm. It appeared that she didn't believe him. Dream guessed that he wasn't the first person to show up with a fractured knuckle due to punching a wall.

The alpha pushed open the door and noticed that the omega was sitting on the couch. Something was playing on the tv, but Dream didn't quite remember the name of it. Dream noticed that George glanced over at him as he entered. The alpha gave a small wave to the omega before walking over to his room. He was careful to use his non-taped hand as he didn't want to alert the omega of his injury.

Dream pushed open the door of his room before stepping inside. He glanced around the room before sighing. He had a lot of homework he had to do. He usually had homework time with George, but the pair hadn't had that since about three weeks ago. It felt like it had been so long since the pair spent some quality time together.

Moving across his room, the alpha looked at his dresser and noticed that the green hoodie George returned was sitting on top of it. The scent of George was still strong on it despite the fact Dream had worn it one day. With a small smile on his face, the alpha grabbed the hoodie, stripped off his current shirt, and tossed the hoodie onto his body. He felt much more comforted being surrounded

by the scent of vanilla.

The more he thought about homework, the more he got an idea. The alpha scurried out the door of his room before standing in the living room. He placed himself in front of the tv screen to get George's attention.

The omega's dual-colored eyes turned to look up at Dream for a moment before he pulled away. Dream could feel his heart break at merely that, but he tried to not let that stop him from asking. "Tonight, can we have a homework session? I need your advice and I trust you," Dream pleaded with the omega, his eyes wide with hope.

George's mouth opened and he turned to look at Dream. He seemed to be rather excited for a moment before his face returned to a more neutral state. Dream was almost hurt by how fast the change occurred. "Sure," George responded, shrugging like he didn't care that much. "Before or after our class later?"

"After," Dream responded, a smile on his face as he realized he could spend some time with George again. George nodded and tried to go back to watching the television screen behind Dream. He was so excited by the idea that he was acting much like a sugar-rushing child. He happily scurried back to his room and closed the door.

Dream pulled out his phone in excitement. He usually played one song on repeat, but he felt like he needed something else in this moment. Ocean Eyes was good and reminded him of George, yes, but he needed something new. He wanted something that George could listen to and forgive him. Maybe something that revealed his feelings towards George more clearly.

If Dream was correct in what George was sobbing, then George did have a crush on him as well. He needed the omega to know. He wanted to let the omega know his own feelings. That was the only thing running through his brain as he scrolled through songs that he had. Most of the songs were too boring or didn't remind himself of George. Dream began to chew the side of his mouth as he continued to scroll through all the music he had.

His eyes lingered on one song he downloaded long ago. He heard it once and thought it sounded nice, but he never really listened to it further than that. For some reason, it was drawing his attention towards it. The title was simply "Line without a Hook" by Ricky Montgomery.

Dream licked his lips as he clicked play on the song. He could taste the potential in the song as it began to play inside his room. It didn't matter how loud he played it right now, George couldn't hear it. His face blushed as he heard the first few lines of the song. He wanted George to do that so badly. The next few lines made Dream chuckle. He just injured his hand, ironically. It seems that this song was meant to play tonight.

Dream closed his eyes as he listened to the lyrics play from his phone. It was so nice to have a new sound playing. The next line stuck with Dream. It corresponded to him so well. All his feelings about George were summed up in the one line by itself. "All my emotions feel like explosions when you are around" the song sang out into Dream's room.

The song continued to play and more lyrics felt right to Dream. The entire song felt like it was directly corresponding to his life. How was this so accurate to himself at this moment? This just encouraged the alpha to play this song while the two were doing homework. He wanted George to hear this. He wanted him to understand how he felt. He wanted to show how much he wanted George.

Despite not really knowing the song, Dream attempted to hum along to the song. It was rather

difficult as, once again, he didn't know it. The rhythm was very similar throughout the whole thing so he could get the gist of it. Instead of playing another song, Dream began to play the song over and over again. He may be playing this constantly later, but Dream wanted to absorb the lyrics. He needed them to feed him. They were like the only thing holding him together.

Chapter End Notes

If it isn't obvious, I had this as two separate chapters, but they both felt too short.

Next chapter is reconnecting :)

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George couldn't look Dream in the eyes through their next class. He'd have to look at him later, but he couldn't bring himself to do it now. Dream sat next to him in their class. It was late in the evening, and the class would end soon enough.

When Dream stepped in front of his program earlier, he had to look Dream in the eyes. His eyes were so sweet and gentle while they made contact with his own. He couldn't see their green coloration, but the gold that they were with his colorblindness matched the beauty. He wanted to force Dream to sit down with him and cuddle. He didn't, though, unfortunately.

George glanced over at Dream occasionally, but the alpha was paying attention to the lessons. George forced himself to look away from him before he did anything else... or before Dream noticed he was looking at him.

Maybe he should tell Dream they couldn't be friends anymore at their homework session tonight. He could say they should just consider being classmates. When the semesters were up, they could move to different rooms. Dream could dorm with one of the others' instead of him. That would make it better. Dream could focus on his girlfriend more than George.

The professor began to wrap up class. He was mentioning what things they should bring for the next class and wishing all of his students a good rest of their days. The teacher was nice enough, George thought, but he hated how late in the day it was. He wished the class was earlier in the day.

George grabbed his things and stood up. Dream's gaze turned down to look at him before giving him a smile. A warm feeling rose within George as Dream focused his attention on him, but George pushed it down as far as he could. He didn't need these emotions to be clouding his judgement on him. He could just end their friendship. It would be difficult emotionally but easy in practice.

Instead of walking ahead of Dream, the omega decided to walk with him. This would probably be their last time doing this, so George allowed himself to do it. He needed every last moment with Dream before he lost him forever. It felt good and almost natural. It felt like they were normal again.

Despite both of them walking together side by side, neither one of them talked. George was too upset and Dream... seemed excited? George could smell his scent as it oozed out pure excitement and ecstasy into the air. What was he thinking about? What was he so excited about? It certainly couldn't be because the pair were doing homework together. Dream never liked homework in the first place.

The walk of silence felt like it took forever to get back to the dorms, but it actually didn't take that long. The pair walked up to the dorm together and entered quickly. George had already done most of his homework for the next week at this point due to distracting himself from Dream. He didn't need this time to do homework. From what Dream said, he needed George to help him out. Maybe George should just wait until after they finished to end his friendship. That would be easier than crying while helping Dream with homework.

The omega sat down on the couch and waited for Dream to join him. The alpha set down his

laptop on the coffee table before going into the kitchen. George raised an eyebrow as he watched him go inside of the kitchen. Bad and Sapnap were out of the house at that point in time to be with their partners eating dinner. Dream never stated that he was going to make George lunch, either.

After a moment, George heard the microwave begin to blare. What the hell was Dream doing? They sometimes had snacks during their homework time, yeah, but usually it was just chips they kept in their cabinet. George felt himself grow flustered as he was concerned about what Dream was making.

The microwaved beeped showing that whatever Dream made was done. He could hear the alpha take it out and begin to shake a bag. Oh- it was popcorn. Odd, Dream never really popped popcorn whenever the pair was doing homework. They usually only had popcorn on the designated “movie night” the boys shared together.

Dream walked in with a bowl of popcorn in his hands. He had a half smile resting comfortably on his face as he handed the bowl of popcorn to George. George took it with a weak smile and began to eat some of it. Despite not really wanting to eat, his body told him he needed this anyway.

Dream sat down next to George and grabbed his laptop. The omega glanced over at Dream. He wondered what the alpha was thinking at that moment. Maybe he was just comforting the omega. He probably could smell how distressed he was... Dream was also oozing out a rather comforting scent into the air. It wasn't like his scent wasn't always comforting to him. He loved the scent of it.

George paused for a moment as he debated doing what they normally did. The thought ran through his mind for half a second before the less reasonable side of his brain made the decision. George reached over and set the popcorn on the coffee table. The omega squirmed his way between Dream's legs to sit on the part of the couch Dream wasn't quite sitting on.

George could feel his face heat up as he did this. Why did he decide to do this? He was supposed to be pushing Dream away, not attempting to bring him closer. It didn't matter as Dream placed his laptop onto George's lap and began to bring up his projects and homework. This felt like before everything happened. Before everything went wrong. It was nice.

Dream pulled his phone out and began to play his song on repeat. Wait a minute- that wasn't Ocean Eyes. This was a new song. George hadn't heard this one before and didn't know who even sang it. Despite being interested in the message of the song, George ignored it for the sake of his sanity. It was probably about his girlfriend anyway.

His attention was focused on the things Dream had pulled up. He began to point out some obvious errors in his code as well as some of the easy mistakes made in his various homework assignments. The pair worked as two cogs in a well oiled machine in the moment. It felt like nothing had happened between them. It felt like it was them again.

Dream was scrolling through his coding assignment and checking every small detail to make sure he did it right. George did the same as he scrolled slowly. It seemed that it was correct, at least in George's eyes. This was actually the second time they checked over this, but Dream wanted to be more careful.

While George was focused on the assignment and checking if Dream truly did do everything right, Dream's chin landed on George's shoulder softly. In a moment of surprise, the smaller boy jumped. What was he doing? Why was he there? George felt himself swallow in pure fear and excitement at the same time. The only thing that he could remember was the dream he had about Dream while they were on the couch. The one that proceeded their fucking. He shivered at the thought of that dream again.

“George,” Dream whispered into his ear softly. The smaller boy felt himself shiver as he felt Dream’s hot breath on his ear. Dream hadn’t been this close in a while. He missed this and wanted this to happen more. He wanted Dream more. George swallowed and didn’t answer. He felt like, if he moved, he would wake up from this dream he was having. It was all just a dream, right? “Did you actually listen to the song I’m playing?”

What? There was no way this was a dream. Dream in his dream would’ve told him how much he wanted to fuck him in that moment. He wouldn’t bring up the song he was playing. That meant this was real life. Dream was actually on his shoulder and actually interested in having him listen to the song. Dream never had him listen to one of his songs before. George always looked them up in his room afterwards and obsessed about them for the next month.

“N-no, I haven’t,” George stammered in response. He felt his breathing quicken as the boy reached his arm across George and rewinded the song to the start. George could see Dream out of his peripherals and felt himself grow rather red in the face just from his closeness. How could he ruin their relationship? He didn’t think he could handle losing Dream.

“Listen,” Dream purred softly as he hit play on the song. The lyrics started as soon as the song began to play. George swallowed and closed his eyes softly to allow himself to fully process the lyrics. The song was rather catchy and nice despite some of the words seeming really sad.

*Oh, baby, I am a wreck when I'm without you
I need you here to stay
I broke all my bones that day I found you
Crying at the lake
Was it something I said to make you feel like you're a burden?
Oh, and if I could take it all back
I swear that I would pull you from the tide*

The song washed away as George opened his eyes. It began to play again, but the pair were now ignoring the song and instead focused on each other.

“Dream, why did you have me listen to that?” George asked. He was sitting between Dream’s legs still, so he couldn’t look Dream in the face without twisting his body around. Dream was in his peripherals, though, as his head was still resting on his shoulder softly. The alpha was careful to not touch George anywhere else aside from his shoulder. The omega’s body craved more of his touch, but George didn’t allow himself to say that.

“It reminds me of you,” Dream responded simply. The taller boy moved his hands over to his computer and opened one of the other tabs that had his homework. In this action, George noticed the tape holding two of his fingers together. George could feel himself grow distressed as he connected the lyrics in the song to Dream’s hand. Did he break his fingers? Why? Was it because of George. Sensing this distress in the air, Dream sighed and responded, “I didn’t have my omega awareness class.”

“D-Dream, what did you do to your hand?” George murmured softly, his eyes wide as he looked at the alpha. Dream didn’t have his class. George was crying in the living room because he assumed that no one could hear him. So when he smelled pine and citrus in the air... “Dream... you were there, weren’t you? You-”

“Yes,” Dream responded while cutting George off. George could feel a minor whimper rise in his throat. Dream saw and heard him when he was the most vulnerable. Dream heard him cry about how much he wanted him. How much he wanted to be with Dream. Oh no.

“Did you break your hand? Is that why you chose this song?” George asked quietly. He felt like he couldn’t speak any louder than a mere whisper in that moment. It felt unreal at that moment. How could this happen? How did George not hear the door open?

“It’s just a fractured knuckle,” Dream chuckled nervously before he pulled his head off the omega’s shoulder. There was a moment of silence as the two boys were inside their own heads while thinking of one another. George adjusted his position so that he was facing Dream. It was an odd position to be in and the omega felt like he was almost straddling the alpha. The alpha’s eyes were soft as he looked at the omega. He licked his lips before he continued to speak, “You’re not a burden. I-I ignored you because I thought Skeppy was your partner.” His hand reached up to rub the back of his neck carefully.

George blinked as he looked at Dream. He was very obviously being sincere while also the scent of embarrassment rose from his body. He knew he made a mistake and he was owning it. So that was why Dream growled that day. That was why he ignored him. That was why George felt like he was useless. George felt tears begin to fall down his face while his mouth curled in a large frown. He began to punch on Dream’s chest. He wasn’t trying to punch that hard, but he wanted to show Dream that he meant what he was saying.

“You! You ignored me because you thought I was with someone?” George huffed, tears dripping down his face and onto the alpha’s jeans. He punched his fist gently into the alpha’s chest with his one hand before doing the same with the other. “I-I thought you hated me. I believed that all you wanted to do was leave me behind. I thought I was in the way. I thought you were with that girl omega!” He cried out, throwing another punch before resting his head gently on Dream’s chest to cry. He didn’t have the motivation to hit him anymore.

“That girl omega?” Dream murmured, his voice flush with confusion before a thought smacked him in the face. “The blonde girl in our coding classes?” Dream asked, his gaze boring holes into the back of George’s skull. George couldn’t tell that, but he could almost feel it. The omega nodded subtly to show that, yes, she was the one he was talking about. Dream chuckled for a moment before fading away into an awkward sigh. “She’s a lesbian. She wanted advice for how to get together with her alpha friend.”

George pried himself away from the alpha’s chest. He wanted so badly to stay there and cuddle with Dream until they fell asleep together, but he knew he shouldn’t. He should absolutely despise Dream. He should utterly hate him... but George did the same thing. After he believed that Dream was in a relationship with someone else, he began to ignore the alpha as well. “I hate you so much, Dream,” George huffed, pulling himself off the alpha’s lap and onto the couch. He already missed the warmth of the alpha underneath himself.

“And I hate myself so much too, George,” Dream responded softly as he wiped a tear from George’s face. George could feel himself press into his hand out of instinct. He allowed himself only a moment before pulling away from him. “Can we talk to one another again? I-I don’t want that to happen. If we have a misunderstanding, can we actually talk to one another?”

George stared into Dream’s eyes. They were forlorn and longing at the same time and George had every instinct to pull Dream in and comfort him. He wanted to hold Dream close and feel the warmth of his body. He wanted Dream to caress his body while doing the same in response. George shook his head slightly to get himself out of it. “Yes,” George responded breathlessly before swallowing.

Dream smiled at the omega and leaned over. He scooped the omega up in his arms and pulled him into a hug. George felt safe and protected in his arms. He wanted to stay here forever. The smaller

boy held onto the alpha as tightly as he could. He could feel more tears drip down from his eyes at that moment. He was just thinking about ending his friendship with Dream and now the two were bonding. God- how did this turn so much?

After they both pulled away from the hug, Dream's eyes grew wide with concern as he held his hands gently on George's shoulders. He was gentle despite his grip being firm. "George- did someone assault you? I needed to tell you that so long ago. I-I went into a rut before I could tell you about the alphas... They had plans to rape you and I-"

"I wasn't raped," George responded simply. He smiled at Dream to calm him down. "I-I almost was, though." George heard Dream take a sharp inhale of air as he thought about that. George certainly didn't like to think about it that much, so he assumed the alpha was the same way. He quickly continued, "Skeppy was there to stop him, thankfully. Bad, Sapnap, Skeppy, and I reported him to the school when that happened. He mentioned that someone else had protected me though. Was that you?"

Dream looked sheepish as George finished asking his question. That answered more than anything Dream could've said. "It's why I had a black eye. I got into a fight with all three of them when I heard what they wanted to do to you. I didn't want them to touch you. I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier. I-I was worried the entire time, but I just couldn't voice it. I thought you were safe with your partner... who apparently wasn't your partner, haha." George smiled as he listened to the alpha rant on how much he wanted to protect George.

George smiled and pulled Dream close into a hug once again. He was safe. Dream made him feel safe. Dream was doing everything he could to protect the omega despite the pair being rather tense beforehand. George never wanted this to end. He wanted them to stay like this forever. They were in a good place now, there was no need to ruin this. George didn't have to end their friendship. He also didn't need to pursue a relationship either. He didn't want to ruin this friendship.

Chapter End Notes

and the updates will now be every other day from now until I finish this :)

- when I do finish the story, I will post daily updates instead.

Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

my brother: this is my favorite song
heatwaves begins to play
my brain: what the fuck what the fuck what the fu-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream entered his room with a large smile on his face. He did it. They were on speaking terms once again. Dream could feel his heart almost exploding out of his chest from the pure joy of it. The next step was to show that he loved George more than just as a friend. He attempted to do that at the same time, but unfortunately failed in that aspect. At least they were friends again. It was certainly a start- and a good one at that.

The blond haired alpha couldn't help but smile as he remembered his hug with George. It was nice, sweet, and soft. Dream was careful not to hug the smaller boy too tightly the first time, but George initiated a much firmer hug the second time. It felt like the omega never wanted to let go of the boy ever again. Dream almost wished he didn't.

When their relationship had been properly rekindled, Dream's body reminded him how he didn't eat anything that day. The pair shared a quick meal before waving goodnight to one another. It was early, yeah, but they had a very early morning class the next day, anyway. It wasn't like Dream wanted to leave him while going into his room.

Dream stripped his pants off and tossed them into his laundry bin. He glanced at it and realized he needed to do his laundry soon. Dream shrugged and gently placed himself into his bed. He usually slept in just his boxers, but George's scent on the hoodie was too alluring to take off.

The scent was almost fully replaced by Dream's own. The hug added a faint bit of vanilla back onto the green fabric, but not enough to fully satisfy the alpha. In his mind, he decided that he should give it to George again. Sure, it was Dream's hoodie, but George looked much better in it. Plus, when Dream got it back, it would smell like the omega again. Oooh- that sounded so nice.

The alpha's mind was focused on vanilla and the scent of it. The delight he got whenever he smelled it. The omega who it came from. His soft, pale white skin that, itself, looked like it could be flavored by vanilla. Oh, Dream couldn't help but want a taste as his mind drifted towards sleep...

Dream pulled George into a tight embrace. The two were silent during this moment. The only sound that could be heard was their breathing. As they were pressed together, this synced up between the two boys. Dream could feel the soft yet warm breathing of George on the side of his neck that tickled the hair located there. Dream, himself, was breathing rather close to George's bonding area.

Dream could feel his heart in his throat. He was so close to George. He could pull him close and never let go. That was what he wanted to do. He wanted George to be his and his alone. He wanted George to feel that way, too, though. Dream may have wanted the omega so badly, but he did not want to take him by force like certain other alphas.

Dream pulled away first. The omega's eyes were wide with sadness as he pulled away. He seemed to miss the warm embrace of the alpha's strong arms around him. Dream could feel himself instinctively go to hug him once again. Instead of that, though, the alpha grabbed his cheek softly in a loving manner.

He brought the omega's face close to his own. The eyes of George were hungry as they craved what Dream was offering. Of course, Dream paused to make sure George consented before he pressed a gentle kiss on the lips of the vanilla-scented boy. His lips were soft and sweet almost like he had some type of lip gloss on.

After a moment of this sweet moment, Dream pulled away and looked George in his eyes. The blue and brown irises were still staring at the alpha's lips in hunger as they wanted more from him. Dream smiled and happily complied and pressed his lips to the omega's once again. In this moment, he wanted more. Dream opened his mouth and gingerly pressed it against the omega's lips, to which the omega opened his mouth to allow his tongue passage.

The two continued to sit on the couch gently making out with one another. The pair were together for a moment before George pulled away and released a whine. Dream felt himself perk up and grow distressed as the omega whined. Did he do something wrong? Was he pushing him too far? Did he need to give him some space?

Dream looked at George in his pretty, different colored eyes to get any read on his emotions. His eyes were filled with a lust while his scent read the same thing. Dream felt his face heat up as he realized this. George wanted more than just a few shared kisses on the couch in their dorm living room. George wanted more of Dream... and Dream felt the same way.

George grabbed the taller boy's green hoodie and pulled him into a kiss once again. Dream felt himself collapse on top of the omega while pressing his lips against him. The pair were now horizontally on top of one another with Dream encompassing the entirety of the couch and George. George moved to rub his crotch against Dream's own clothed crotch. Dream could feel himself grow horny just from the mere rubbing movement.

The smaller boy's excitement when noticing this was audible as he squeaked out in surprise. Dream bit his lip as he watched the boy wrap his hands around the taller boy's neck. George pulled himself close to the alpha and whispered in his ear, "Let's go to the bedroom, Dream. I want to see more of you."

If Dream wasn't already horny, he certainly was then. His sweet voice sent shivers down his spine as he helped George sit up on the couch. The omega wrapped his arms around the alpha's neck as Dream pulled him into his arms. George pressed soft kisses onto Dream's neck as he carried the pair into his room.

Dream set the omega down on the bed as he stared longingly into his eyes. He wanted this so badly from the moment he realized he had a crush on him. Correction- since Bad told him that he had a crush on George. The omega reached out for Dream, his hands grabby as though he wanted a snack to eat.

Dream chuckled and crawled onto the bed and on top of George. He gently set his body on top of the smaller boy and pressed another kiss onto his beautiful lips. Dream was soft with his movements, but George was very rough and hungry with his own. The alpha was being careful as he didn't want to be too aggressive with the omega. He was worried about being too forward with him and cause him to grow afraid. He didn't want to be like those alphas from his class.

George seemed to care more that Dream wasn't being as forward as the boy was. He pulled away

from Dream and huffed in anger. He gently pushed the alpha away from him and crossed his arms. "I know you're trying to be gentle because you don't want to scare me, but I like when you're aggressive. I want you to take control," George sighed, his eyes staring gently up into the alpha's eyes.

The tall boy swallowed as he looked down into George's beautiful, different colored eyes that seemed to follow his every move. Dream nodded softly and moved to pull George into a kiss once again. He made sure to make it passionate as he moved to push his tongue into the smaller boy's mouth once again.

George moaned out a soft yes as Dream continued to push his way towards George. Dream himself began to rub himself against George as he wanted badly to feel the embrace of skin against skin. Dream wanted to feel all over the omega's body and make him his own.

George's hands, free from being beneath Dream, moved to remove Dream's hoodie. It was the green one that George had returned to him not so long ago. George purred between kisses and ripped the top off the taller boy. Dream felt rather exposed as he was now shirtless but decided he liked it since George was the one beneath him. George seemed to be admiring the view as he began to lick his lips in excitement.

Dream moved his lips away from the other boy's sweet, pink lips and towards his neck. He was careful to not be too aggressive around his bonding area as he didn't want to accidentally mark the smaller boy. They were just having fun right now, they could do that when they decided they were more... ready.

Despite these movements, Dream made sure to press some gentle kisses onto this area as he knew how much it stimulated omegas. George moaned in ecstasy from there mere traces of Dream's lips on the area. It was sensitive as it wanted the warm bite from an alpha ready to choose the omega as his life partner.

"Can I remove your shirt?" Dream asked in between making hickeys on the smaller boy's neck. He was running his hands up and down the taller boy's body as he seemed to want to feel every inch of skin the alpha had. The omega responded with a breathless yes to show the alpha that he consented. Despite taking lead in the situation, Dream was still careful to make sure the smaller boy was alright with every one of his movements.

Dream pulled himself away from the smaller boy and grabbed the blue t-shirt that George was wearing. He grabbed the fabric and helped George pull it over his head. Once the fabric was removed, George's face grew rather red in coloration. Dream, despite noticing this embarrassment that the omega held, couldn't keep his eyes off the beautiful sight of his naked body.

His body was pale, yes, but beautiful in its paleness. The hickeys that Dream had begun to make around his neck were starting to turn a red color that matched the shade on his face. The only other thing that stood out on his body was the beautiful pink nipples in the middle of his chest. They were where Dream's eyes went immediately when he removed the boy's top.

The alpha pressed himself down on top of the other boy's body once again and began to add more hickeys onto his body. He was making sure he was careful around the more sensitive areas of the boy's body. Dream made a trail of beautiful love marks down George's soft body that made him squirm with excitement as he made his way down the other boy's body.

Dream was careful around his nipples. He knew that they were also rather sensitive areas for omegas, but he decided to go for it. He gently grasped one and flicked it in his fingers. It sent a thrill of emotion into George as he felt the rush of happiness from the movement. Dream could feel

himself purr at that.

As Dream made his way closer to George's genitals, the omega was making more whining and complaining sounds. He seemed to be wanting more than just Dream's careful love pressed onto his body as gingerly as he could.

Dream smirked as he looked up at the boy. He wanted more? He'd give him more. The alpha grabbed George's pants and pulled them off quickly. He didn't ask as he assumed George wasn't going to deny this. In fact, the boy's eyes lit up when he realized that Dream was moving on from his top and down to his bottom.

As soon as the pants were out of the way, Dream's eyes raked over the legs of George along with his panties. Dream knew the boy wore panties a lot- he saw them whenever the omega wore skirts around the house. Dream never tried to look, but George seemed to drop things rather often around Dream whenever he was wearing a skirt.

The boy's panties were already covered in precum on the front and slick on the back. Dream wanted to rip them off so badly in order to reach the sweet liquids that were oozing out of the omega. The boy's slick was probably as sweet as his scent and the cum was probably a nice, salty taste as well. Dream swallowed for a moment before moving on.

Dream decided that George could wait a bit longer before they actually engaged in any sexual activity with one another. The alpha moved to place some hickeys on the boy's legs. His thighs were small and pale, so Dream decided that he needed some of his own mark. He was careful to begin further away from George's dick before pressing them closer on his thighs.

George was shivering with anticipation as the alpha slowly went closer to the omega's dick. He whined as he wanted more from Dream. Dream responded with a growl of his own in order to make him stop his whining. The taller boy wanted him to savor some of the foreplay before they moved on to more sexual endeavors. George quieted down with a moan as Dream placed a kiss as close to George's hole as he could without being in it.

"P-please, Dream," George moaned aloud, his hands resting in the blond hair of the alpha as he continued to flick around his sensitive area. He wanted more for Dream and the alpha knew it. He loved it. He wanted George to moan out more about how much he wanted Dream. He wanted the omega to want him so much.

Dream licked his lips and pulled the boy's underwear down. All he could do was continue to admire the omega's body carefully. His eyes were absorbing every single small fold and dip in his body. George's legs fidgeted around as he wanted more than just to be looked at by Dream.

The alpha brought himself closer to the naked boy. He could feel his smaller frame shiver underneath him from the feeling of skin against skin. "Stretch yourself for me, Georgie," He growled to the omega directly into his ear. George squealed at that and moved his hand happily towards his hole.

Dream watched the omega begin to stretch himself out with one finger. A smirk crossed his face as he grabbed the omega's small member in his large hands. George squawked at this motion to which Dream shushed him. The alpha moved his hand up and down the smaller boy's shaft as he began to give the other boy a handjob. He, at first, considered giving him a blowjob instead, but he decided to make George want more contact than just his hand.

"D-Dream-" George whined aloud as he moved to pull his fingers out of his hole.

Dream growled at the boy, his eyes narrowing as he watched George. He pulled his hand away from the brown-haired boy's dick as he began to speak. "I can't get inside of you if you don't stretch yourself. Are you trying to be bad for me, Georgie?" Dream snarled at the omega. He didn't mean to be so aggressive, but the omega seemed to be rather into it. He nodded and moved his hand back to his rear.

Dream went back to stroking off the smaller boy as he began to add more fingers to himself. There was a point where the boy's face grew rather red and he was moaning loudly. At that, Dream stopped himself and watched the boy's face settle from the incoming orgasm. George whined when Dream did, but the alpha knew what he was doing. At that point, the omega had inserted four fingers and seemed to have stretched himself enough for Dream to enter his body.

The alpha scanned over the omega's body, his eyes keeping track of every small movement he made. Dream could feel his dick grow hard just from the mere image of a sweaty, red George laying on his bed. He was fully ready for Dream and he knew it.

Dream stripped off his pants and watched George's eyes stare at the bulge in his boxers. Dream smirked and pulled off his boxers as well. His dick sprung out of his underwear and was ready to embrace the warmth of George's body. George squealed at the sight of it and reached his hands out to grab for it.

The alpha chuckled and brought himself closer to the omega's body. He made sure he was correctly aligned with the omega's hole and swirled the tip of his dick around the entrance of his hole. George huffed when Dream wasn't being fast enough with the sexual actions. George seemed to want sex so badly, and that made Dream want to prolong the process even more. It wasn't like he wasn't thrilled by the idea of having sex with George, he just loved the look on the omega's face every time he teased him.

After a moment of huffing and puffing from George, Dream pushed himself into the omega's hole gently. The area itself was covered in slick that had been leaking out the entire time the boys were engaging in this activity. Only the tip of his member was inside the omega when he squirmed beneath the other boy. George's body was warm while also easily slid into as the slick acted as a natural lubricant. When he got settled, Dream submerged himself deeper into the omega and allowed a resting period for him again.

"Give me more, Dream," George moaned out, his hands resting above his head as he stared into Dream's green eyes. Dream growled hungrily as he inserted himself deeper. This process was repeated until Dream was fully inside of the warm cavern of the omega's body. The omega's whole body shivered at the feeling of the alpha inside of him.

Dream pulled himself out slowly before slowly bringing himself back into the warmth of the omega. George moaned aloud as Dream reentered his hole. Dream licked his lips and continued this process. His eyes were trained on George as he watched the omega's hair stick to his forehead while being rammed by Dream's large dick. His face was bright red as he continued to moan out for Dream to continue what he was doing.

"DREAM!" George moaned out loudly as Dream slammed himself against the omega's tight hole. And Dream knew he found it. He found George's prostate and directed his attention towards that area. The brown haired omega's breathing grew hasty as he continued to moan out aloud about how much he loved what Dream was doing. "I'm close, baby. Please, please, let me orgasm."

The alpha smiled at that and continued to ram his penis against his beloved omega's prostate roughly. George seemed to like how rough Dream was being to him, so he continued with this. There were growls and moans that released from the alpha's own mouth as he found his way

around his beautiful omega's body. Dream could feel himself grow ever closer to orgasming himself, so he decided that they should have a shared orgasm.

"Wait," The alpha growled to the omega. Dream squeezed his eyes as he began to thrust his way harder against the omega's prostate to get him closer to orgasm while simultaneously bringing himself ever closer to his own.

"D-Dream~" George moaned aloud as the white, sticky fluid drained from the tip of his rather small member. It streaked itself over the chests of the two boys while Dream continued to thrust into George one more time.

The alpha, a moment later, growled out, "George~" Dream, himself, also began to release his semen into George while his knot inflated inside the omega's body. Dream's orgasm felt like fireworks within his brain before slowly calming down. The alpha gently turned the omega on his side while he also went to his side. He didn't want to disturb his knot as it would cause too much pain in the omega.

George pressed his face into Dream's chest as he took in his scent of the alpha. His arms were wrapped around the larger boy's body as he closed his eyes. Dream smiled as he reached his hands up to stroke through George's brown locks. He was so cute when he was calming down after sex. If Dream had something, he would clean up George's semen that painted their bodies, but he didn't have anything.

George mumbled into the taller boy's chest, "It feels so good to be full of your seed." He snuggled his head close to Dream's chest. Dream chuckled and leaned down to press the smaller boy a kiss on the forehead. "I can't wait to be swollen with your beautiful pups," He continued, tilting his head up to look into Dream's eyes.

"If we're still together after college, George, I will make sure you're carrying my pups," Dream responded softly, his eyes grew half lidded as he looked at the omega. He felt safe and comfortable... ready for a nap as well.

"You didn't use a condom, Dream," George responded into Dream's chest as he snuggled himself closer to the alpha. Dream's eyes went wide as he realized what that implied. He couldn't be a father! Neither could George! They were both still in college and didn't have jobs. What were they supposed to do?

In response to that, Dream's eyes popped open. He felt his body heavily covered in sweat as he looked around the room. It was dark and he was inside of his own dorm room. George also wasn't pleasantly resting next to him.

Dream swallowed, unsure of whether he'd prefer George to be there or not. Of course, he'd always love for George to be there, but if his dream did actually happen, he'd be worried about the pregnancy. Dream would absolutely love to have pups with George... but after college. They both needed to be in stable jobs as well as in a relationship.

The alpha grunted as he lifted up his blanket and realized his dream was, in fact, a wet one. The boy sighed and scooted out of bed in order to get a change of boxers... and maybe some sheets. His bed felt a little sticky as well.

screw what I said on the previous chapter- I can write fast enough that I can post daily

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

as I get closer to writing the ending of this fanfic, more ideas come into my mind

I'll probably ask y'all what you guys want in fan fiction when I get closer towards posting the end

The next day went off amazing. The pair were once again acting like they did almost three weeks prior. Dream was slow when walking so that George could keep up. George always appreciated the alpha for doing this. He had seen plenty of couples of omegas and alphas where the alphas would walk too fast, stop for the omega when they got too far ahead, and then resume walking at the same pace.

George could feel himself thrive for more from the alpha, but he always pushed these emotions down as far as they could go. He was in a stable situation with the alpha. He didn't need to mess that up by admitting that he had feelings for him. Dream may not be in a relationship with someone else, but George certainly wasn't going to be the one who did that.

Thursday was a rather long day, much like Tuesday since they share the same schedule. Sapnap joined them in the dorm for a quick lunch before going off to his noon class. The pair actually ate lunch together for the first time in a while. It was nice to have a shared meal between the two of them that day. Bad also shared lunch with them as well- not quickly like Sapnap did.

Bad mentioned that he was going to be away on a school trip that week- and that he was leaving for the airport quite soon. Apparently, students inside of his major got a special opportunity to go to Europe on a trip while studying all the while. If you asked George, he would say he wasn't jealous when he absolutely was.

The day continued and the pair, George and Dream, went to their next to afternoon classes without any hitch. Dream seemed to be struggling taking notes at one point due to his finger situation, so George shared his notes with the alpha. Thankfully it was easy to share documents online to one another. George got a smile from Dream after he did this which caused George's stomach to flutter.

"George, I only fractured my knuckle. I can carry my laptop just fine," Dream huffed as he led the way to the dorms. George didn't mind when he took control over the situation. It was part of his nature and George's own nature to follow. Of course, George was probably being a bit too concerned about Dream's condition, but he didn't want the alpha to strain his fingers.

"Because of me," George snapped in response. The brown haired boy felt rather bad since he was, actually, the one to even cause this situation. So many things could've gone much differently if he had just done a few things a bit differently. George swallowed down the self-pity before smirking up at the taller boy.

Dream rolled his eyes as he continued to walk towards the dorms. He sighed and replied, "It's not your fault. I was a dumbass, you know. I'd do anything to take back what I did."

George didn't respond. He didn't really feel like continuing the conversation. They had similar

ones throughout the day today. Both of them had been apologizing to one another over being the bad one who ignored the other. George couldn't keep dealing with this, so he just silently took the blame by himself. He knew that it was his own fault. This was why he couldn't have Dream.

The pair began to climb up the stairs to their dorm room. Dream was able to climb up at least three steps at once but kept his pace down to only one. George, on the other hand, struggled to do two stairs at a time to keep up. George was nervous about accidentally falling down the stairs while walking up two steps, but that didn't stop him from doing that.

When they reached their floor, Dream pushed his way towards their room first. As soon as they were within the hallway, George paused and stepped in front of Dream. A large smile rested on his face as he stared at the alpha in front of him. He had an idea.

"Dream, can you wait out here? I wanna wear change into something else," George hummed lightly. He began to rock on the balls of his feet as he spoke. He couldn't help himself as he fiddled with his fingers. "I hope you wouldn't mind."

Dream's eyes went wide for a moment before he gave a small chuckle. "Uh, sure?" He laughed nervously. An eyebrow rose as he continued, "But why can't I be inside of the dorm? If you're just changing outfits, I can at least sit in the living room."

"Because I want it to be a surprise," George smiled. He reached up and spun the alpha around quickly. It wasn't long until he was pushing him into the stairwell once again. He quickly reached up and pushed down on his shoulders to make him sit down on the top step.

Dream shook his head with a small scoff. Despite that, he still sat down on the stair and tilted his head upwards towards George. What the blond didn't know was how badly the brunet wanted to kiss him (and George didn't know that he felt exactly the same way).

Before that instinct inside of George could act up, he spun around on his feet and hurried to their dorm room. He opened the door and quickly rushed inside before going into his room. He should probably be quick if he wanted to actually make it a surprise. Dream probably didn't want to wait outside of their dorm for forever if George was just changing inside of his room.

What George realized earlier was that, since he wasn't going to have anymore classes for the rest of the day, he could actually wear something he considered more comfortable. He was comfortably within their dorm. George moved to his dresser and tossed his clothes off and into the laundry bin within his room. He rummaged around his dresser before he found one of his skirts. It was shorter than what he usually wore around, but it always fit him nicely. It was white in coloration and showed his figure off rather well.

Since he was on better terms with Dream, the omega considered putting it on. Would that make Dream think he was into him? No- George wore this around before. Dream probably just assumed this was his comfortable wear... yeah, that was what George said to calm his mind down. He tossed on the skirt before searching around for something to match. He knew there was a nice yellow shirt in here as well. The boy rummaged around more before spotting it... he hoped.

His colorblindness was the worst for picking out outfits. The color of green was very close to the color of yellow. He always hoped that the color of this shirt was, indeed, yellow. Dream told him it was. Hopefully he didn't lie- Dream almost never lied to George. To Sapnap? Yeah, all the time, but he almost never lied to George. He looked at the shirt and threw it over his head and pulled it over his body. He hoped the pair of items looked good together.

After a moment, the omega realized that he was still wearing boxer-underwear mix made for

omegas. Those were very visible in the skirt, so the omega decided to put on panties as well. Maybe Dream would also see them... no. He had to stop thinking that Dream was looking at him. He probably wasn't. George grabbed a pair of yellow panties. They weren't the nicest pair that he had, but they were cute enough and matched his shirt. Well, he believed that they were matching. Why did he care about matching? Well... maybe Dream would look this time.

He thought for a moment before grabbing some of his thigh high socks and throwing those on as well. They felt nice against his body and cupped his skin in such a nice way. He always felt pretty wearing these items. He'd never wear these in public, though, as he knew what other alphas might do if they saw him. Hell- some alphas already wanted to get to him with his normal baggy look.

George stepped over to his mirror and glanced at himself in the reflection. He had to be honest- he thought he looked very cute in what he picked out. He smiled at himself before he did a bit of a twirl to get the skirt to flare out a bit.

Honestly, he could only hope that Dream would like it.

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

What do you mean something else used to be written here??? No, of course not.
You're just,,, seeing things

Dream sat in the stairwell waiting for George to call him back in. Dream held his phone in his hands. George would either directly call him again or come out and let him in. Either one was fine with Dream- he just wanted to be around George again.

He jumped when he heard the opening of the door. He turned his head and noticed that George was standing over him while opening the door. George's brown and blue eyes stared down at Dream, which made the alpha smile. He looked so cute as he looked down at him. Dream also realized that he could see more of George than just his face from his position... He avoided his gaze when he noticed the yellow color of his panties. The alpha's face grew red as he tried to ignore what he just saw.

George didn't seem to notice, thankfully. The alpha bit his lip before swallowing. He felt bad for feeling so horny towards just seeing his panties from where he was sitting. Maybe it was just some of the lingering heat scent that was affecting his thoughts. Yeah.

Dream stood up and looked down at George. This was better. He couldn't get a glimpse of the omega's underwear from here, thankfully. Otherwise, the omega was wearing a nice yellow t-shirt (that matched his panties, not that Dream was thinking of that) while also wearing a particularly short white skirt and pretty white stockings. Dream swallowed once again as he got a full look at the omega.

Quickly, the blond pushed himself upwards and stepped towards their dorm room door. He had to get away from that stair before he continued to have his eyes linger to places that they shouldn't. He pushed the door open and stepped into the living room with hurried steps.

"TV?" George asked as he followed Dream into the living room. He smiled up at Dream before walking around him and plopping down on the couch. As he moved to sit down, his skirt flared up for a moment which, once again, revealed his yellow panties. Dream had to stop looking at those!

The blond boy couldn't help but be allured by the omega as he followed him onto the couch. He wanted to sit snuggled up next to him so badly, but he knew he shouldn't. George could be uncomfortable with that. Dream knew he'd figure out a way to let George know he was interested in him.

Dream moved to sit on the cushion beside George. He responded, "Yeah. Do you want to order something out later?"

George hummed for a moment as he grabbed the remote control. He flipped through a few channels before settling on some show. Dream thought he recognized it, but not entirely. The alpha watched the show as he waited for George's response. "Yeah- I want chinese food."

Oooh- chinese food. Dream knew that was George's favorite type of food to get. He couldn't help

but smile as he realized that they could share a meal together. Sappnap would be there, sure, but Dream didn't mind. The three of them could spend some time out together.

"You're favorite, huh? You have something special in mind for tonight?" Dream purred, his eyes fluttering as he looked at George. The omega waved him off, but he did notice a rather pink blush come to his cheeks. That just made Dream want to continue saying more things like that.

"No- I just really wanted to have some chinese food tonight. Why, did you have something in mind?" George teased back, turning his attention to Dream and getting close to his face. God- Dream wanted to kiss him so badly, but he shouldn't. He needed to admit his feelings first before he actually did anything. It would be bad if he just kissed George and the omega didn't like him back.

"Haha, yeah right. If you'd like, we can make it just the two of us. I'm sure Sappnap wouldn't mind spending some time with his partner," Dream winked at the omega. That made his face blush more of a red tone than before. Dream couldn't help but enjoy the color rise within his face. George might've liked him, so he wanted all the confirmation he could get before he actually did anything.

"I'd like that," George responded quietly. He kept his face turned away from the alpha as he answered him. Dream could feel a blush come across his own cheeks. Oh, just the two of them? That would be so nice and Dream knew he'd love that. They'd both love that.

Dream went out of his way in order to call Sappnap and tell him to stay over with Karl. They were either going to have a nice dinner or spend the entire night fucking the brains out of each other. He certainly didn't care which one it was. The pair hung around for a bit before deciding that they could order the chinese food.

The chinese food came quickly after they ordered it. Dream answered the door and paid the man who brought it to them. The look on his face when he scented heat/rut neutralizing candles was actually kind of funny. Dream imagined that most betas never actually smelled the things before.

The alpha brought the things they bought into the living room and began to unpack their items. Dream got a large share of most of his things while George mainly got smalls. He did, however, get one medium. It must've looked rather funny seeing their portions next to one another.

George grabbed the items that Dream pulled out and began to chow down quickly. Dream chuckled and grabbed his own. He also began to eat while watching what was on tv. If Bad knew that they were eating on the couch, he'd have a fit. It was a good thing he was in heat.

The omega leaned over and pressed his body against Dream's. George was now leaning on Dream as if he was a pillow. He chuckled lightly as George turned his gaze up to the alpha. Dream glanced down at the omega's heterochromatic eyes and marveled at how beautiful they were in the dim lighting.

Dream realized how romantic this may look... There were candles lit, it was rather dark, it was just the two of them. His face began to heat up as he realized all of these things. If someone stepped in, they might just assume that they were on a date. Was this a date? Dream would love if this was a date.

"So what's happening here?" Dream asked, pointing his utensil at the television. He had no idea what was actually happening in whatever show they were acting. George seemed to actually know what was happening though.

"I have no idea," George responded, which made Dream raise an eyebrow. Why would he be

playing this if he had no idea what was even happening? That was such an odd move from George. Dream nudged him in the side.

“Then why are we watching it?” Dream sighed, setting down his food and grabbing the remote from the table. He was going to switch the channel to something that they both liked watching. Unfortunately, there probably wasn’t anything on. George glanced over at Dream when he moved before setting himself back up in the same position. It must’ve felt rather comfortable.

Dream flipped through a few channels. He wondered what they could even watch. Eventually, he stopped changing the channel when he got to a movie he liked. Dream hadn’t seen it in a while, but he could remember it from when he was younger. Sure, it probably wasn’t even the greatest movie, but it actually was something memorable.

When he finished, he grabbed his food once again and went back to eating. The alpha moved to wrap his arm around the omega instinctively. There was an audible squeak from George when it first occurred, but it wasn’t enough to stop Dream. It felt rather natural for this to happen despite George’s first reaction to it. After a moment, Dream noticed that George was actually snuggling into him more from that.

Dream smiled down at him before he realized he could use this. The alpha took another bite of his food before setting it down. “Can I get up for a second, George?” He asked softly. The omega huffed, but relented by sitting up. Dream nodded and stood up. He walked into his room before grabbing his green sweatshirt. It smelled just like Dream and nothing like George. The alpha returned to the living room and tossed it at George.

“Dream, what is this for? This is your hoodie,” George asked as an eyebrow raised. He looked rather confused and his vanilla scent changed. Dream always wished that his vanilla scent would stay the happy, soothing tone it was whenever George was cuddling with Dream moments before.

“Yeah, I know. You looked cold,” Dream responded as he walked towards his seat once again. He sat down and glanced down at George beside him. The omega’s face was rather bright red as he looked at the hoodie in his hands. The alpha could see him swallow before he shrugged it on over his shirt. It didn’t match the rest of his outfit, but it looked cute on him anyway.

When Dream settled down, the omega snuggled up with him once again. Dream felt content in the moment. It was nice to be this close to George and not have to deal with anyone else judging them. If Sapnap was here, he’d make comments about them being together. Dream wanted them to be together, yeah, but he wanted George to have time. They had just made up recently. They could do more than just cuddling soon.

Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

we have reached the 100 page mark on my google doc- I am proud to say this

It all goes up from here

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next two days passed very similarly. The difference was that Sapnap was home those days as well. He seemed to be rather glad that the pair were back on speaking terms. On top of that, he also seemed to not be making as many sexual jokes towards George and Dream as before. They were still there, yes, but not as much.

George couldn't help but think about the day they didn't have any classes. He had so many ideas for what he wanted to do, but not with everyone. He just wanted to spend more time with Dream. But he should spend it with everyone, not just Dream. He couldn't spend all of his time thinking about Dream.

George couldn't help but wake up early on that Sunday morning. He got out of his room and glanced around to see if anyone else was awake. The answer to that was a simple no. Neither one of them was hanging around- plus they almost never woke up this early on Sunday.

The omega scanned through his dresser for something to wear. He grabbed the sweatshirt that Dream gave him two nights ago. It smelled so much like him that the omega couldn't help but grow obsessed over it. He also grabbed one of his black skirts and some panties. George was never sure if he actually had panties that matched in coloration to the hoodie. He knew that one of the pairs that looked identical to them was actually yellow- the yellow ones that he had worn the other day. Instead of fighting over what was actually green, he grabbed a pair of lacy black ones and added them to the pile.

He grabbed his clothes and walked off to the bathroom. He pushed the door open and set his things down on the toilet seat. He moved to turn on the water and allowed it to heat up. A shower early in the morning was always quite nice. He loved whenever he woke up before everyone else and was able to get ready.

Maybe he could throw on some makeup. He sometimes enjoyed wearing makeup, but he hadn't had the time as of recently. Today could work as it was a day off and no one could judge him. People often judged him for being a male omega, so he was always worried about what they would think if he was a makeup wearing male omega.

He sighed and threw his clothes off. He glanced at himself in the mirror and examined his figure. He had some pudge in some places but otherwise was rather thin. His skin was also very pale as he didn't go outside too often. He was also from Europe, and they barely got enough sun for his skin to darken. Did he look good? Would someone look at his body and think that he was good enough? He hoped that someone would one day.

George ran his hands over his body once while looking at himself in the mirror. He wanted someone to touch him. Someone to run their hands all over him and make him feel safe. Make him

feel safe like Dream did...

He shook his head and glanced up at himself in the mirror. He looked like a mess. He needed a shower- he definitely needed a shower. He turned and stepped inside of the shower and let the warm water wash over him. He stood underneath it and allowed it to run over his head and down his back.

The warmth of the water felt nice on his naked form. Showers were always the time for thinking. George always had his best ideas when washing himself in the shower. His thoughts today were all filled with Dream. He had cuddled up with Dream two nights ago. He actually fell asleep on the alpha that night since they just stayed there and watched a movie. When the omega woke up, he found that he was still laying on Dream and now had a blanket covering himself. He assumed that Dream did it.

His hands absentmindedly went to the shampoo. He squirted some into the palm of his hand and moved to put it into his hair. He began to scrub as his mind continued to wander. Dream was so nice to him. He didn't really even understand. How was he so cold to him at one moment and so nice the next moment? The only thing that caused Dream to act that way was assuming that George was in a relationship. What did that mean?

Was Dream jealous? No, he couldn't be jealous. Why would Dream even be jealous of George in a relationship? It probably was because he wanted to be in a relationship too. George had never seen the alpha in a relationship with someone else his entire time knowing him. It was... interesting. Knowing Dream, he was certainly the type to attract everyone.

He swallowed and rinsed his hair out underneath the shower head. The showers were built high enough so that alphas could stand underneath them. That meant that George was basically coated in a nice layer of warm water. There were normal and short shower heads as well for betas and omegas, but George believed that he would never need something else.

He reached over for the conditioner and smoothed it through his hair. The shampoo and conditioner were a set that were supposed to make his hair feel silky. On top of that, they smelled like strawberries. George liked to make sure all the scented items he bought matched nicely with his natural scent. His vanilla scent mixed rather naturally with the scent of strawberries to create something similar to a pound cake. Honestly, he just liked smelling really nice.

His mind drifted back to Dream as he thought about scents. Dream's scent was so unique in his mind. He had certainly met others who smelled like either citrus or like pine by themselves, but he had never met anyone who smelled like both. It was rather rare for someone to smell like two distinct scents at the same time, so Dream's scent was rather special. On top of that, George thought both of the scents mixed nicely with his own.

Stop. Stop thinking about Dream. Dream is just a friend. There was absolutely no way that Dream felt for George more than just in the friend way. It didn't matter that the alpha always pulled him close and cuddled with him. All alphas did that. It also didn't matter that George had constant wet dreams and fantasies about the alpha. Those were nothing. They didn't mean anything.

He ran his head under the water once again to rinse out the conditioner. As he ran his fingers through his hair, he felt his wet hair feel silky. Good. Sometimes, George used too little product and that caused his hair to feel half-assed. He should probably remember how much he used, but the omega was on autopilot while he was distracted by his thoughts of Dream.

Dream was always running through his head now. He didn't want it to happen, but it was happening. A teacher asked him a question the previous day and George almost responded by

saying Dream's name. That was because he was thinking about the blond alpha sitting next to him in that class. George could feel himself grow embarrassed as he pictured what would've happened if he had actually said that within his class.

Again, he needed to stop. Dream needed to leave his head. He needed to distract himself from the alpha. He needed to think about something else. He couldn't really think about his homework as he was constantly doing it as soon as it was assigned. Why? He was distracting himself from Dream.

Doing his makeup would distract himself. That would help. He was always good at focusing on doing his makeup and ignoring everything else. The downside was that George had picked out Dream's hoodie to wear. The alpha had given it to him, and he wanted to wear it again. The scent of pine and citrus was, once again, too good to ignore. He never wanted it to leave his body. That didn't matter. The makeup would distract him and the scent would just be a background soothing scent. It would be like a candle he lit in the background.

George nodded to himself and he grabbed his washcloth to wash his body. He bought a cherry body wash as well to go with the other two scents he was wearing. The vanilla was the strongest, as it was with any omega or alpha, but the cherry scent and the strawberry scents were nice afterscents. The cherry body wash was actually new. He had only bought it the other day when he ran out of his strawberry scented one.

The omega squirted a generous amount onto the cloth and began to work his way from head to toe. He liked how he felt after a nice, relaxing shower. He always felt so clean and pretty. On top of that, he liked to add some makeup to accent the look if he took a shower early enough. He never liked putting on makeup if someone else within the dorms was awake. He felt bad if he spent time away from them just to do something like add some makeup to his face. It wasn't like he was going out anywhere.

After George finished washing his general body, he moved onto the more sensitive areas. This part was always quick and painless, so it never really took that long. After a moment of cleaning himself off, he began to wash away the suds from his body. His blue and brown eyes watched the soap wash off his body and slip down the drain. There went his filth and dirt. Now he was fresh and clean.

He smiled as he turned the water off. He always felt good after showers. The omega shivered as the warmth of the water was removed. He began to reach out for a towel when he realized that he forgot to set one up for himself. He huffed in anger over his forgetfulness and stepped out of the shower. He was hit with another rush of cold air which made him shiver once again. While he loved taking showers, this was the worst part.

There was a cabinet nearby that held all of their towels. The omega stepped towards the cabinet when he heard a click. Oh shit. George forgot to lock the door. One of the alphas was awake. George honestly didn't know which one he wanted it to be less. Dream knew him better, but George also had a large crush on him. Sapnap was a disaster, but at least George didn't have a crush on him.

George knew that he must've been wearing a deer in headlights look when Dream stepped into the bathroom. He was rubbing his eye before turning in the direction of George. His eyes widened as he realized that he just walked into the bathroom when someone was in there. His eyes widened even more (if that was even possible) when he realized that George was not wearing anything to cover himself up.

There was a momentary pause before the door was immediately slammed shut by the alpha as he scurried away. George released the breath that he had been holding. How long was he holding his

breath for? He grabbed the towel quickly and wrapped it around himself.

Dream just saw him naked. Dream, the guy he had a crush, just saw him absolutely naked. He saw him all wet and naked. Did he like George's body? Did he hate his body? He hoped the former over the latter, but he also ran away as soon as he noticed him. George swallowed his thoughts as he moved to dry himself off.

How did this happen? Why did George forget to lock the door? How did he forget to grab a towel? He was never this forgetful... unless he was thinking about Dream. It was always Dream. Dream was in his head too much.

Chapter End Notes

if you guys are looking for any good dnf fanfics, check through my bookmarks. I bookmark ones that I enjoy ;)

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

I just wrote an amazing smut chapter- wanted to share the love

again, I'm about 20 chapters ahead of you guys. Y'all are gonna be so happy when I post this one I just wrote

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream closed his door quickly. He just saw George naked. George was inside of the bathroom, fully naked, without the door locked. Why? How? He felt horrible for interrupting the omega during such a private time. Dream must've been either the luckiest or unluckiest person depending on how someone viewed the situation.

He wanted to say how much he didn't want to see George's naked body, but his body spoke otherwise. His dick was firm as soon as he realized that the person he saw was, in fact, George and not a figment of his imagination. Even if it was a figment of his imagination, his dick probably would be acting the same way. His wet dreams and fantasies told him that already.

As much as he wanted to forget the memory, he also wanted to treasure it forever. He wanted to praise George's body and feel it within his hands. He was so pretty- his figure was perfect, and he looked almost exactly what he pictured he would look like. He had some extra pudginess in certain areas like his belly and thighs, but those just made him look all the prettier.

He shouldn't be thinking like that. He just walked in on George naked and all he could think about was how pretty he looked. He could only think about how much he wanted to go up to George and do so many things to him. He wanted to make George his. He wanted to feel the warmth of his skin beneath his fingers. Beneath his chest. The tight warmth of his hole around his dick-

That was just making him grow even harder. Oh god. He felt like he just walked in on George in heat once again. The only difference is that Dream and George were both conscious enough to see and understand what was happening. Maybe conscious wasn't the right word. They weren't in heat or in a rut during the time. He felt so bad for George.

He hoped that George didn't notice the boner he had as soon as he noticed the omega. Dream was only wearing boxers that morning as he assumed no one else was awake. He was just going to take a piss before he changed into something else for the day. How did he wake up at such an inconvenient time? What the hell.

He wanted to go and apologize to George as soon as he got out of the bathroom, but he feared that would just make things even worse than before. He shook his head and glanced down at his dick that just begged to be within the omega. He grunted and placed himself onto his bed. Another time masturbating to George- what fun.

It wasn't that he didn't like the thought of George, he just hated that he used the boy for his masturbation habits. He liked George a lot. It felt wrong to just masturbate over him and not actually do anything for him. He wanted so badly to actually act out some of his fantasies with the omega.

He tossed off his boxers. He didn't need to pee that much anymore- he needed to jack off. His mind was racing with images of George completely naked while still rather wet. Oooh- he looked beautiful. He looked better than what Dream could even imagine him to look like. His hand moved to his dick as he began to pump.

The pair were in the shower together. Dream stood behind the omega while he washed his hair carefully. The shampoo smelled like strawberries- that was where he got the secondary scent from. Dream's hands carelessly moved up towards the omega's hair and began to help him out. George's hands stopped as he felt the alpha's hands on his head. The smaller boy began to purr softly.

Dream lapped up all the joy that was being released from the omega. His soft purrs and the joyous vanilla scent that came out of him were like cocaine for the alpha. He couldn't help but continue the repetitive motions to gain more from George.

After a moment, he pulled away and began to rinse his hair out under the shower. Dream could feel himself grow somewhat upset because he wanted that to continue. He loved the soft purrs from George and the vanilla scent that rose to his nose. He watched the omega wash the shampoo out of his hair and ran his hands through his hair. The soft, white bubbles slowly drifted down his body and down the drain.

Dream watched this all closely as the omega's hair was now free from the bubbles. The alpha grabbed his waist and pulled him to his side. He released a squeak as he was pulled away from the warmth of the water. Dream lowered his head down and placed his nose directly on his bonding gland. George immediately jumped at this motion before his body turned into liquid in the alpha's hands.

He chuckled and planted a gentle kiss on the spot. George was basically orgasming at the mere touch on this spot. His eyes were almost in the back of his head at these small movements. Dream pulled his mouth away and began to plant small kisses around the area as well.

"D-Dream! Are you trying to get me horny in the shower?" George asked while pawing at Dream's face. That didn't sway the green-eyed alpha from continuing to press soft kisses around his bonding gland. He occasionally moved his lips over the bonding gland and pressed gentle kisses on the area as well as around it. George felt like pudding within his arms.

"What's to say I'm not?" Dream responded with a light growl, his eyes flashing with sexual desire. He pulled his head away as the omega seemed to fidget underneath him. The omega turned his head to look at the alpha. His eyes were so adorable yet lust seemed to grow within them as they met with Dream's own lustful eyes.

George twisted himself around so that he was facing the taller alpha instead of away from him. Dream grabbed George's chin and tilted it up towards him. He lowered his head and placed a gentle kiss onto his lips. They were soft and wet from being underneath the stream of water from the shower. His hands easily slipped down to the smaller boy's waist as he continued to press a kiss onto his lips.

Their kisses grew hungrier and frenzied as they wanted more than just to make out with one another. Dream moved one of his hands up towards the omega's face and began to filter around the back of his neck. The mere touch caused him to moan into Dream's mouth before covering it up with Dream's lips. Dream could feel his hard cock twitch at the sound of the moan. It wanted George so badly- Dream could tell. He chuckled and bit the omega's lip gently. George's eyes stared into Dream's before the alpha pulled away.

The omega looked down and noticed the alpha's hard cock with a small snort. Dream could feel

himself scoff at the omega's reaction- George was rude. The alpha knew he wasn't snorting at the size, but rather that Dream was so horny at just making out with the omega. Despite this, Dream noticed that the omega was also equally hard at the alpha.

Dream grabbed the boy's hips and pulled him into a firm, passionate kiss. He squeaked when he was first grabbed before melting into the passion. The smaller boy's hands moved up to Dream's hair where he began to fiddle with the blond locks of the taller boy. The pair continued to make out for a moment before George pulled away, panting.

"Are you just going to make out with me or are you actually going to fuck me?" He retorted with a pant, his eyebrow raised at the alpha.

Dream chuckled with a growl as he turned the omega around. In the moment, Dream noticed George's eyes went wide at the sudden aggression from the alpha. He was always careful not to grow too aggressive with the omega as that was rather scary for omegas most of the time. He placed his head on George's shoulder and murmured into his ear, "You like kissing me, but I can fuck you right now if you want."

He licked his lips as he noticed the brown haired boy's ears grow red at the tips as he grew flustered. Perfect! He loved the way that the omega looked whenever his face grew red from embarrassment. He also loved whenever his face grew red during sex as well. Both were rather pleasurable expressions in Dream's mind.

Dream reached down and placed one hand firmly on the omega's ass before positioning the other hand to begin to prep him. He waited for George to give a subtle nod before he moved to stretch the omega's hole for his entrance. Dream started with one finger before adding a second one into the mix. This was followed by a third and, finally, a fourth finger. The entire time, George was quietly moaning at the subtle stimulation.

When he decided that he was ready, the alpha lined up his large dick with the omega's hole. He slid the tip of his dick in as the omega began to become adjusted to his size. George shuttered at the feeling which made his hole tightened around the tip of his dick. Dream waited for the okay before he moved on.

It was a slow process, but Dream was willing to do anything for the omega. He wanted to make sure he was comfortable with the process. He was not willing to hurt him with his sexual desires. Alphas were known for being aggressive, sure, but he was not going to feed into that by being aggressive with his partner. George was not meant for aggression, he was meant for love.

Dream finally reached the end of himself as he was pressed up against the omega. Dream began to plant small kisses on the omega's head as he waited for him to grow fully accustomed to the full length of Dream being inside of him. George's hands were fluttering all over the place as he looked for a place to feel close to Dream. Unfortunately for the omega, he was in a rather difficult position for anything.

George gave a signal, and Dream began to pull himself out. He paused for a moment before plunging himself back into the warmth of his hole. George shuttered once again at the sudden increase in pressure within his hole. Dream checked to make sure he was okay before he continued this motion once again. The resuming motion caused the omega to blurt out a rather large moan before he turned down his volume. They were in the bathroom- it wasn't soundproof in here like it was their rooms.

In and out Dream went. His dick was feeling around for the perfect spot. The one spot that would make George moan louder than he was currently. Despite knowing that anyone outside of the

bathroom and inside the dorm would be able to hear them, Dream wanted them to. He wanted everyone to hear George beg and moan about Dream. He wanted everyone to hear how much George wanted him and only him. He wanted everyone to see that George was his.

“Dream!” George moaned loudly as Dream rammed into the small boy’s prostate. Found it. Dream purred to himself as he continued to press himself against the area again and again. George fought back moans but was losing pretty badly. Eventually, he moved his hand up to cover it up as he must’ve been insecure about the others hearing him. Dream growled and pulled his hand away from his mouth.

“I want them to hear you,” Dream growled in response as he quickened his motions. The faster pace allowed George to moan out loud again. Perfect. He wanted everyone to know just how much pleasure George got from Dream. He wanted everyone to be jealous of the two of them.

Dream could feel the warmth in his lower section grow as he continued to thrust into the omega’s prostate. The noises that were coming out of the omega were nearly orgasmic in themselves. He licked his lips as he grunted in continuation. He didn’t want to cum before his partner could. At the very least, he wanted to cum at the same time as him.

The moans coming from the omega’s mouth grew rather sloppy as he seemed to be getting close himself. Dream smirked as he watched the mess that became of his omega. This was because of him. He was the one who caused the omega to look like this. God- he couldn’t be more proud of himself as he watched the movements of the omega.

A white stream squirted out of the omega’s penis as he finally reached climax. His moan was like ecstasy for Dream as he called out the alpha’s name in such a beautiful manner. That was enough to cause Dream to go over the edge. He pushed the omega’s prostate one more time before he, himself, began to release his own seed into the omega’s hole. His knot also began to inflate within the omega at the same time.

But not in real life. Dream was instead covered with the white, sticky fluids that were produced from his penis without the omega to go with it. Cleaning up after these fantasy sessions were always the worst. He always seemed to produce so much more semen after thinking about George. Well- time to fix his mess.

Chapter End Notes

idk why I keep double posting... I think I just want to see you guys excited in the comments. I love whenever people leave comments, please leave more

Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

Despite doing my own makeup, I barely know how it works

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat in his room, his eyes wide as he wondered what he should do. Dream saw him naked. Dream. His close friend. Naked. Completely naked and dripping wet from getting out of the shower.

It wasn't that he didn't want to be naked in front of Dream- he dreamed of being naked in front of Dream. It was, rather, the situation. He wished he had showed off his body to the alpha when the pair were getting intimate instead of after he stepped out of the shower. When he was unprepared for someone else to even view him.

God- he felt embarrassed. He probably looked small and pathetic. Dream was probably laughing at how small his dick was and how pale his skin was. Omegas naturally had small dicks- he shouldn't be laughed at because of that. But Dream, being an alpha, had a large dick. He probably was surprised to see one as small as his.

George sat on his bed while dressed in Dream's hoodie, the black skirt, and the black, lacy panties he picked out earlier. Did he feel insecure about his appearance? Sure, but that wasn't going to stop him from looking pretty. Dream had seen more of him than he intended on him seeing. That didn't mean he didn't want him to look at him more.

Or did he? He wasn't sure if he really should go with this look. He stood up and viewed himself in the mirror. He looked rather comfortable yet cute at the same time with the oversized hoodie and pretty black skirt. The skirt itself was almost fully covered by the hoodie as it was too oversized on the omega. If George wanted to, he could probably wear the hoodie by itself instead of including the skirt.

No, no. He picked these out earlier and he could still wear these. It didn't matter what Dream had seen or hadn't seen, he was still going to look cute. No one could stop him.

He sighed and moved to his dresser. He had a makeup container that had some basic things within it to make him look pretty. He almost never used anything within it as he was always worried about how others would look at him. He only ever wore makeup whenever it was one of these Sundays. Bad always complimented him on how he looked.

He opened it and fished out a foundation, concealer, blush, eye shadow, eyeliner, and mascara. He wanted to do more of a simple look today. He applied a simple layer of foundation on before covering up some of his flaws with the concealer. The next step was to add some pink blush onto his cheeks to give him a blushing appearance. Funnily enough, he was actually a redder shade much earlier. He debated going with a more red color to make fun of himself, but decided against it.

Eye shadow was next. He just wanted something simple- but he didn't really know how to do anything all that complex. The most he knew how to do was a smokey eye and even that was

considered a stretch. Bad seemed to be cringing despite complimenting the omega on how good his makeup looked when he tried it before. He began with a nice gold shade on the inside of his face towards his nose. He applied this about halfway across his eye before moving to a more brown-toned shade and applying that on the outside. He made sure to fade the colors together as he worked.

When he looked at himself, he thought he did pretty well. He hadn't done his makeup in so long so he hoped that he would actually do alright. He followed this up with a simple winged eyeliner look. He made sure not to make it too intense as he added a point to the ends. Did he look okay? He looked at himself in the mirror to see if it looked even. It wasn't, but it looked close enough that no one else would really notice. He topped this off by adding some mascara onto his eyelashes to extend them.

He finished his look and looked in the mirror. He looked cute in his mind. He couldn't help but smile as he turned towards his makeup bin. How did he forget this? He grabbed his lip gloss out of the container and applied some of the shiny liquid onto his lips. They made his lips look brighter and pinker at the same time. Lip gloss was one of the only things he wore on an almost daily basis- no one really noticed if he had some on himself compared to any of the other things he did.

He felt pretty. That was all that he wanted- to feel pretty. He stared at himself in the mirror and twirled around a bit. He looked pretty. He really did look pretty... he thought. He hoped that Dream would think he looked pretty. Even if he saw him naked, he still hoped that the alpha was interested in seeing him look pretty.

Oh no- what if Dream was scared away again? Last time he was scared away because he thought Skeppy was his partner, but what if seeing him without anything on also scared him away? That worried George a lot. He didn't want to lose him after just getting him back. They were just on normal terms again. He didn't want to lose this.

He swallowed the saliva that had been building up in his mouth before he opened his door and stepped into the living room. Dream wasn't out of his room. George wasn't entirely sure what he was doing, but it was probably something along the lines of washing his eyes out with bleach. There was no way the alpha liked him like that, so he probably never wanted to picture the omega naked again.

George lazily tossed himself onto the couch as his brain wandered. Locking the door should've been the first thing that he did as soon as he entered the bathroom. He should've known to do that. He did that all the time. Scratch that- he did it most of the time. He always assumed that someone would know he was in there. It wasn't like it would be that hard to see. Maybe it actually would, though. Dream had just woken up. George had probably just turned off the shower when he exited his room, so he didn't realize that anyone was up and around.

If only he grabbed a towel. The situation could've gone so much better if he had just prepared a towel. Or if he had locked the door. Actually, so many things could've occurred in order for everything to have gone better than what actually happened. Damn- if only George did some things differently earlier.

He sighed into the rather comfortable throw pillows and rolled around to lay on his back. Bad was with Skeppy in his room. Sapnap was still asleep. Dream was in his room. If anyone would come out soon, it would definitely be Dream. How could he face him? What should he do whenever he stepped out of his room? Should he get Dream to make it up to him?

Actually, that didn't sound too bad. Maybe he could come up with something for Dream to do to make it up for him. Make him breakfast. No- Dream was very good at burning things, not actually

making things. Cuddle with him? That wasn't much of a punishment. Plus, they already did that a lot. It didn't really make up for anything that Dream saw. On top of that, Dream might not even want to touch him after seeing his... unclothed form.

Wait a minute- that was an idea. A smile curled on his face as he realized what he could do to get back at Dream. It would be perfect.

Chapter End Notes

btw I'll double update later as this chapter is short- I'm spoiling y'all so much, I need to stop or else y'all will get complacent >:(

Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

I have a schedule of Dream and George's classes that I never showed y'all- [It's more for me to make sure that the days line up hehe](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream sighed as he finished cleaning up. Jesus- why did he always do this? It was kind of annoying how often he got horny just from looking at George. Well, he didn't entirely blame himself. He saw George naked. The omega looked almost perfect standing there in his sheer nakedness. Dream wanted so badly to-

No. Don't. He would only make himself horny once again if he continued down this train of thought. He shook his head and threw away the excess paper towels he used to clean up his shame. Ah, good thing he washed his bed sheets himself. He was always embarrassed whenever his mother would wash his sheets and see all the mess he made of them.

The alpha glanced around and felt that everything was good enough. He walked over to his dresser and shuffled around within the drawers. He grabbed one of his black hoodies and some sweatpants to wear. It was just Sunday- no one was going to see him other than George and Sapnap. He wanted to be comfortable during this time.

He tossed them on quickly and examined himself in the mirror. He looked fine. He smiled at himself. Hopefully it didn't look like he just jerked off. George was definitely within the living room, and the alpha certainly didn't want to reveal his fantasies around the omega. How embarrassing would that be for the both of them?

Dream opened his door and stepped out. He turned his head and noticed that George was sitting on the couch. He was staring directly at Dream in the eyes. His pretty blue and brown eyes were pouring right into his green ones. What did he want? There was a very strong need within his scent.

Was he in heat? No- the scent wasn't right. On top of that, it was much too early for George to be going into heat. George had just gone into heat three weeks ago. If anything, the omega would almost certainly go into heat next week, not now. At least, he shouldn't be going into heat. Was this a mock heat? He heard of such things. Omegas acted like they were in heat despite not actually being within heat and giving off the scent.

George stood up and walked towards Dream. The alpha momentarily wondered if he should go back into his room and hide from the omega. It wasn't because he was scared, it was more because he was worried he was in a mock heat. He didn't want to do anything if the boy was in a mock heat.

When he got close to Dream, he noticed that the smaller boy was wearing makeup. Suddenly, Dream felt rather underdressed. George was dressed in his hoodie, a black skirt, and some pretty makeup while Dream was wearing a hoodie and some sweatpants. He felt like he was missing something.

"Dream," George stated calmly. Okay, he certainly wasn't in any type of heat, true or mock. There

would be no way he would calmly say anything in that. On top of that, he would never call him “Dream” if he was in heat. He would be called alpha instead if the previous experience was any indication.

“Y-Yeah?” Dream responded, his voice cracking as he realized that he didn’t know what the omega wanted now. He felt rather nervous as the omega stood looking at him. There was a certain intensity within his stare as he looked up at Dream. Oh no- was he pissed that he saw him naked? Dream opened his mouth to begin to beg forgiveness when the omega began to speak again.

“I think the only way for you to make up for seeing me naked is for me to see you naked,” George said rather quickly. It took a moment for the alpha to take everything in and properly process what the smaller boy actually said. When it fully connected within his brain, he felt like he just short-circuited.

“W-what?” Dream blurted out, his face growing rather red as he understood what he was implying. Dream couldn’t help but turn his gaze away from George. He was pressed up against his door as he tried to stop the omega from seeing the brilliant red of his cheeks.

“You heard me. I think it’s only fair,” George responded, standing on his tiptoes and trying to get into Dream’s face. Ah- the smaller boy was loving it. He certainly enjoyed looking at Dream being embarrassed by this. Well, this was probably what he felt whenever the alpha accidentally stepped into the unlocked bathroom and spotted the rather wet and naked omega standing on a bathmat.

“O-okay, fine. I’ll be back,” Dream responded and turned into his room again. He closed it behind himself despite knowing that it didn’t matter. George would see him naked either way. It didn’t matter if the door was shut or not.

Oh my god. George wanted to see him naked. George was going to see him naked. Should he do something to make himself look better? Well, what could he even do in the minute or less he got before the omega grew impatient? Nothing, honestly. He should just forget doing anything and just allow it to happen. Just pretend that George was accidentally walking in on him like he did with the omega earlier.

Dream took his hoodie off and tossed it onto his bed followed by his sweatpants. It would probably be weird for him to change into something else after this despite him feeling underdressed compared to the omega.

Damn- George looked beautiful with the makeup and everything. He looked beautiful without it, don’t get him wrong, but damn. Seriously, makeup was like magic on George. It somehow made him look cuter and sexier at the same time. Dream swallowed as he hoped he wasn’t going to get a boner. That would suck if he got a boner when George saw him.

The alpha glanced down at his boxers, the last article of clothing left before he was fully exposed. Sure, no one could see him at the moment, but that wasn’t going to be true for very long. He bit his lip as he thumb fiddled with his own waistband.

There was a loud bang on the door as George grew impatient. God Dammit George. Dream loved and hated him so much. There wasn’t anything that Dream wanted to do more than punish him... in the sexy way. Once again, Dream swallowed as he wanted to make sure he didn’t accidentally make himself grow horny again. A hardon was certainly not a great look whenever your friend was looking at you naked. Actually, is anything really appropriate whenever your friend demands to see you naked after you accidentally see them naked?

He shook his head and tossed his boxers off and onto his bed. After a moment of calming himself

down, he walked to the door and knocked on it. He didn't want to open it himself. For some reason, something inside of him didn't feel like opening the door. The alpha took a step back to allow the door to open. He wondered if George would step into the room or not.

The door opened and George stood on the other side. He saw the boy's multicolored eyes flutter from the alpha's face before moving down to the next most noticeable thing about the alpha: his dick. Dream fought the urge to cover himself as the omega stared at him. Dream's face was turned away from the omega as he felt rather embarrassed. His face was definitely a bright red color as he tried to avoid the judgement from George.

What would George even be judging him on? Dream always considered himself just too pudgy for an alpha. They were known for being lean and fit, but Dream allowed some fat to build up on his body. Unlike most other alphas, Dream didn't really play sports. The only way he kept up his figure was from the occasional runs he went on.

The silence was deafening between the pair as Dream felt the omega's eyes on every single inch of his body. Dream could only look away from the doorway as he hoped George would pull away soon. Sure, he wanted George to see him naked one day- but this was weird. He never imagined that the first time George would see him naked was because he saw George naked first. The time ticked on before Dream decided that this was enough.

"You're done," Dream said quickly. He definitely gave George more time to see him than he did when looking at George. When Dream realized that he was actually looking at the smaller boy, he closed the door as fast as he could. In this moment, he walked forward and did the same thing. No more eyes judging him and his body.

The alpha quickly got back into his clothing and stared at himself in the mirror. He was now fully clothed, but he still felt like he was naked. Maybe just the idea that someone had seen him naked was enough to mess with him. Did George feel this way when the alpha accidentally saw him? Probably. They were even now, he guessed.

Dream moved to his door and pushed it open. George was still standing outside of it. His face was a bright shade of pink- he could tell this even despite the makeup on his face. Dream couldn't help but smile at that, but wondered what it really was about.

"We're even," George responded, looking up at the alpha before turning away. He scurried over to the couch and sat down on it. Dream couldn't help but follow him to the couch and sit next to him.

The vanilla scent in the air was strong- embarrassment and something else was rather strong. What was the other scent? Dream wasn't quite sure as he hadn't smelled it before. Well, it smelled like something else that he had smelled before, but never from George. Maybe Dream was just smelling things.

"I hope so," Dream chuckled in response, rubbing his neck. He looked over at George and admired how pretty he looked. He just couldn't keep his eyes away from the omega, honestly. "I mean, there's not really much else I can show you. You saw me completely naked."

George sneered at the alpha before retorting, "You did as well. And I wasn't even prepared to be seen." He shook his head before adjusting his position to sit closer to Dream. He could feel his blood rush to his cheeks as he felt George's body heat next to him.

Dream chuckled before being elbowed in the side by George. Dream scoffed and pushed him back gently in response. George huffed playfully and shoved the alpha back. The pair soon descended into purely giggles and fighting.

The pair soon calmed down and settled down into the couch. It was much too early to do much of anything else. They didn't really have a preference for what to watch, so they watched whatever was on. Thankfully, one of the shows that George liked was on.

Dream couldn't help but smile as he wrapped his arm around George's shoulders. The omega was cuddled up against his side while the alpha provided a comfy support for him. Dream couldn't help but feel himself rather content in the moment.

That was until the door to Sapnap's room burst open and slammed against the wall. The pair on the couch jumped at the sudden noise. Dream could tell that George was growing distressed at the sudden noise and decided to release some of his soothing scent into the air. It always seemed to calm down the omega.

"Sapnap, what the fuck?" Dream huffed, his eyes narrowing as he watched the alpha in his doorway. The alpha was struggling to put a pair of sweatpants on. The more Dream watched him, the more he realized that he was actually putting them on backwards. What a Sapnap thing to do.

The group of them almost never swore, especially with Bad around. The other omega didn't really enjoy when others around him swore and would always yell 'language!' at them. If they did swear, it was usually in private or whenever Bad wasn't around.

Sapnap glanced up at the pair on the couch before going back to messing with his pants. "Karl's in heat and I gotta go," Sapnap responded quickly to the other alpha. He got his pants on and left the room quickly. The door to their dorm opened and slammed shut in two moments flat.

Dream felt like he was just crushed by a wave of information. He shook his head as he tried to process everything quickly. After a moment, he fully comprehended it all and glanced down at George. The omega seemed to still be processing everything that Sapnap said. The alpha didn't blame him- Sapnap spoke fast as he really wanted to be out of there.

When the omega finally finished processing everything that just happened, Dream decided that he could bring up what they mentioned before. Maybe that would get him out of this weird situation. The alpha chuckled as he spoke, "Well, I guess it's just you and me tonight."

Chapter End Notes

I, uh, think that I only have one more chapter till I'm done writing this...

Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

I was planning on posting this chapter when I finished my karlnapity oneshot- but I was informed that Quackity isn't alright with nsfw

my whole thing of writing this is to make sure that none of the characters of the people I'm writing about are uncomfortable with this. I need to check and see better about his boundaries.

As of now, the oneshot is on hold until I get clarification on his boundaries surrounding nsfw relating to Quackity. If he isn't okay with it, everything that I have written so far surrounding that oneshot will not be posted.

----THERE ARE MENTIONS OF RAPE IN THE CHAPTER----

George hummed as he walked around the kitchen. He decided that he was going to make lunch for the two of them. Dream didn't want him to be doing all the work, so the alpha was actually in the kitchen as well.

"I'm just making ham and cheese sandwiches," George huffed as he grabbed the ham out of the fridge. He moved over to the plates he had set up and added the ham onto the sandwiches he had already made.

The alpha responded with a huff, "I feel like it'd be rude if I just let you do everything." Dream shook his head and walked over to George's side.

"Again, they're just ham and cheese sandwiches. It's not like I'm preparing full blown steaks," George retorted back as he added the slice of bread on top of the stack. The omega handed the plate over to the alpha. Dream thanked him before walking into the dining room.

George followed quickly behind him and sat down in the chair next to him. He set down his plate containing his own ham and cheese sandwich before taking a bite out of it. It wasn't the greatest thing he'd ever ate, but it was good enough for lunch on a Sunday. Dream was acting as though this was the first thing that he ate in months.

"This is really good, George," he purred as he took another, rather large bite out of his sandwich. George made sure to make a second sandwich beforehand in case Dream was still hungry after eating this sandwich. Alphas did eat a lot, and George made sure his alpha always ate good. No wait- not his alpha. His friend who just so happened to be an alpha.

"Ham and cheese sandwiches, Dream. You could've made them and they'd taste exactly the same," George huffed in response. Something about the positivity from Dream was irritating him. It wasn't that he hated being complimented by Dream, but he felt like this wasn't earned. He wanted it to be earned.

"Yeah, but you always make them with love. It tastes better whenever you make 'em," Dream

responded with a smile. He elbowed the omega gently before taking yet another bite of his sandwich. George smiled and took a bite of his own. Dream thought he made them with love? Maybe the compliment was deserved, then.

They finished eating quickly, and George grabbed their plates. He brought them into the kitchen and rinsed them off quickly. He did a light bit of scrubbing before rinsing them off again and setting them out to dry. When he finished, he dried off his hands and walked into the living room. Dream was happily chilling on the couch, but seemed to be waiting for the omega.

George walked over to the couch and placed himself behind the alpha. "Being inside is so boring. We should go do something else," George sighed as he glanced down at Dream. The alpha tilted his head back and looked up into George's different colored eyes.

"There's a park nearby. I can drive us there," Dream responded with a smile. He stood up and looked down at George on the other side of the couch. George's gaze drifted from where the alpha was once located to his current position. Why was he so goddamn tall? It was frustrating always having to look up at him.

"Oooh, really?" George responded with a smile. If he had a tail, it'd be wagging much like an excited puppy. "I'd love to go to the park. It'd be nice to feel the breeze in my hair and the sun on my face. I feel like I've spent so long trapped inside."

Dream laughed and nodded. "I've felt the same way, honestly. At least we're not forced to be inside like our other two roommates," Dream responded as he began to walk towards the door. George smiled and quickly followed him to the door. The alpha pushed the door open and stepped out while holding the door open for the omega. George thanked him before following him out of their room.

The pair were soon inside of Dream's car. His phone was connected to the radio and began to play the one song Dream played the omega. What was it called? Line Without A Hook was what flashed across the screen of the radio. George couldn't help but smile as the song came on and began to flood the car.

Dream's fingers were still taped together, but they should be healing rather well. Dream didn't do much with his hand, so he should have his fractured knuckle healed soon. George couldn't help but smile as he pictured the alpha punching the nose of the rapist. God, he deserved that broken nose and so much more. George wished that he was bigger and more intimidating.

George's mind drifted to the lyrics of the song as it played. It felt so sweet and careful. Dream must've spent some time deciding on a song to play that night, honestly. If there ever was a song, this was the one. The longer that it played, the more George realized that this song was actually a love song. He didn't realize this the first time he actually listened to it, but now that he was paying more attention while on the road, he could tell. It was a love song between a man and a woman, sure, but Dream played it for George. He chose it for George and only George to hear.

He could feel his heart swell while red rushed to his cheeks at this revelation. Did Dream like him too? There were many signs that pointed to yes, but George could never be too sure. He didn't want to mess everything up. It would be horrible if he messed up by telling Dream he had a crush on him, only for the alpha to not have one back. He really didn't feel like ruining anything.

George couldn't help but glance over at Dream while he was driving. Despite his eyes being glued to the road, Dream was happily humming along to the song. His fingers were tapping against the steering wheel while he was driving. The heterochromatic boy couldn't help but smile while he watched him.

The song ended soon and another song began to play. Ocean Eyes. Ah, another one of Dream's songs that he played on repeat. Did he specially pick this song as well? George kind of hoped that he did, but he guessed he probably didn't. His eyes drifted over to Dream again and noticed that he was actually singing along this time.

"I've been watching you for some time. Can't stop staring at those ocean eyes," he sang softly as he continued to drive down the road. George almost melted at his singing voice. He never realized that the alpha had such a good voice before. Did he never hear the alpha sing before? He could've sworn he did, but apparently he hadn't.

George smiled and turned away from the alpha. He glanced out the window and watched the world drift by. He decided that he should just go for it. Dream continued to sing the words to the song as he drove, so the omega decided to join in. *"Burning cities and napalm skies. Fifteen flares inside those ocean eyes."*

Dream seemed surprised for a moment, so his singing voice faltered when George joined in. After a moment, he regained his confidence and continued. *"Your ocean eyes. No fair. You really know how to make me cry when you gimme those ocean eyes."* The alpha turned to look at George for a moment before refocusing his attention back to the road.

Was he talking about George? Were the ocean eyes George's eyes? God, his heart was pounding as he continued to think about it. He wanted to say so many things and do so many more. He didn't act on any of them, though. He couldn't help but smile as Dream continued to sing along to the song. He was probably just singing. That was all.

"I'm scared. I've never fallen from quite this high falling into your ocean eyes. Those ocean eyes," Dream continued to sing along. The scent of pine and citrus swirled the air and left a wonderful scent of happiness and joy. George could smell it mixing quite pleasantly with his own vanilla scent of happiness.

The ride continued with Dream singing along to the song. As if timed, the end of the song corresponded almost perfectly with their arrival at the park. Dream parked the car and glanced over at George. After a moment, he exited the car and George followed him quickly.

He hurried over to Dream's side. He was being called to be with the alpha. Something was pulling him towards the taller boy. Something was making him want to never let him go. He wasn't sure what it was, but he was all too willing to obey it. It was almost like the opposite of the force within his nightmare.

"How about we take a walk around the park?" Dream suggested with a smile, he glanced over at George who couldn't help but smile in response. George couldn't help but wrap himself around the alpha's arm as they walked. Dream carried on a conversation while George occasionally responded with short remarks or occasional quips.

"Why haven't we gone out before?" Dream asked as he walked by George's side, his gaze glancing around the area at the scenery. It was rather pretty, but George assumed that it might actually look prettier to Dream.

"I think we've been so busy with school and life in general," George responded softly as he nuzzled up against Dream's arm. He felt so warm. He couldn't really tell why, but he was rather cold at that moment. It wasn't like there was something causing him to be that cold. He was in a hoodie, after all.

While walking, a breeze picked up and caused the omega to shiver. He was wearing a hoodie (the

one that Dream gave him), but he was only wearing a skirt and some panties. The omega realized that he was out in public wearing a short skirt and panties. He could feel the embarrassment and fear grow within himself as he realized this. He'd never gone outside when wearing a skirt. On top of this, he was also wearing full makeup.

What if Dream walked a little too fast away from him and caused him to get lost? What if another alpha saw him? What if they thought that he was inviting them in with his appearance? What if they decided to take advantage of him? There might not be someone to protect him from what would happen.

Tears began to streak down his face from the panic. Someone was looking at him. Someone was thinking about how much they wanted to take advantage of George. He could feel his body shake at the idea of it. He wanted to be safe, but he knew he couldn't be. Not when he was born a male omega. The only thing that people saw omegas, especially male omegas, for was porn and pups. He wasn't considered a person amongst many alphas. And now he was here, in a skirt and makeup while in public.

He could feel his throat close up as he continued to spiral on this idea. He couldn't handle this. Someone was there. Someone was going to rape him like that alpha from campus. It didn't matter how much he did to stop and prevent it, someone was going to grab him and force him to do things he never wanted to do.

Suddenly, the omega was wrapped in warmth. He fidgeted for a moment as his thoughts told him it was someone who was going to take advantage of him. After a moment, he realized that it was just Dream. He couldn't help but bury his face into the alpha's shoulder and continue to cry.

The alpha was releasing a soothing scent into the air to calm the smaller boy down. George could feel his tears soak into the alpha's hoodie as the two continued to hold one another. The alpha picked him up gently and brought him over to the bench. Dream sat down and placed George on his lap. George hiccuped for a moment and buried his face into the alpha's hoodie again. It was warm and smelled like Dream. It was his safe place at that moment.

"George, what's wrong? Are you okay?" Dream asked softly, his soothing scent wrapping around the omega. Pine and citrus were the only things in George's mind as he tried to calm himself down.

George pulled away and hiccuped once again. He reached up and wiped his eyes. He could tell that his mascara and eyeliner was running down his face. His pretty makeup was now an udder mess on his face. "I-I'm in a skirt. I've-I've never been in public while wearing a skirt and makeup. E-everyone is looking at me. I-I can tell how much they-they all want to rape me, Dream," he cried out as more tears began to stream down his face.

Dream's hands reached up to wipe away the tears running down his cheeks. His touch was soft and gentle as he moved his hand around the omega's face. George sniffed for a moment as he watched the alpha's soft eyes stare at him. He could melt if he wasn't too panicked about everything else.

After the silence, George continued to sob out about how much he hated being in public in a skirt. Everyone would see him as what he was: an omega. All omegas were good for was producing pups. He didn't want anyone to see him like that. He wanted to appear strong in front of others instead of like a basic feminine omega. He wanted to be better.

"George, no one will touch you. I am here, and I will make sure no one ever touches you," Dream responded softly, bringing his face close to the omega's. George sighed as he pressed his forehead against the alpha's. He felt safe here. The alpha laced his fingers together with the omega's in that moment. "You're allowed to be in a skirt and makeup if you want to. If anyone else gets on your

case about that, I will make them pay.”

George felt his breath hitch in his throat when he said that. Dream was being so soft despite threatening anyone who even dared to look at George wrong. “Th-thank you,” George sobbed out as more tears rolled down his cheeks. He’d definitely need to wipe his makeup off later that day when they got home.

“Anything for you, Gogy,” Dream responded, using the omega’s nickname. George could feel Dream pull him into a tighter hug as the omega pressed his face into the alpha’s neck. The two stayed like that for a while in silence aside from the occasional sobs coming from George’s mouth.

Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

anyone have any info on Skeppy's opinions on nsfw? I can't find much of anything

[this is all I have found that really relates to this](#)

George had calmed down enough that he was finally alright. Dream had been wiping all the tears that had fallen down his face away to the point that his fingers were now covered in mascara and eyeliner.

“We don’t have to stay here, George,” Dream said softly to the omega. He was gentle with him as he hoped that he wouldn’t begin to break down again. He was more than willing to help him if he began to cry again, but he didn’t want him to. He wanted to see that smile on George’s face again.

“No, I want to stay here. Can we just... stay like this?” George responded as he buried his head into the crook of Dream’s neck. Dream smiled with a sigh as he placed his hand on the omega’s back. He knew better than to say anything against what the omega wanted to do. He, also, liked the idea of just staying there.

“Yeah, we can stay like this, George,” Dream responded softly as he placed his head on the top of the omega’s head. He was gentle as he placed his head gently onto the omega. He moved his hand down and fished around for the omega’s hand. He found it after a moment and laced his fingers together with George’s. His hands were small and delicate, but they held so much warmth. The alpha could feel the omega squeeze his hand when their hands were together.

The pair were drowned in the silence that can occur whenever in a public park. They were sitting around for a few quiet minutes before Dream decided to fill the silence with something. Dream hummed softly to sooth George more. He didn’t need much soothing, but he felt that it would be nice to fill the air with some noise. The only thing in his head was Ocean Eyes, so he decided to sing that.

*No fair
You really know how to make me cry
When you gimme those ocean eyes
I'm scared
I've never fallen from quite this high
Fallin' into your ocean eyes
Those ocean eyes*

Dream could feel the omega hum along to the song as Dream continued to sing. He was enjoying the moment that they spent together, but he was careful not to let his guard down. George was scared earlier, so he made sure to watch anyone who walked by... especially if they smelled like an alpha.

One alpha walked by and Dream actually full out growled at him. It surprised the alpha, Dream, and George when it occurred. The alpha scurried away quickly after that moment. Dream didn’t realize he was that on edge before this occurred.

“Dream, I’m okay. You don’t need to scare everyone away,” George murmured to the alpha quietly. George tilted his head up to look Dream in the eyes and get his attention away from anyone else in the park.

“I’m just anxious, okay?” Dream responded with a chuckle as he looked at the omega seated nicely on his lap. George chuckled back and wrapped his arms around the alpha’s body in a hug. There was a moment before Dream’s brain processed what was happening. He smiled and hugged the omega back in response.

“You don’t need to be so anxious. I’m fine if you’re here,” George smiled as he looked the alpha in the eyes. Dream smiled back. He had every muscle inside of him begging him to kiss the omega, but he couldn’t do that. He had a solid relationship with George and didn’t want to ruin the current moment.

“I’m sorry. I was just worried about you. I don’t want you to be afraid again,” Dream explained, rubbing his neck lightly. George giggled and got off the alpha’s lap. Dream felt rather sad for a moment before the omega offered his hand to Dream.

Dream took his hand happily and stood up. “We should just go to some place quieter, okay?” George smiled as wrapped his hand inside of Dream’s. It felt so natural to the alpha when they locked their fingers together. It made him feel rather giddy just doing this.

George led the way. Both of them had never been in this park before, so they just walked along the path. They stopped occasionally to see if some of the areas were less disturbed than the bench they were at earlier, but they kept coming up empty. They eventually found themselves in the middle of a flowering garden. There were no flowers currently as it wasn’t the season for them, so no one was around. The place didn’t look like it gathered many individuals in any season other than spring.

Dream placed himself on the bench located underneath one of the trees. He assumed that it must blossom in the spring, but he wasn’t entirely sure about that. George joined him and sat next to him instead of on his lap. Dream felt himself grow rather upset at this, but pushed it down. He didn’t want to ruin this moment.

“Do you ever think about the future?” George spoke up after a moment of silence. Dream’s eyes widened as he wondered what brought that into the omega’s mind.

There were so many things that Dream wanted to say. He wanted to confess how much he wanted to end up in a relationship with George. How much he wanted to live together with George. Live together while working in similar careers. Maybe even work together if they were lucky. He also would love to start a family with the omega. The two of them would make such beautiful pups together...

Dream returned to reality when he realized that George had been staring at him the entire time. He swallowed before answering, “Well, I want to get a job in coding, you know. I mean, why else would I be in college for it?” He chuckled for a moment before continuing, “I’d love to settle down. Get a partner and have a few pups of my own. I’d love to have pups.”

He watched the heterochromatic omega the entire time he was speaking. He seemed to nod along to the beginning part. It was basic information that wasn’t necessary. When he began to talk about a partner, his eyes seemed to brighten as he perked up. Dream couldn’t help but smile at that. He also seemed to be rather interested in the whole ‘pups’ deal, but his demeanor quickly shifted.

He seemed to be rather sad. Something from what Dream said caused the omega’s mood to change

rather rapidly in the complete opposite direction from what it became mere moments before. What was that about? Did Dream say something wrong? He could feel his own anxieties rise inside of himself once again.

“A partner and pups, huh?” George murmured with a quivering smile. It almost sounded like he was going to break down again. Dream certainly did not want that to happen. Seeing George cry was one of the worst things to ever happen to Dream in his life. He was all too willing to make sure it never happened again. “That sounds nice, Dream.”

Dream lowered his head before shaking it back and forth. “George, what’s wrong? Something about me saying that made you upset,” Dream said, picking his head up to look George in the eyes. After a moment of silence between the two, Dream pleaded, “Tell me, please.”

The omega’s eyes widened as he was suddenly addressed by the alpha. He glanced around nervously as he seemed to attempt to come up with something to cover for it. Dream whined as he grew more worried about the omega. He did not want George to lie about what was causing him so much distress.

“I-I can’t, Dream,” George whimpered back. Tears threatened to leave his eyes at that moment. Dream couldn’t help himself as he grabbed the omega in his arms again.

“Please. You know that I really care for you. Don’t cry, Gogy, I just want to help you,” Dream pleaded back, nuzzling his head against the omega’s head softly.

“Dream-” George choked out a sob for a moment before sighing. “O-okay. I, uh, I had a dream back when you were mad at me. I-I just- you were married to that omega from our coding class. You had pups with her as well.” Dream opened his mouth to say something, but George spoke before he could. “I know she’s a-a lesbian, but I didn’t know that at the time. You hated me, though. I would come over to your house and it would end with you kicking me out of your house. The-then you’d chase me down and-” George broke down into sobs as he continued to speak about this dream that he had.

To Dream, it sounded like it was more of a nightmare. He pulled the omega in close and held onto him as tightly as he could. He began to murmur into his ear, “It’s okay. I’d never do that to you. I want you to stay in my life forever.” Dream really wanted to tell him that he wanted him to be in his life more than just as a friend, but he couldn’t. George continued to cry onto the alpha’s shoulder as Dream continued to purr softly into his ear.

After some time of the pair cuddling, the omega pulled away. He reached his hand up and wiped away the tears that were running down his cheeks. If his makeup wasn’t ruined before, it certainly was now. “Can we go home? I-I think going to the park was too much. I just want to go home.”

Dream smiled and nodded. He stood up and gestured for the omega to grab his hand. George sniffed before smiling. He grabbed the alpha’s hand, and the pair walked out of the park towards Dream’s car.

Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

A popular dnf fanfic has broken the creators boundaries such as shipping Niki and Wilbur and giving Techno a love interest.

I know the writing of it is great, but do not support it. All of the creators have boundaries for a reason.

I am trying my hardest to make sure that everyone (the characters of the individuals) I write about are okay with this. There's a reason that I spent the last two chapters discussing what boundaries certain creators had.

Sunday was but a faint memory to the boys on that Tuesday. Actually, that was a big fat lie they told to themselves. George wanted to pretend like that had never happened and that he hadn't actually cried out in public. That he wasn't cuddling with Dream on a park bench. That he never went out in public wearing a skirt and makeup.

On the other hand, he did spend a bunch of time with the alpha. Dream was all too caring that day. He spent a lot of time with the omega and made sure he was okay. He hugged him whenever he felt like crying and seemed to know just what to say.

The day even continued with the alpha being rather clingy to the omega. It was usually the other way around, but why did that matter? Dream made sure that George was alright throughout the day. He made sure that George wasn't going to break down again and that he knew Dream was never going to leave him. That was probably the best thing to ever happen to George in his entire life.

Today, he was clicking the keys on his computer to type up the notes for his class. He stretched out his fingers for a moment before going back to typing. He made sure to share his document with the alpha as his fingers were still taped together. Dream told George that he could type up the notes himself, but George didn't mind. They'd be having the same notes anyway.

George felt Dream's knee brush up against his own. That minor movement sent a rush of blood into his cheeks as he grew flustered. Did he mean to do that? It was probably an accident, right? Dream was just... spreading his legs and accidentally brushed up against George's legs. It didn't mean anything, right?

He would think that if it didn't happen again. This time, though, Dream's knee didn't leave its spot on his leg. George swallowed as he glanced over at Dream. He was expecting something from the alpha like a shit-eating grin or something like that, but he seemed to still be focused on the professor.

George turned his attention over to his computer. Well, more accurately, he turned his gaze to the computer while he grew overly interested in the knee touching. What was he doing? Was there something behind this? Maybe it was just him trying to show that he was there. He probably was just still clingy from Sunday. The omega was very vulnerable that day, so being able to have someone there for him helped. Maybe Dream was just making sure he was alright.

Class continued despite the fact that George was certainly not paying attention. He was too focused on the touching legs. That was, of course, until Dream gave a small cough to bring George back to the waking world.

“Everything alright, George? You haven’t been paying attention for the past few minutes,” Dream whispered over to him. The alpha was leaning over to make sure that he wasn’t going to distract anyone else in the room or let the professor know that he was talking.

“Oh, yeah, everything’s okay. Don’t worry about me,” George chuckled nervously as he added some more notes onto the document. He barely remembered what the teacher said, so he was basically just bullshitting what he assumed the teacher was talking about. Thankfully, Dream also added some notes himself when he realized that George had stopped paying attention.

“I don’t believe you,” Dream hummed back, but didn’t press any further. He stopped leaning towards George and refocused his attention on the professor. Of course, he didn’t move his leg away.

Class continued on until the period ended. The boys stood up and walked side-by-side out of the classroom. Dream was careful to walk slowly so that George could keep up. Ah, he was always so nice for doing that. George wanted to wrap himself around the alpha’s arm like he did at the park, but he stopped himself. That was a one time occurrence, and he couldn’t do that again.

“So what was bothering you?” Dream purred as he walked towards their dorm room. He seemed to be all too pleased in knowing what was bothering the omega.

George couldn’t help but scoff and shake his head in response. He swished his tongue around his mouth before responding back. “I don’t need to tell you everything, Dream. I’m allowed to have some secrets,” George retorted with a smile.

George watched the alpha’s eyes widen as he faltered for a moment. That seemed to knock him off his game for a moment. George couldn’t help but smirk at that. “Yeah, I know that. I just want to make sure you’re okay. I don’t want you to have a break down again. I care about you a lot, George,” Dream responded softly. His smile was gentle as he said that with a light purr.

“You care about me?” George repeated as he felt his heart stutter in his chest. Of course Dream cared about him, he knew that, but he never thought he’d hear the alpha say this aloud. It made him feel wonderful just knowing that the alpha had him on his mind. He wondered how often he floated through his thoughts throughout the day.

“Sure I do,” Dream responded as he opened the door for the omega. George smiled and ducked under his arm before going into the apartment that held their dorm room. Dream followed after him quickly and the pair trudged up the stairs to their dorm. Dream opened the door and allowed the pair to enter.

When they entered, George noticed that the shower was running. He raised an eyebrow as he walked through the dorm. No one was supposed to be here- Bad was out on his trip and Sapnap was out with Karl. George looked up at Dream and noticed that he seemed to be on edge. George couldn’t help but feel on edge for a moment too.

That was, of course, until the scent of honey and sugar wafted to the noses of the pair. George smiled as he realized that this meant Bad was home. As he thought of this, the omega himself popped his head around the wall of the kitchen to see who walked in.

“Ah, George and Dream! How was class?” He asked with a smile. He walked into the living room

with a spatula in his hands. George couldn't help himself as he ran up to the other omega and wrapped him into a hug. Bad chuckled and hugged him back.

"Class was fine," Dream responded with a chuckle as he shut the door and walked into the room. He set his things down on the coffee table and sat down on the couch. "You're done with your trip? Did you have fun?" He asked. George felt his face bursting into a wide smile as he found himself comforted with the presence of the other omega. What? That didn't mean he didn't like spending time with Dream, he just missed his friend.

"I did, thank you," Bad smiled in response. He turned to George and grabbed his arm lightly. "C'mon, help me with breakfast."

George just hummed as he found himself following Bad into the kitchen. He couldn't help himself as he pressed himself against Bad's side. The other omega was a comforting presence to George, so why wouldn't he?

He walked over to the stove where he was cooking scrambled eggs and bacon. It smelled really good to the omega as he stood near it. It made him realize just how hungry he was. "I wanted to ask you about Dream. You smell like you've been bathing in wood and oranges- what's up? Are you two together or something?" Bad asked, his eyes creasing as he wondered.

George's eyes widened as he looked at the other omega. What? Did others also assume the same thing between the pair? It wasn't like that much was even that different. Maybe the pair sat a little closer whenever they were together. Maybe the shirt he was wearing was actually Dream's shirt.

"Okay, no. We're not together. I- we just spent a lot of time together recently, okay? What a weird idea," He chuckled nervously as he looked around the kitchen. He needed something to focus his attention on instead of Bad's eyes. "Where did you get that idea from?" Great job at not sounding suspicious, George.

Bad rolled his eyes as he placed a hand on George's shoulder. He gave the smaller omega a soft, caring look as he said, "George, I care for you. I know that you like Dream. I think you should just tell him that. It'd be so much better if you did, you know. I think things might turn out better than what you think they would."

George chuckled and shook his head. "Yeah, there's no way I'm doing that," George responded as he shrugged the omega's hand off his shoulder. "I just got back on speaking terms with Dream. There's no way I could ask him out. I-I could ruin everything again."

Bad sighed as he shook his head. Something seemed to be on his mind that he couldn't quite shake. Whatever it was, it was certainly causing the other omega a lot of stress just dealing with it. Bad swallowed before saying, "I think the result would surprise you, George."

George rolled his eyes as he stepped out of the kitchen and towards the living room. He couldn't help but smile as he thought about Dream. Sure, he wanted to be Dream's partner, but that wasn't possible. There was no way that could be possible

Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

because of how serious I have been the past few days, I decided to spring a whole other chapter on y'all

anyway, what's the vibe rn?

Skeppy exited the bathroom in just a towel. He apparently didn't know that Dream and George were home from class, so the shock on his face was rather amusing to the other alpha. He snorted the moment that Skeppy walked out with deer-in-headlight eyes.

"When did, uh, you guys get here?" He asked, grabbing his towel and making sure that it stayed on his body. He certainly didn't want to expose himself in front of Dream and George.

Dream raised an eyebrow at the alpha, clearly confused about why he was here, before he glanced at his phone. "About ten minutes ago. Why?"

"I didn't think anyone else was supposed to be here?" Skeppy retorted as he hurried towards Bad's room.

After a moment, the omega from the kitchen stepped into the room and set down a place of bacon and eggs before enjoying a plate of his own. There was a shared understanding that Bad made a plate for his partner and not either of his friends.

Skeppy exited Bad's room, now clothed, and joined Bad on the couch. He sat down next to him and planted a small peck on the omega's cheek. Bad giggled before pointing out the food he made for the alpha on the table. Skeppy nodded and took it before hungrily shoveling it into his mouth.

With the addition of Skeppy on the couch, George moved himself closer to Dream's side. The alpha couldn't help but smile as he felt George against his side. Dream felt rather warm and fuzzy inside.

"So... why was Skeppy here?" Dream asked, turning his attention back up from his phone to glance between the other two in the room who actually knew what was going on.

Bad swallowed what he had in his mouth before chuckling lightly. "Skeppy's shower broke in his dorm. He asked me if he could come over and use ours. I didn't think he was going to come out in only a towel, though." Bad sighed as he stared at Skeppy. The brown-haired alpha gave a sheepish smile for a second.

"So Dream, how've you been with George? You must've had a lot of time alone since Bad was gone," He taunted, wiggling an eyebrow at the other alpha seated at the couch. Dream's eyes widened as he felt his face flush. He probably deserved this from everything that he'd said to the pair earlier. Maybe this was instantaneous karma.

"No, nothing like that. George and I just hung out like we normally do," He chuckled nervously. What was it about him and chuckling nervously? It always happened whenever George was brought up- more specifically, whenever his feelings towards George were brought up.

“Like you normally do, huh? Does that involve fucking?” Skeppy smirked as he continued to press the alpha. The tall boy could feel his face grow very red in coloration as the black haired boy continued to pressure him. He turned his gaze away as he didn’t want to be seen with the color of his cheeks. He wondered what George thought about all of this. From what he could tell, the smaller boy was very tense against his side.

“Language you muffinhead,” Bad huffed to his boyfriend as he elbowed him in the side. That didn’t seem to stop the alpha that much from continuing on with what he was talking about.

“No no no no. We’re just friends, Skeppy, and you know that,” George responded before Dream could. Thank god- Dream wasn’t sure he could ever say anything that could cover for this. He was much too flustered with the idea of... fucking George. He wanted to, sure, but he certainly didn’t like someone else implying that he was currently doing that.

Following that, there was a heavy silence in the air. Dream slowly felt the color drift away from his face as he grew less flustered by the alpha’s earlier comment. He turned back to face the others as he regained his confidence.

“I hate you Skeppy,” Dream huffed as he shook his head. It was something to fill the silence.

“I know you love me, Dream,” Skeppy responded with a smile as he set down his plate on the coffee table. It was basically licked clean by the other alpha. Bad’s cooking was good, sure, but certainly not plate licking good. He shook his head weakly before turning to his partner. “Bad, why do you even hang out with them?”

“I hang out with George because he’s a friend. Dream just happened to come along with that,” Bad responded as he shook his head. He sent a playful glare at Dream, who responded by raising his hands up in acceptance.

“Rude! I’m just as much of a friend as George is,” Dream scowled in response as he glanced over at George.

The omega glanced up at Dream before nodding at Bad. “Yeah! You may have become my friend first, but Dream is also close to us,” George followed when he realized that he was part of the conversation. He glanced up at Dream again before turning back to the other alpha-omega pair on the couch.

“Speaking of friends, where is Sappynappy?” Skeppy asked, glancing around the room. Since he was mainly close with Bad, he didn’t really seem to know what was happening with the other roommates since he was on his trip.

“He’s also off fucking his boyfriend,” Dream responded while rolling his hand. Sapnap was almost always away with them. He paused before realizing that he should elaborate further. “Heat. Karl’s in heat so they’re all over at his place.”

“Language. And when did he get into heat?” Bad’s eyebrows raised as he said this. Dream paused as he thought about it for a moment. He wasn’t paying too much attention to the day... no wait a minute. He knew when Karl went into heat. It was the day that George and Dream went to the park. Sunday. The day that wouldn’t leave his mind for even a moment.

As Dream opened his mouth to answer, George spoke faster. “Sunday. He slammed open his door, announced that Karl was in heat, and immediately left. He was in such a hurry that he put his pants on backwards.” Dream smiled as he remembered that. God- Dream would probably do the same thing if he was told that George- no, his partner was in heat. It wasn’t like George was his partner.

He wouldn't go if George was in heat. He couldn't do that.

“So you and George spent the whole day alone together and didn't bang one another?” Skeppy's eyes were wide as he looked at the pair on the other side of the couch. “I could've sworn the two of you were absolutely giving each other handies at night.” Once again, Dream's face grew red and hot at that. He wanted more than ever to wipe the shit-eating smirk on the other alpha's face, but he knew he couldn't be physical with him the way he was with Sapnap.

Thankfully, Bad did something instead. The omega grabbed one of his wonderfully soft throw pillows and smacked the taller boy over the head with it. Skeppy responded with a “hey!” which caused Bad to smack him once again with the pillow.

The arguing and play fighting continued among the boys as the day continued on. George and Dream grabbed something to eat before they had to go back to class. Soon, George and Dream waved goodbye to the other boys and went to their next classes later in the day.

Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

I have removed all instances of Quackity in this fanfic as he is uncomfortable with shipping :)

this means that, if you go back in the previous chapters, he has been removed.

George flopped onto the couch after his day. “Ugh,” he grunted as he felt the tension in his back drift away. College was always so long, and the seats they provided were rather stiff on his back. The couch wasn’t the comfiest ones around, sure, but it was always so much nicer than the seats provided in his classes.

Dream was in his omega awareness class this week. Apparently, they started having them again after those “private lessons” with the alphas who threatened to assault him before. George hoped that they reprimanded them in other ways as well.

There was a noise in the bathroom before he smelled the scent of honey and sugar in the air. How strange. He was surprised that Bad was here since he usually had a class at this time.

“Bad, are you okay? What’re you doing home?” George asked as he picked himself off of the couch. He sat down properly on the couch and stretched out his arms. God, he needed to do something to make his muscles stop aching. Maybe going on a run would help. Dream always went on those, so he could join him one of these days.

The omega made his way out of the bathroom and down the hall. He appeared around the corner and waved at George. “Hey, don’t worry. I just washed the towels and dropped something while putting them away,” He explained as he walked out and joined the other omega on the couch. He continued, “The class that I have during this time was canceled.”

“Oh really? I’m usually alone during this time,” He chuckled lightly as he adjusted his position on the couch. He never liked to actually sit correctly on the couch, so he sprawled himself out.

“Can we talk? Omega to omega?” Bad asked, his eyebrows growing furrowed as he looked at George. This startled the other omega as he wondered what Bad was going to talk about. Was he fighting with Skeppy? Did he find someone else while he was out on his trip? They seemed fine yesterday when Dream and George met up with them.

“Uh, yeah. We can talk about whatever you want to talk about, Bad. Is it about Skeppy? I-” George began to ramble before the other omega began to stop him.

“No no no. It’s not about Skeppy. It’s about Dream,” He responded as he began to fidget around with his fingers.

“What about Dream?” George asked worriedly. What was wrong with Dream? He certainly hoped that nothing was wrong with Dream. Everything about Dream was pretty much perfect to the alpha, so he was absolutely concerned that maybe something was actually wrong with him.

“I think he likes you. And I know you like him back,” Bad said slowly. George grabbed the throw

pillow behind his head and tossed it at Bad. The omega smacked it away before it hit him in the face. He sighed as he continued, "Don't do that. I'm serious, George. I think that you both like each other. You should ask him out!"

George shook his head, "Absolutely not. I told you before, Bad, I can't. I don't want to ruin my relationship with him. I-I spent so much time worried about so many things, and I can't let that happen again. I do like him, but I don't think he likes me back." Bad opened his mouth to say something, but George didn't let him. "No. I know you may think you know he likes me, but I don't think he does. "

Bad grabbed the throw pillow that George earlier chucked at him and did what the name implied. He threw it at George. He shook his head and seemed to be thinking of something. He seemed to be struggling really badly over whether or not he should say whatever it was he was thinking about. Maybe it was the same thing that Bad was debating about yesterday. He honestly had no idea.

It seemed that one of the options outweighed the other in Bad's mind. He licked his lips before beginning to speak slowly, "George, I know that Dream likes you. He admitted it to me back when you were in heat."

George took a moment for the whole thing to sink in. So Bad knew that Dream liked him. He knew that Dream liked him since he was in heat last. Dream knew that he liked George for a while now. Is that why he was so pissed off when he thought that George was in a relationship with Skeppy? Maybe it was true. Maybe Dream really did like him.

George sat up as he continued to process what he was just told. Dream has liked him for at least a month. Dream had spent at least a month thinking that George would make a good partner. He could feel his cheeks glow a gentle rose color as he continued to think about everything that was happening.

"George, are you okay?" Bad asked as he reached a hand over. He placed his hand gently on George's shoulder and began to rub it softly.

George swallowed for a moment as he continued to think about everything that was said. Again, it was two simple sentences, but it was all his brain could think about. "I- yeah. You just broke my brain, hang on," George said blankly as he continued to think about it.

"Everything I said was true. He admitted it to me when I was making dinner for everyone in the kitchen. I wanted you two to let one another know, but you muffins are very oblivious," Bad continued. He seemed to be picking his words carefully still despite saying the worst of everything already.

"I believe you, Bad. You're not one to lie, especially about something like this," George swallowed as he tried to get his brain back on track. "Oblivious? We're both oblivious?"

"Uh, yeah. Both of you spend all your time cuddling up with one another and touching one another. I'm surprised that you two haven't accidentally revealed your feelings to one another already," Bad laughed as he tried to lighten the mood. He wanted to make George feel better about hearing this and being called basically an idiot by Bad.

"You should've just told us, you know," George responded as he shook his head. "I think you should've just told me this earlier. It would've just been so much better if you just told me this. I-I would have acted on this before."

Bad raised his eyebrow as he stared at the other omega. George felt himself shrink as he realized

that he still wouldn't have acted on it. He still wasn't planning on acting on his feelings despite being told of Dream's crush. Sure, he might've had one almost a month ago, but he didn't necessarily have to have one right now.

George sighed as he was defeated by the look given by Bad. "Okay, no. I wouldn't have acted on it, and I still won't act on it."

"What! Why not?" Bad exclaimed as he turned to look over at the other omega. George's eyes widened as he realized how riled up about this Bad was. Was he seriously this interested in getting the pair together. After a moment, he pulled his glasses off and rubbed his eyes with his fingers. He shook his head and continued, "You got me together with Skeppy, so I thought that I could help you get together with Dream."

Would that actually work? Well, it worked for Skeppy and Bad when George interfered. Maybe it would work if Bad and Skeppy interfered. That could work. Maybe. He kind of hoped that it could work. He swallowed before answering back, "Maybe you can help, okay?"

A smile appeared on Bad's face as George responded. George and Bad began to filter through ideas for what they could do. The pair were all too busy about this to think of anything else or even notice when Dream walked in, raised an eyebrow at them, and went into his room.

Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

my irl friend found this fanfic lol

she didn't realize it was mine until she saw one of my notes

George and Bad decided that they could set something up for Tuesday. The best thing they thought to do was have a shared dinner together like they did when Skeppy and Bad got together. It would be simple and easy. George could tell him how much he liked him. Maybe it would work. It worked for the others.

Thursday went by rather fast, but Friday seemed to drag on for too long. George fidgeted around in his seat in class. He felt like he couldn't sit still as he was much too interested in spending his time with Dream. He wanted it to be Tuesday. He wanted to spend time with Dream. He wanted to be with him.

It did help, though, that he had all his classes with him. For some reason, he didn't want to leave the alpha's side. Whatever it was, George certainly didn't think it was that strange. Overall, he was usually rather interested in staying by Dream's side whether or not something was happening. It was probably nothing, just some extra omega hormones kicking in.

He found himself rather hungry as well. It was probably because he had grown rather nervous over the past few days. He had been hardly eating the past two days because he was so nervous, so his body was probably trying to pick up the slack for his bad habits.

He could assume that it was preheat, sure, but it wasn't. The omega knew that he still had a good week before he actually went into heat. His preheats usually started three days before his actual heat, so there was no way he could be in preheat. His cycle was predictable, he was never early or late. The only time his cycle ever messed up was because of the birth control he was on when in high school.

The class wrapped up quickly after that. Thankfully the pair only had one other class that day. George wasn't sure if he could really handle doing much more than just sitting around at home. He just wanted to curl up under his blankets and take a nap. He assumed that he was tired after all the long nights he'd been having the past week.

After leaving their class, the pair walked side by side towards their dorm. George decided that they weren't walking fast enough and decided to speed up. Dream didn't have much trouble upping his pace a bit, but George felt like he was almost sprinting. He really wanted to get home. He felt like grabbing something to eat and going to bed. He'd be able to take a nap before his next class.

"What's gotten into you, George? You're never this eager to get home," Dream snickered as he watched George struggle with the pace he had set. "We don't have to walk this fast."

"Yeah, I dunno," He chuckled back with a small smile. He wasn't really sure what to say to explain himself. He sort of figured himself out as he continued to walk rather fast. "I think I'm gonna get something to eat and take a nap when we get back. I want all the time I can to nap."

Dream hummed in response. The two walked in basic silence while they walked towards the dorm. It took a few minutes for them to actually reach the dorms and get inside of it.

George scurried his way into the kitchen and searched around for something to eat. He wanted something quick and easy that he could pop into his mouth before taking a nap. He needed a nap. For some reason, he felt like he needed the energy to keep himself going.

He opened the fridge and noticed that there was a container of pasta salad. No one seemed to have touched it, so the omega could enjoy it all to himself. He moved towards the cabinet and pulled out a bowl before adding about half the container into it.

After a moment, he realized that Dream would probably want some as well. With a small shrug, he added the other half of the container into a second bowl. He usually made Dream lunch whenever they finished class, but he didn't feel like making anything special today. Hopefully Dream was alright with... pasta salad for today.

The omega grabbed two forks and added them into the bowls before grabbing them and entering the living room. The alpha was already seated on the couch while waiting for George to make lunch. George didn't mind that he assumed that he was going to make him lunch- he always did.

Dream smiled as he saw George enter and happily took a bowl from him. George immediately began to dig into his own. It wasn't great and was actually rather cold as he just pulled it from the fridge. Otherwise, it was edible. It was enough to make him feel better and less hungry in that moment. He was more than willing to finish off the entire bowl.

Surprise filled the air as the alpha's eyes widened. George had finished his bowl of food before Dream was even halfway done with it. They were given the same amount, which meant that George was actually overeating from what he normally ate. Before Dream could make any comments about anything, George stood up.

"Dream, can I take one of your hoodies?" He asked, glancing over at the alpha sitting on the couch. Dream seemed to be taken aback at the sudden request from the omega. He seemed to think for a moment. He set his bowl down on the table for a moment and looked up at George. He was taller than him whenever he was standing up.

"I- are you okay, George? You already have one of my hoodies and one of my shirts," He commented to the omega. Dream looked rather concerned as the scent of worry rose through the air.

Despite this, the omega didn't want to give up on getting another one of Dream's articles of clothing. "Please Dream? Your hoodies are so much bigger and softer than mine are," George pleaded, his eyes wide much like a puppy's as he attempted to bargain with the alpha.

This seemed to work as Dream sighed. Instead of going into his room, the alpha stripped the hoodie that he was wearing off. Underneath the hoodie was a simple tank top that he was probably just wearing to stay warm. It was a simple black hoodie, but it was absolutely covered in pine and citrus scent from Dream. George could barely hold back the squeal that rose up his throat, but he managed to stop himself. What was that about? He wasn't usually this giddy about gaining one of Dream's shirts or hoodies.

"Just take this one," Dream sighed all the while a smile was placed on his face. He didn't seem to really mind giving George clothing, but he seemed to be rather exacerbated about how often George was doing it recently. "Can you give them back soon, though? I'm gonna run out of clothing soon with how often you steal it away from me." George couldn't help but chuckle at that.

“Thank you,” George expressed excitedly as he grabbed the hoodie from the alpha’s hands. The omega immediately skittered off into his room and shut the door. He made sure not to lock it as he wanted Dream to be able to wake him up for class. He set an alarm, sure, but he didn’t always wake up to it.

He jumped onto his bed and snuggled up with the hoodie he was provided. As he stated earlier, it was soft and rather large for the omega. He wasn’t wearing it, of course, but he was still holding onto it like it was his only lifeline.

Despite the wonderful scent it gave off, it felt like it wasn’t enough for the omega. He sighed and stood up. He went to his laundry bin and pulled out the shirt from the other day and the hoodie Dream gave to him. The hoodie barely had any scent from him, but the idea of Dream was still held with it. The shirt also smelled a lot like Dream- mixed with George’s own scent, of course.

He tossed those onto his bed before joining them. He surrounded himself in them and felt rather at home with them. He wasn’t sure why, but he needed these. They were the things that were making him feel good at this moment. He held onto the newest hoodie and held it right against his face. The smell was intoxicating to the omega. The other two articles of clothing were placed around him as well. He felt safe.

Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

uhh this feels super short hehe

anyway, it all goes up from here

Dream walked into the omega's room carefully. He knew he had to wake George up soon, sure, but he could sleep for another few minutes still. He made sure not to walk too loudly as he entered.

His gaze turned to the omega as he slept on the bed. He couldn't help but smile as he noticed how soft and gentle George looked while he was sleeping. He looked like he was in a fairytale. Honestly, Dream thought that George could easily be a princess with how he looked. Prince? Either way, he would be perfect.

After a moment, he realized something. The omega was actually surrounded by the alpha's clothing that he had stolen from him. Well, he didn't really steal them, he asked and Dream happily gave him. He was holding tightly onto the hoodie that Dream gave him earlier while the other two articles of clothing were covering his body. The hoodie was pressed against his face and close to his nose, so he was probably getting a nose full of Dream's scent.

Dream couldn't help but blush as he realized this. George fell asleep so happily while surrounded by the alpha's scent. The alpha in him was proud that an omega was claiming him as their own, but the person in him felt his heart swell. He couldn't help but feel warm and fuzzy inside by it.

George moved in his sleep, and the alpha jumped. He was worried what George would think if he woke up to Dream watching him sleep. If anything, he could lie and say he just walked into the room to wake him up. The look on his face would probably give him up, though.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket to check the time. They were going to be late if he didn't wake George up soon. He sighed as he stepped up to George's bed. He paused before he shook the boy a bit. He wanted to wake him up slowly and not jolt him awake. Sapnap used to do that to him when the pair roomed together in the alpha dorms. It was very annoying.

George fidgeted in his bed as his eyes fluttered open. He glanced around the room before noticing Dream. He blinked a few times as he tried to figure out what was happening. George seemed to notice that Dream was standing over him and gave the taller boy a smile. Before Dream could properly react, the omega grabbed Dream's shirt and pulled him into bed. When Dream was fully laying down in the bed, George wrapped his arms around the alpha and nuzzled up against his side.

Dream swallowed as he glanced over at the sleeping George. He looked so cozy and comfortable sleeping next to him... he honestly didn't want to wake him up. But, again, they had to get to class. Well... did they have to go to class? They could just skip out on class that one day. Dream could figure out what they did from one of their classmates when he went to it next.

The debate began inside of his head. Could he stay here and cuddle with George or should he wake the omega up and go to class? Both were things that he wanted to do- but different parts of him wanted to do them. His urge to do well in school made him more inclined to go to class while the

crush on George made him want to stay here. Which one would win out in the alpha's mind?

His alpha instincts certainly didn't help. They were screaming at him to stay here and protect the omega. He wasn't sure why, but they appeared to be running into overdrive that day. Earlier, he felt like he needed to have some kind of contact with the omega, so he pressed his knee against the omega's. Now, all he wanted to do was stay in bed with George and make sure he had a good night of rest.

One won out over the other... which could easily be guessed. He relaxed a bit as he snuggled up towards the omega. He heard a small squeak of joy come from the omega as he did so. Dream knew that George wasn't awake, yes, but he still seemed to be aware enough to understand that Dream wasn't going to get up anytime soon.

After a moment of merely cuddling with one another, Dream heard the door to the dorm open. Was Bad home? He should be coming home rather soon as he went out to buy something to eat for dinner. They were all going to go grocery shopping tomorrow, but the alpha noticed that they didn't have much to eat for that night.

"Dream? Bad? George?" Sapnap called from the living room as he walked around. Oh, Sapnap was home. Karl must've finished his heat today. Great- now Bad had to make dinner for all four of them instead of just the three of them. Dream knew how much work it was cooking for two alphas. He seemed to notice that all their scents were there. The only one that was probably strong to his nose was Dream's. He appeared to notice this as he repeated the alpha's name again. Dream wondered if he should respond.

Something inside of him told him not to. Something inside of him told him that Sapnap, another alpha, was not supposed to be around George. George could only be around Dream. No one else was allowed to be around him when he was so vulnerable. Dream could protect him. Sapnap was not allowed to be in there.

Unfortunately for Dream, Sapnap seemed to notice that Dream's scent lingered around George's door. He heard the alpha step towards the omega's door and knock lightly against the door. Despite it being open, Sapnap still wanted to provide the privacy for the pair if they were... doing something in there. "Dream, are you in there? Actually, I know you're in there, I can smell you. What're you doing? I thought you and George had class?"

Dream grunted as he listened to the other alpha speak. He had the urge inside of him to close the door and go back to cuddling with George, but he stopped himself. He couldn't do that. That would be too rude.

"We're not going today," Dream responded as he wrapped his arm around George. The boy was so small but warm. He almost felt too warm, but Dream assumed it might be because of the blankets he wrapped himself up in. On top of the blankets, he also had the hoodies from Dream placed on himself.

"What?" Sapnap huffed on the other side of the door. He pushed it open a bit more to look inside and see Dream. The way that the pair was laying had George fully hidden behind Dream in Sapnap's line of view. "You never skip class. What's up today?"

"George is tired," Dream whispered, gesturing to the figure cuddling up right next to him. He noticed the look of annoyance on Sapnap's face. He skipped class all the time- why was he all up in his ass about this? "It's just one class. What are you, my mother?" Dream mocked as he glared at him.

Sapnap scoffed as he crossed his arms while staring at him. "Of course I'm not your mother," Sapnap grumbled in response. He shook his head and stared at the alpha on the bed. Dream couldn't help but smirk as he watched him. "I think you'll probably regret this, but go ahead."

Dream watched the other alpha take one last glance at the pair in the bed before walking out and shutting the door. Dream heard the audible click as it closed into place. He couldn't help but feel a purr rumble in his throat as he realized that he was left alone with the omega. They could just spend the night here- they didn't need to leave tonight. It would just be a quiet night from then on.

Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

y'all are greedy as fuck, sheesh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George twisted in his sleep as he grew uncomfortable in his position. He felt too warm the way he was laying. When he turned around, he realized that something- correction, someone was in his bed. This woke him up immediately as he sprang up from his position laying flat.

He couldn't quite tell who it was since his eyes weren't adjusted to the darkness. Of course, he didn't need his eyes to tell who it was. Pine and citrus were wafting off the alpha while he slept beside the omega. He, at first, assumed that it was just from the clothing he had surrounding him. After a moment of scenting, he realized that it was, in fact, coming from the figure resting nicely next to him.

As his eyes adjusted, he stared at Dream's sleeping form. He looked so protective yet soft at the same time. George wasn't sure how that could even be possible. On top of that, he was also still dressed in the clothing that he was wearing earlier. A tank top and some sweatpants. What happened? Why was he lying in George's bed? Why didn't he wake him up for class?

He reached over and grabbed his phone from the nightstand. He had to reach his way around Dream to do this. George held his breath as he noticed the tall boy roll over in his sleep. He let out his breath when he realized that he didn't actually wake him up. Thank god for that.

When he finally got his phone in his hands, he turned it on. The brightness of the screen made him squint before his eyes adjusted to the brightness of his phone. Light bothered him more since he was colorblind, but he tried to just ignore it. It was only ten at night, but it almost felt like much later. Despite sleeping for apparently ten hours, the omega still felt rather unrested. He felt like he needed more sleep.

His attention soon turned to the other individual in the bed with him. George felt like he should wake Dream up and get him to his own room, but also felt another urge to cuddle up to him anyway. The second option won out before the argument could even be formed in his head.

There was the vague memory inside of the omega's head of Dream trying to wake him up. Instead of waking up, he remembered grabbing the alpha by his shirt and pulling him into bed to snuggle. George felt his lips pursed as he realized that must've happened. It wasn't just some fun dream he had, it actually happened!

He bit his lip as he stared at Dream. Apparently, he didn't get up after that. It seemed to be a good sign for him. Maybe Dream did actually like him. The plan that he and Bad set up for Tuesday must be able to work, then, if he decided to stay here all night with him.

He wondered if the alpha felt too warm in what he was wearing since he knew Dream usually wore just boxers whenever he slept. George, himself, felt unusually hot in the moment, so he assumed that the alpha might as well. After a moment of debating within himself, he adjusted himself on the bed without waking Dream up. He reached down and pulled the sweatpants off Dream's body

carefully in order to not wake him up. When his pants were fully off, the omega tossed them away and towards the laundry bin. George didn't mind washing those when he washed his own clothing. He could give them back to the alpha then.

George smiled as he laid down beside the alpha. Neither one of them was under the blankets as they were placed in a pile nearby. George felt too warm with them, but he still wanted them to be close to him. On top of the blankets, George had placed all of his assorted clothing from Dream. He didn't need those when he had the real thing.

He felt himself purr softly as he snuggled his way against the side of Dream. Despite feeling rather hot in the room, he didn't want to leave the alpha's side. He was producing his own body heat, yes, but it felt more soothing than annoying.

George was wearing a long but thin t-shirt covering some basic underwear he was wearing. He thought he might feel more comfortable if he took off the shirt, but he didn't want to be snuggling up to Dream wearing nothing but underwear. He liked Dream a lot, sure, but he felt like that could be considered weird. He didn't want to push anything on Dream that he wouldn't consent to.

As George tried to make himself comfortable against the alpha's arm, Dream moved in his sleep to wrap his arm against the omega's back. He was surprised at the movement as it didn't seem too much of a sleeping movement, but he didn't really question it. He certainly didn't know how much Dream moved in his sleep. George felt himself grow rather gleeful as he squirmed his way properly against Dream's side. He couldn't help but bury his face as close as he could to one of Dream's scent glands in order to get the full depth of his scent.

It was sweet and woody at the same time. Omegas were known for having sweet scents while alphas were more known for more "earthy" scents. Dream's scent of citrus was rather unique as not many alphas had such sweet scents on themselves. George couldn't help but enjoy this unique fact about the alpha in his bed.

"Dream, you're so cute when you're sleeping," He murmured aloud as he felt his eyelids grow rather heavy. Apparently, ten hours of sleep wasn't enough for him. The only time he ever felt like this was before heat, but he couldn't be in preheat. There was no way that was possible. He was always on schedule- and his schedule placed his heat a week away still.

George certainly wasn't expecting a response to his statement. He thought that Dream was still asleep, but he wasn't. "I think you look cuter, Gogy," Dream purred in response as he turned his head to look at the sleeping omega. His sleepy voice was rather deep and raspy as he just woke up from sleeping. The alpha placed his chin gently onto the omega's head and between the locks of his brown hair.

He couldn't help but let out a squeak at the response. What? He was awake? How long was he awake for? He swallowed as he hoped he wasn't awake when he removed the alpha's pants. That would be much too embarrassing for him to even think about any further.

"R-really?" The words stumbled out of George's mouth as a heavy blush rushed across his cheeks. He couldn't stop himself. He was glad that they were in the dark because Dream couldn't see anything- especially the red of his cheeks.

"Oh course," he hummed quietly as his fingers ran up and down George's arm. George couldn't help but shiver in pleasure from the motion. It was small, but it felt so intimate to the omega. He was almost melting away at it.

The omega couldn't help himself as he pulled away from Dream. Dream brought his head up as

well to look at George. “You’re lying,” he pouted as he playfully punched Dream’s side. He was gentle when he did it because he didn’t want to hurt him and he didn’t feel like he had the energy to. Again, he needed more sleep... how? Why? He almost never felt this tired except for when he was right before heat. But he couldn’t be in preheat. He couldn’t. There was no way that could happen.

Dream chuckled lightly as he allowed George to do whatever he wanted. George could feel himself grow less energized every “punch” he threw. After a final punch, he flopped himself back down and cuddled himself back into Dream’s side and cuddled close to him. Body heat didn’t matter at this point, no matter how warm he actually was.

“I’m not, George,” he mumbled quietly as George’s eyelids grew very heavy. He wondered how long he could actually hold onto consciousness. He wanted to hear everything that Dream was saying. He couldn’t let a single word slip past his mind. “Everything I say is true. I think you’re cute, super cute. It doesn’t matter if you’re sleepy or wide awake, I can’t stop staring at you.”

George felt a dumb smile drift to his face as he heard Dream talk. What else was he supposed to do? All he could muster was the smile that probably made it look like he was high as fuck with his half-lidded eyes. He slowly allowed his eyes to fully close as Dream continued to speak further on how cute George was.

“And I feel absolutely terrible for how I made you feel. I-I was just a dumbass, okay? I just got so scared that you were with someone else, you know?” Dream paused for a moment. George heard the sudden stop in Dream’s beautiful voice and nodded. He thought that Dream wanted a response, so he was willing to give it. At that, Dream continued to babble, “I guess I wasn’t really scared. I was jealous. I just really like you and didn’t want you to be with someone who wasn’t me. I know that sounds dumb, but it was all I could think. I think my stupid alpha-ness was showing in that moment.”

It wasn’t that George was willingly not paying attention, it just sort of happened. All he really heard of Dream’s “speech” was the warm vibrations of his voice. All he could tell was that Dream was speaking and that was all he needed. His strong yet warm voice was all he needed to lull him into a nice sleep.

Chapter End Notes

it's a good thing I'm kind as fuck ;)

Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

what're y'all gonna do when this story ends? gonna stick around for the continuation (after college)?

Dream wasn't tired. At all. He had fallen asleep shortly after Sapnap left him alone in George's room before being woken up at movement. He discovered that it was George taking his pants off. At first, he thought he should say something, but noticed that he soon cuddled back up with Dream. He couldn't help but smile as he realized that George was making sure he wasn't too warm.

When he realized that George actually fell asleep, he stopped rambling and just stared at the beautiful boy resting carefully and peacefully in his arms. That was all he really wanted in life. He didn't need anything more than just this moment to keep him happy forever.

George was cuddled up against the taller boy's side. He had his arms wrapped around his waist while his head was nicely resting against Dream's chest. His breathing was rhythmic as he seemed to be peacefully resting.

Dream had no idea why George was so tired. Sure, the omega went to bed much sooner whenever he was in preheat, but he wasn't in preheat. Right? He wasn't entirely sure about that. He had trouble identifying whenever an omega was going into preheat. He could clearly detect whenever one was in heat, but preheat was always harder. Omegas were much better at spotting fellow omegas whenever they were in preheat.

The thing about that was Bad hadn't said anything about George's scent being unusual. He would usually mention that something was off within George's scent that led to him informing George that he was going into preheat. Maybe Bad wasn't that great at detecting preheat as he thought he was. Last time George was in preheat, Bad didn't really notice it until shortly before he went into full blown heat.

His gaze drifted over to the spot where he had originally seen the pack of condoms. They were no longer located there. Dream raised an eyebrow as he wondered where the omega placed them. There was no way he used them as he knew for certain that George wasn't taken. Dream assumed that he must've shoved them into either his closet or one of the drawers.

The longer that he was awake, the more awkward that he felt. He had been inside George's room before, sure, but never without George. Well, never without George consciously there. He had been in here once before- back when he was returning the sheet he found, but that was the only time he was in here alone.

He felt like he was invading the omega's privacy. He knew that he wasn't since George was more than welcome to allow him to stay, but he couldn't help but feel like it. He could feel himself fidget as he wondered if he should just get up and go to his own room. He was just lying here awake, so he wasn't really doing that much.

His gaze drifted over to George as he wondered what he would think about that. He was, again, cuddled very closely to his chest. Dream couldn't help but smile as he watched the beautiful boy's

sides rise and fall as he breathed in his sleep. The thin t-shirt that he was wearing was much too large for him, but it emphasized his beautiful appearance.

Dream's eyes were soft as his gaze ran over the smaller boy's frame. He couldn't help himself as he raised his hand up and began to run his fingers through the deep brown locks that coated the top of George's head. George almost immediately began to purr out in pleasure as he felt the movement on the top of his head.

He could feel himself melt at the small noises being released from George. They were so quiet yet beautiful as they squirmed their way out of his mouth. Despite being asleep, he seemed to actually be forming a few words. Some of which included "more," "yes," and the occasional moaned out "Dream." Dream, Dream, Dream. He repeated it a few times whenever Dream gently tugged on his hair.

Dream felt himself grow flustered and... lustful in response to the way the omega was responding to the small movements. Omegas were only this reactive to small movements whenever they were nearing heat. Dream swallowed as he continued to wonder if George was nearing heat... He could ask Bad tomorrow.

He stopped tugging on his hair and instead ran his fingers through it gently. This stopped most of the gentle moans running out of his mouth, but he still murmured a few words every now and then. Despite the moans not being as intense as before, Dream still thought that they were still very cute.

After a moment, George pulled himself away from Dream. There was a moment where Dream grew confused and concerned that he was awake and noticed all his moaning. He twisted himself around and immediately went back to sleep. Instead of facing Dream and cuddling against him, he had his back against Dream.

George was quietly whining as his arm flailed wildly around behind him. He appeared to be looking for Dream's presence against him. Dream couldn't help but swallow as he realized what George wanted. He wanted Dream to spoon with George.

A faint smile drifted onto his face as he turned and curled himself against the omega gently. He didn't want to disturb his sleep while he cuddled up against him. He knew that he was awkwardly against him at first as he wasn't entirely sure what he should do.

After a moment of fidgeting around with his positioning, he finally placed himself directly against the omega's back. His chest was against George's back while his pelvis was against George's ass. He could tell that George was now content with the resumed gentle purring being released from his throat.

He hoped that conscious George was as accepting of this position as unconscious George was. The only thing that was separating the pair was Dream's boxers and George's... rather thin panties. Why was he even wearing panties to sleep? Dream felt his mouth grow wet as he thought about George wearing panties.

His gaze drifted down as he looked at George's body more closely. He hadn't been paying that much attention to the lower half of the omega's body before, but he certainly was now. He was wearing a rather thin, white t-shirt that Dream wondered how much it really covered in light. Aside from that, he was wearing cute panties that he could've sworn he'd seen him wearing before on a Sunday.

He swallowed the growing saliva within his mouth. His scanning of the omega's body caused himself to grow rather... horny. He wasn't turned on enough that he had a full boner, but he

certainly was hard. He hoped that George couldn't tell. The change in position between the pair made it so the omega could tell if he was horny.

Despite knowing that he shouldn't encourage his horniness, Dream couldn't help himself as he brought his face closer to the omega's head. The soft, gentle skin at the nape of his neck produced a lot of the sweet vanilla scent that caused Dream to absolutely melt. He was gentle when he brought his face close. He knew how sensitive the area was and he didn't want to stimulate the omega that much in his sleep. He already messed with him enough with the hair pulling.

Dream inhaled deeply as he hovered his face close to George's neck. The vanilla essence that drifted out of the omega and into his nose was enough to make him almost moan in pure pleasure. He wondered if George had ever felt this way whenever George was close to some of his scent glands. Thinking of it now, Dream did notice that George had been squirming his way towards one of his scent glands whenever he was awake.

All he wanted to do was stuff his nose directly against the sensitive area of skin. There was also the innate urge to bite down on the mark and claim George as his own, but he was able to fight that. The pair weren't even together, so marking the omega would be a terrible thing to do. Only people who were in relationships even considered marking an omega.

He shook his head as he tried to make himself stop thinking about that. Accidental marking was one of the worst things that an alpha could do to an unsuspecting omega. At least it was enough to get rid of the chub he had growing. He was too worried about accidentally marking George that he managed to stop himself from being so lustful towards the omega he was spooning.

Dream wrapped his arms around George's chest as he grew more comfortable in the position. Something about spooning George felt so natural. It almost felt like they were made to fit together like this. He smiled as he began to rest his head on the pillow above George's. He closed his eyes and allowed his mind to wander. He was not tired, but decided to allow himself to let his mind run wild as he grew comfortable.

Chapter 44

Chapter Notes

Hehe

George's eyes fluttered open as he noticed the light filter in from the window into his room. He went to move, but noticed that he was locked in an embrace by someone. It took him a moment before he remembered that this was Dream who lovingly wrapped himself around George.

Not only was he embracing George, he was also pressed up directly against the omega's back. His entire front side was flush with the omega's back side. His head was placed on top of George's head gently as he continued to sleep. George couldn't see him, but he could certainly feel all of the warmth pressed against his backside.

His mind couldn't help but focus on the idea of Dream's pelvis pressed up right against his ass. It was the only thing that ran through his brain as he slowly began to become more aware of his surroundings. Dream was in his bed and had his junk pressed against his ass. He could feel the butterflies flutter around within his belly as a heavy blush rushed across his cheeks.

God, what he would give to make this moment last forever. He knew it wouldn't, of course, but he would do anything to make sure it did. He closed his eyes as he began to softly purr in the moment. He felt content.

His eyes opened quickly as the alpha began to shift around next to him. His arms, already wrapped around George's chest, were now tighter around him as he brought George closer to him. George felt himself melt at the motion and furthermore as he heard the alpha murmur about whatever he was dreaming about.

"Georgie," He mumbled, his voice soft yet rough as he hadn't used it recently. Despite not being awake, he seemed to know that George was there. That, or he was actually dreaming about George. Both options sent shivers down George's spine, but the second one almost made him more enticed. What kind of dream was he having that allowed him to speak George's nickname in such a pleasant way.

"Dream~" George purred with a smile. He knew that the alpha wasn't actually talking to him, but he wondered if what he said would affect how Dream's... dream was going. Since George appeared to already be in the Dream, he wondered if this would affect what his "character" in the dream was like.

After a moment of waiting, George noticed that Dream wasn't saying anything else. He thought that nothing changed for a moment, before he felt something... hard against his backside. His face flushed a heavy shade of red as he realized that Dream was hard. He was hard? What did he have a hard on for? God, every single possibility ran through his mind at the same exact time.

There was pure silence from Dream as a minute passed. George had no idea what was going on in his head at the moment. He did notice, however, that Dream began to fidget in his sleep while his hips seemed to thrust ever so slightly. George found himself rather turned up as well.

“O-oh George~” He moaned aloud as he nuzzled his head into George’s hair. His face was still red from earlier. He had no idea if he could even have a face that was redder, but it almost seemed like it. If he didn’t feel hot already, he certainly felt much worse now. It wasn’t that he was against this, but he certainly didn’t know how to react.

He certainly had a similar boner by this time. He felt like he shouldn’t be hearing this, but he was all the same. He felt sweat bead on his forehead and make his hair stick to it. Was Dream having a wet dream? That was the only thing that ran through his head as he laid there. And it wasn’t just any wet dream- he was having it about George.

Instead of doing the more rational thing and pulling away or waking Dream up, he pushed his ass against the alpha’s boner. Dream let out a final moan before George felt a warmth against his rear. His eyes widened as he realized what that meant. He swallowed for a moment and wondered if anything got onto his own panties.

Dream let out a groggy noise as he woke up and realized that he just came into his boxers. George felt himself hold his breath, but he didn’t make any motions to shut his eyes. After a moment, he seemed to realize that he was still in bed with George... and that he was spooning George while he had that wet Dream. And that George also appeared to be awake in that moment.

“George!” He exclaimed as his eyes widened. He pushed himself up in the bed as he pulled away from the omega. George couldn’t help but want the alpha back, but he understood why he was doing this. He just had a wet dream about George all the while George was fully conscious and laying against him. “I-I’m sorry. God, I’m such a fuck up.”

He followed the alpha as he sat up in his own bed. George wanted to tell him that he didn’t need to apologize. He wanted to say that he understood. He wanted to make Dream not feel like a fuck up. He wanted to say so many things, but he couldn’t muster up even one of them at that moment. It certainly didn’t help that George was still rather turned on from the whole ordeal himself. His dick, while small, was still visible if Dream looked for it.

“I should go,” Dream said quickly as he pulled himself out of bed. He glanced around the area for his pants before realizing that they were next to George’s laundry bin. He scurried his way towards them and picked them up quickly. He didn’t put them on, though, but he did try to hide his shame. “I’m sorry. You don’t need to say anything. I-I can just leave you alone for the rest of the day if you want.”

“Dream, I-” George began before stopping himself. He could feel how much he wanted Dream deep inside of his stomach. It probably also reflected in his eyes as the alpha paused for a moment to listen to what George was saying. “Please don’t leave me alone. I-I don’t blame you or anything. I know what it’s like... to have a wet dream, haha.” George couldn’t help himself as he nervously rubbed his neck.

The alpha’s eyes were soft as he took in all of George’s words. George fought himself as he wanted to run up to Dream and comfort him. It took every muscle in his body to stop himself from doing this. Dream smiled and nodded before stepping out of the room.

George sat in his bed as he glanced around at everything that occurred. The blankets were haphazardly at the bottom of his bed as he didn’t use them. He was much too warm in his room to do anything like that. Something was making him feel hot and sweaty to the point that he couldn’t use the blankets. On the other hand, Dream’s clothing was still positioned next to him. They were set at his side, but they were nothing like he had them when he first laid down for a nap.

He also realized that Dream had released a lot of semen after that wet dream. It wasn’t just on

Dream's boxers, but it also was on the bed sheets and George's own panties. There was also some on his t-shirt, but he was more focused on his panties. He felt his face flush again as he realized he had been just sitting here in panties coated in Dream's seed.

George pushed himself off of his bed quickly and stripped the sheets off his bed. Noticing how much there was, he was rather surprised. He knew that alphas produced a lot, sure, but he never realized that they produced this much. He must use a lot of tissues whenever he masturbates... He tossed those into his laundry bin before turning his attention to the... other matters at hand.

He quickly stripped off the panties he was wearing along with the t-shirt. He chunked them unceremoniously into his laundry bin. He grabbed the newest hoodie from his collection of Dream's clothing and tossed it on. After throwing it over himself, he began digging through his drawer for replacement panties. The hoodie was enough to cover him, but he didn't feel comfortable without having panties on as well. Especially since-

After a moment of rummaging around within his underwear drawer, there was an audible creek from his door. He turned his head and noticed that Dream was standing in his doorway again. He was wearing a different pair of boxers and some t-shirt he must've just tossed on.

George almost instantly noticed the red coloration on the alpha's cheeks as he realized that George was rummaging around in his panty drawer and wearing Dream's hoodie instead of his earlier oversized t-shirt. "I guess I got some on you as well, sorry about that," he apologized as he stepped towards the bed. At that, he seemed to notice that the bed was also missing its sheets. Despite the lack of sheets, he sat down on the bed as well.

"You didn't do it on purpose," George responded as he moved to dig through his drawer again. He grabbed one of his nicer panties and glanced over at Dream. The alpha didn't seem to realize that the omega wasn't wearing any panties due to how large his hoodie was on George's body. He wondered if he should make Dream turn around, but he decided not to. He pulled his panties on quickly before joining Dream on the bed.

Dream was already laying on the bed and waiting for George to join him back on the bed. George smiled as he crawled his way towards Dream and placed himself at the alpha's side. He nestled himself against Dream's side as Dream moved his arm to rest around George's shoulders.

"I'm sorry about having a wet dream in your bed, George," Dream began as he absentmindedly drew circles on George's shoulder. He didn't really care about this. It made him feel appreciated and warm inside. "And I'm sorry for getting it on you and your sheets." Despite them waking up not too long ago, George felt like he should stay here for the rest of the day. They had class, sure, but he didn't want to go to it if this was the alternative.

George sighed with a smile, "Again, you can't control that." Especially if George eggs him on. He knew that the alpha was having a dream about him and responded to him. On top of that, he pressed himself against the alpha's clothed boner despite knowing that he was asleep and very clearly having a wet dream. "It doesn't matter now."

"I'll wash your sheets and clothes later today," Dream responded quietly as he nuzzled his face closer to the omega at his side. George felt himself melt at the mere motion as he wanted nothing more than to nuzzle him back.

"You don't have to do that, Dream. I can wash them myself," George chuckled in response as he turned his head to look up at Dream. The alpha's face was so close that George could almost swear he could feel his breath on his face. He swallowed as he tried to keep himself together.

“It was my fault, so I’ll wash them,” Dream retorted back. He still didn’t pull his face away as the pair were inches away from each other. George watched the alpha’s gaze flick down onto his lips before meeting the omega’s eyes once again. George gulped as he wondered if Dream would actually do it.

“Okay,” George responded breathlessly as he was more focused on Dream. He wanted to close the distance. He wanted to get pulled towards Dream and press a warm kiss against his lips.

The tension was palpable as they both debated over whether or not they should pull one another closer into a kiss. George scanned Dream’s eyes as he was wondering if Dream felt the same way. He could see the lust in his eyes that was most likely mirrored in George’s own eyes.

After another extremely long second of tension, Dream closed the distance and gently pressed his lips against George’s. His hand moved to cup George’s cheek as he kissed the omega carefully. George couldn’t help but melt into the kiss and allow himself to kiss Dream back.

This lasted for almost a minute before George pulled away breathlessly. George could feel his cheeks burning a bright shade of red as he ended the kiss. He also felt like he was unusually hot, but he had been feeling that a lot recently. His eyes scanned Dream’s face. His face was also a deep shade of red as he continued to stare at George. His eyes informed the omega that he wanted more, but only if George allowed him to.

George swallowed. As much as he wanted to continue, he knew that they had class. He pulled away carefully and grabbed his phone to check the time. They had to be at their class in twenty minutes meaning that they had to leave soon.

“We need to go to class,” George breathed to Dream. His eyes informed Dream that he was more than willing to continue their make out session, but he didn’t want to miss another class. He knew he missed one yesterday with how long he slept, so he didn’t want to miss another one.

“Yeah, uh, yeah,” Dream stumbled back as he adjusted himself on the bed. He pulled himself off and George joined him quickly. The pair stared at one another for a moment before Dream left the room to go to his own room. George turned his head and walked back to his drawer to grab some pants to wear for class today.

Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

only 9 chapters from here, huh?

edit- I hc that omegas in heat trigger alphas (especially ones they are v close to) to go into ruts, and vice versa ;)

Their classes felt like they dragged on forever. They had barely made it to their first class despite leaving as soon as they were both properly dressed. Even so, Dream's mind couldn't help but continue to focus on the kiss they had shared almost twenty minutes before. He wondered if it actually happened or was just part of his wet dream. It certainly didn't seem like it because they were discussing his wet dream at that moment.

In their first class, Dream felt like he was sitting rather close to George. It was almost like he was being pulled towards him like George had Dream-attracting magnets on him. Dream didn't fight these urges as he allowed himself to sit closer to him. This didn't just happen in their first class, though, as he continued to sit close to him in their second class after that as well.

They returned to their dorm after those two morning classes where they decided to share brunch together. Dream and George made eggs and bacon together within the kitchen. George's job was working on the bacon while Dream had the eggs to himself. While he wasn't the greatest cook, Dream certainly knew what he was doing when making eggs.

After they ate, George settled down for a nap on the couch. Dream didn't want to do anything to disturb him, so he settled down in the chair that was normally reserved for Sapnap. It didn't matter since Sapnap grabbed some toast and rushed out the door to go to his class. Bad had left for class while they were eating breakfast earlier. Before Bad left, though, he made a comment to George about their plans on Tuesday working out. Dream had no idea what that actually meant.

Dream was hanging out on his phone until he realized that it was time for George to wake up. He wasn't going to repeat what happened yesterday and cuddle up with George long enough that they missed their classes. He didn't want to do that again, and he knew that George didn't either. The omega hated missing classes.

He quickly woke George up who responded with a sleepy "Dream?" It made Dream's heart swell with pure adoration at the omega, but he knew that it was just him confused as he was waking up. He hoped that he would be able to hear George's sleepy voice more often. If they repeated what they did yesterday again, he knew that it would certainly happen. That would probably be the best thing to ever happen to Dream.

The pair quickly arrived at their final class of the day and, actually, for the week. The next day was going to be Sunday, so they didn't have class tomorrow. Something inside Dream fluttered around as he thought about being able to spend the day with George. Bad and Sapnap too, of course, but something inside of him almost ached for George. He needed a whole day with George.

Despite having their own chairs to sit in, George certainly didn't feel inclined to do that. They were sitting very close to one another like they were earlier, but at this point, George was basically just

sharing a chair with Dream. He wondered if any of George was even placed on his own chair at that point.

When they returned to their dorm, Dream wondered what they should do. They couldn't just ignore everything that happened this morning. Not only did he have a wet dream on George, he also kissed him. What was he supposed to do after that? They couldn't just pretend that it didn't happen.

He watched George carefully before he walked to the couch and sat down himself. He had his back resting on the arm of the couch with room for George to sit between his legs. He hoped that the omega would join him on the couch as well.

As he hoped, George walked his way over to the couch and sat down in between Dream's legs. He pressed his back against Dream's chest as he grew more comfortable on the couch. The alpha happily wrapped his arms around the omega and pulled him closer while a smile grew on his face.

"George," Dream purred out softly as he rested his head on top of George's head. He liked to place his head on the omega's. He could feel how soft his hair was on his chin while smelling the scent of strawberries and vanilla waft around the room.

"Dream," George sighed back as he tilted his head up to look at Dream. Once again, they were in the position that they were earlier today. Their faces were mere inches away from one another. Dream swallowed as he wondered if he should pull the omega in once again.

Dream thought he saw the want and... need in George's eyes whenever he kissed him earlier, but he wondered if he was just making that up inside his mind. George pulled away shortly after the kiss to get ready for class despite everything that just happened. Dream could feel himself slowly stress himself out. Did he want to be pulled in by Dream? Dream knew that he himself had a crush on the omega, but he had no idea whether George's feelings correspond properly.

Before either of them could act on their instincts, the door opened quickly and Sappnap entered the room. His eyebrows raised as he noticed the pair cuddled up rather closely on the couch. A remark was visibly brewing within his head as he noticed how close and cuddly they were together.

"Please don't fuck on the couch. I really don't want to have to buy a new one if semen gets all over it," Sappnap snidely remarked playfully as he stepped closer to the pair. Dream couldn't help but scoff as he thought this was one of Sappnap's worst remarks that he'd ever made.

Sappnap was known for making such comments towards Dream and George. It began when they had first met one another and Sappnap made a comment on how good their scents mixed together. When he noticed the very visible reaction from both of them, he realized that he could really get their goat going if he continued along that line of thinking.

Dream had once tried to do a similar thing back to him when he first met Karl, but it almost never worked. The two were much more understanding- and they were already together when he first met them. It seemed that Sappnap had the great idea to not bring Dream around his lover before he became his, well, lover. It was probably the best idea he had ever had, honestly.

Dream couldn't help but feel disheartened as he realized that George was attempting to shift positions. He moved from being placed between Dream's legs to more pressed up against his side. All the alpha could do was follow along as he didn't want to upset George. He wanted to stay in the previous position, of course, but he was more than willing to make George more comfortable.

"You two didn't need to shift positions. I'm just having some fun," He remarked with raised eyebrows. Dream couldn't help but shoot him a rather angry look as he felt George's scent grow

uncomfortable. Sapnap walked towards the pair and plopped down in his solo seat that was aside from the couch.

“Can you not make fun of us? Neither of us make fun of you and Karl,” Dream huffed, shaking his head in anger. He could feel his scent grow strong and angry within the air as he fought the urge to unload on Sapnap. Something was pushing him to protect George despite knowing that Sapnap didn’t mean to make him uncomfortable. “Want me to make comments about how much we hate hearing about you fucking your boyfriend? We don’t want to hear about where, when, and how you had sex.” As soon as the words exited his mouth, he wanted to take them back. It might’ve been partially the truth, sure, but he never wanted to admit it, especially in this manner.

What was happening? Dream could feel his instinct go into overdrive despite the fact that he didn’t want them to. Why was he being so protective over the omega? Did the accidental kiss mess him up this much? Or maybe it was his wet dream that he accidentally had earlier. Whatever it was, it was certainly making the alpha in Dream rear its ugly head.

Sapnap’s eyes widened as he stared at Dream dead on. He seemed very shocked at first before his eyes narrowed as he continued to stare into Dream’s own narrowed green eyes. “Dude, what the fuck is wrong with you?” Sapnap spat, his eyes mixed with anger and genuine concern. Sapnap had known him for a long time, much longer than any of the others knew each other. Dream and Sapnap were actually friends in high school, so he knew that Dream certainly wasn’t acting correctly. Thank god for that.

The tension between the two was enough to make George on edge. Dream could smell it in his scent, so he began to release his soothing scent. His full attention turned from his feud with Sapnap to George. His precious George. He was willing to do anything to make George feel alright. Everything he was doing was for George. That was the only thing on his mind. George. George. George.

Dream shook his head and didn’t respond. He knew that if he tried to say something, he’d just make things worse. Despite feeling remarkably bad for everything he said, he knew that he couldn’t take anything that he said back. He bit his tongue from allowing another remark to slide out of his mouth. He didn’t want to break a friendship that had lasted ever since they were high schoolers. He certainly didn’t want to break it over something as simple as that.

Instead of actually apologizing, he stood up. Maybe this was his own stubbornness or his alpha instincts, but he couldn’t just admit he was wrong to another alpha in front of his omega. He glanced over at George, making sure he was alright, before announcing, “I’m going to do some laundry. Do you want to help me, George?”

He made a promise that he was going to wash George’s sheets earlier, so he was going to do that. The omega stood up as well and joined him in his laundry duties. What an odd couples activity...

Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

I had a bad day today, so enjoy an extra chapter I guess

Ah, Sunday. What a great day to spend with one another. George couldn't contain himself as he realized that he could spend some time just lounging around with Dream. He wiped some of the sweat off his forehead that must've accumulated during the night as he was wearing a hoodie with the blankets pulled up over him. It wasn't like they hadn't just done that the past two days, but he needed it. He felt like Dream needed to be by him at all times.

He swallowed as he grew worried once again that he was in preheat. He almost always grew clingy towards Dream whenever he was in preheat (as all omegas did towards alphas that they were attracted to), but he shook his head. He could be in preheat, but maybe it was just because he was five days away from his heat. Some omegas began their preheat five days before their heats. This was all normal and he was on schedule. Again, he was never off schedule.

The omega squirmed his way off his bed as he stepped over to his dresser. He and Dream spent the previous day doing laundry after he spat at Sapnap. George wasn't entirely sure what caused Dream to act like that, but he certainly didn't like the attitude. The strength of Dream was attractive, sure, but not the way that he used it. He liked the feeling of being protected, but he knew that Sapnap wasn't a threat. He wished that he was able to tell Dream that instead of just growing upset.

He had slept in Dream's hoodie last night. It was comforting when he knew that the alpha wasn't going to be around him. It was kind of like a natural instinct. Maybe it was the preheat he may or may not be in. Omegas usually liked the scents of alphas whenever they were paired or had feelings towards one another.

The alpha, of course, slept in his own room last night. It wasn't even like they were together or anything, so there wasn't any reason that he would spend the night in his room. It made George feel upset, sure, but he knew that Dream had his own things to do. Those did not include being George's cuddle buddy during the night.

Of course, he did know that Dream had a big ass crush on him. George had one as well, but he knew that Dream was into him. It was almost like a dream come true, but he didn't want to push Dream before he actually confessed to him. Bad had talked to him yesterday about how everything was set into motion. That was perfect, and George was so happy that Bad was such a great friend.

He had discussed with Bad about scheduling the occasion on that Sunday instead, but decided not to. They would have to explain their plan to Sapnap as well. While Sapnap may have been an amazing friend, he wasn't the greatest with secrets. He was also very close to Dream, so he would have more opportunities towards informing the other alpha about what would happen. To make things simple, they weren't going to inform Sapnap until that night.

He could feel the butterflies fly around in his chest. There was almost certainly a dumb smile on his face as he thought about Dream. Ah, Dream was the only thing running through his mind lately. He just assumed that it was because, once again, he was excited. And if he was in preheat,

that could also be a reason.

George could feel himself grow rather warm. He couldn't tell if it was because of possible preheat or because of how thick the fabric of the hoodie was. Despite the scent of the hoodie being wonderful, he felt like he was suffocating inside of it. He quickly stripped it off and tossed it into his empty laundry bin. He swallowed as he wondered if this was also preheat. Many of the signs today pointed towards preheat, so he assumed that he had just gone into it today. That meant that he was going to have his heat in five days- just as scheduled.

The omega grabbed a thin t-shirt that he usually only wore to sleep and tossed it on. He was much too hot and sweaty to wear anything else. He switched out his underwear for some of his thin panties to allow his groin to breathe. He felt like he needed it. On top of that, he tossed on the breeziest skirt he had. It was nice and thin enough that he wouldn't get too warm in it. Preheats sucked because of how hot they made him feel. Heats...

Wait- would Dream help him out during his heat? The thought hadn't even crossed his mind before this moment. It was what partners did whenever one of them got into heat or rut. Well, alphas usually didn't get their ruts every three months when with an omega because they went into ruts whenever they smelled the omega in heat. If he was going into heat only three days after he confessed to Dream, would he actually help him out? He wouldn't blame him if he didn't. That would be quite a jump in their relationship.

He shook his head as he didn't want to over excite himself. There was a visible smile on his face despite trying to clear his head from these ideas. He couldn't help himself as he continued to think about it. The horniness was certainly the worst part about preheat.

He grabbed the brush on his dresser and began to brush through his hair. It was messy since he had just woken up, so he decided that he could at least fix it up a little. Plus, the "bangs" that he had were somewhat wet with sweat due to him sweating during the night. Maybe if he messed with his hair, it would look okay.

He stepped out of his room and glanced around. Bad was chilling on the couch and turned his head when he heard George's door open. He gave a smile to George as the smaller omega approached him and sat down beside him. George couldn't help himself as he sat down and immediately began to cuddle up to Bad. It was just natural for omegas to cuddle, yeah.

"Skeppy is up for coming on Tuesday. He says that he felt bad for the misunderstanding and wanted to help the two of you get together," Bad hummed with a smile as he cuddled up with George as well. It was nice when it was just the two of them. The omegas spent a lot of time snuggling up with one another whenever no one was around. Back when George lived in the omega dorms, a lot of the omegas would plan a night where they all cuddled together while watching movies. It was sweet.

"Tell Skeppy that I already yelled at Dream about that whole situation," George huffed in response. He couldn't help but smile all the while. He hadn't really yelled at him, no, but more angrily cried at him while telling him how much of an idiot Dream was. Bad certainly didn't need to know that.

"Dream's a muffinhead," Bad retorted with a small snort. George couldn't help but laugh along and agree at that. Dream was a "muffinhead" as Bad put it. Bad didn't swear, so muffin was his stand-in for that. Honestly, yeah, that was probably the best way to describe Dream.

"I know, but that doesn't stop me from liking him," George responded with a dumb smile. He watched as Bad looked down at him and began to laugh at him.

“You’re one too, you muffinhead! You didn’t realize Dream liked you back until after I told you!” Bad exclaimed while ruffling up George’s hair. He couldn’t respond other than giving a small squeak and attempting to push the larger omega away from him. He didn’t want his hair to be messed up!

At the moment Bad said that, Sapnap’s door opened. He raised an eyebrow at the pair before stretching out his arms. He joined them by sitting on his chair and chuckled lightly. “So Bad told you that Dream likes you back? Damn, I was kind of hoping one of you two would figure it out on your own.” George rolled his eyes at that. Oh, Sapnap was certainly something.

“Language,” Bad snapped almost immediately after Sapnap said that. Sapnap shrugged as he seemed to not really care much about being yelled at by Bad. It happened so often that George assumed that it meant nothing to him now. Bad sighed before continuing, “Yeah, did you see how they acted around one another? They would’ve done that for the rest of their lives if I didn’t intervene.”

Sapnap chuckled before nodding, “Yeah, I can see that. You two are some of the most oblivious idiots in the whole world.” George couldn’t help but feel rather offended by being called an idiot. For some reason, he felt much more comfortable being called a muffinhead than he did being called an idiot. Maybe it was because it was an actual insult instead of just some weird fluff word.

“You suck, Sapnap,” George responded while sticking his tongue out. He couldn’t think of anything clever in that moment, so he resorted to acting like a child.

“Oh? I thought it was implied that you suck,” Sapnap responded with a wink. It took a moment before George caught what that meant and his face grew a solid shade of red. He could only sputter out random sounds and noises in response.

George looked over at Bad for a defense and noticed that the other omega was also red in the face. “Gross, Sapnap. Can you never say anything like that in my presence again?”

“What? It’s true!” Sapnap smirked as he looked over at George. He felt himself turn a deeper shade of red at that. Dream and George weren’t even together and Sapnap was already implying that they had oral sex. It wasn’t like George didn’t want to have oral sex with Dream, but...

“And you haven’t? Wow, I feel bad for Karl,” George snarkily responded back. At that, Sapnap became the sputtering mess that was previously George. When he caused the alpha to be defeated, he felt some joy spark within himself. It wasn’t every day that an omega was able to stand up to an alpha.

Finally, Dream’s door opened and the alpha stepped out. He was rubbing sleep out of his eyes as he stepped into the room. He was dressed in proper clothing, sure, but he still seemed rather sleepy. George didn’t blame him as the omega had previously debated going back to sleep before realizing that it was Sunday. He just wanted to be around Dream more.

“Good morning, sleeping beauty,” Sapnap purred with a smirk as he noticed Dream enter the room. George could only glare at him from his position directly next to Bad on the couch. Dream grunted in response as he stepped towards the couch and plopped himself down.

George immediately moved himself from Bad’s side to Dream’s side. It was almost like Dream had magnets within him that attracted only George. Almost instinctively, the alpha wrapped his arm around George’s shoulders as he settled down on the couch. His gaze turned to George as he gave him a warm smile. George could feel himself melt into Dream’s side as he pressed himself closer. It didn’t matter that he felt unusually hot, the warmth of Dream was too appealing.

“You’ve been so cuddly lately, what’s up?” Dream chuckled as he stared down at the omega. George felt the alpha pull him closer while wrapping his arm around him further to squeeze him. Sapnap made an audible gagging noise which Bad responded with a shushing noise.

He raised his gaze to look at the alpha. He smiled as he responded, “I think I’m in preheat. Don’t worry, I won’t be in actual heat for about five days. I’ll be fine.” He smiled as he nuzzled up against Dream’s chest.

George could smell the change in Dream’s scent as he stated that he was going into heat in five days. On top of that, he could also detect the more subtle change in Bad’s scent as he also grew rather nervous just hearing that come out of George’s mouth.

“Are you sure, George?” Dream asked, his voice swaying as he seemed to be rather upset and somewhat nervous. Sapnap’s scent grew rather surprised and scared at the same time as he was worried about that. The omegas were required to keep track of when they got into heats since they were much more scheduled than alphas’ ruts. Even so, they were still rather finicky... for anyone who wasn’t George, of course.

“I’m always on schedule. Don’t worry,” George huffed in response. Why didn’t Dream believe him? Maybe it was just natural that he was looking for secondary opinions. Heats were kind of a mess with some omegas. He watched as Dream glanced over at Bad to see his opinion on the matter.

Bad shrugged and nodded. He seemed to pause as he looked at George for a moment before saying, “For as long as I’ve known him, he’s always been on schedule. I may have only met him last year, but that is still rather remarkable.”

“Huh, how do you do that?” Sapnap asked from his chair. He leaned in to look at George despite him being morphed into Dream’s form. George couldn’t help but accept the stare from the alpha as he knew it wasn’t that common. Sapnap chuckled as he continued, “Karl would love it if you helped him out with maintaining a schedule.”

George shrugged as he responded, “I don’t know? My body just stays on schedule. The only time I’ve ever been off was because of taking birth control.” The scents in the air changed to ones of confusion and, from Dream, surprise.

“You don’t take birth control? I thought you were required to take it to be roommates with us?” Dream asked, his eyebrows furrowing as he was confused. He read the contracts that both the alphas and the omegas signed because he didn’t want either of them roped into anything. George guessed that Dream might’ve just been a bit overprotective.

“I think so, but they don’t follow up on it. Doesn’t really matter since I don’t have a partner. If I did, though, I would immediately go onto it,” George breathed before staring up at Dream. That elicited a loud “oooooh” noise from Sapnap as Dream’s cheeks grew a scarlet red color. Bad proceeded to throw one of the pillows at him.

“So the only time you’ve ever been early or late is because of birth control?” Bad asked as he scooted closer to George. George could feel Dream swallow as he seemed to be controlling his aggression. Preheat caused omegas to get clingy and alphas to grow protective and therefore aggressive. George couldn’t help himself as he pressed himself against Dream to comfort him and show him that he belonged to him.

“Well, I bought a dildo last month and just recently used it this past heat. It lasted only four days compared to my usual five,” George smiled subtly as he wondered if he would use it again. Maybe

he would or maybe he would actually have someone there to help him. He couldn't help himself as his gaze drifted up towards Dream.

"Well, you may have heat early-" Bad began before George cut him off immediately.

"I track my schedule based on the last day of my previous heat. Again, five days away. I know what I'm doing," George sighed as he grew tired about talking about his heats. They never talked about Bad's heats or Sapnap and Dream's ruts before, so why were they so interested in his? He was all too willing to go back to his room and sulk, but Dream made him stay.

After a moment of silence, the three of them returned to speaking about something else as George was clearly agitated about the situation. George didn't feel like speaking up and instead allowed himself to crawl his way onto Dream's lap and snuggle up against body while his head rested against his neck. Dream gently released his soothing scent into the air that slowly lulled George to sleep.

Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

still don't feel great after yesterday, but y'all, I love the comments you guys gave-made me feel better

Dream listened to Bad and Sapnap discuss the best kinds of muffins. He wasn't entirely sure how they got to this topic, but he had a guess. He assumed that Sapnap swore, Bad yelled at him while using the word 'muffin', Sapnap judged him for using the word muffin, and then it probably spiraled from there.

George was basically clinging to him much like a koala as he sat on the couch peacefully. He couldn't help himself as he played with the beautiful brown locks that rested on the top of George's head. He was happy as he heard the gentle purring be released from the omega's mouth as he ran his fingers through his hair.

"Dream, blueberry muffins or chocolate chip muffins?" Sapnap asked, clearly trying to get someone to end the debate between them. Bad's attention was quickly turned towards Dream instead of Sapnap now that he was involved in the conversation. Dream was too distracted for a moment by how pretty George was to respond. Sapnap gave a small 'ahem' which brought him back to reality.

He paused for a minute as he debated between the pair of them. "Blueberry. I don't know why, but they just taste better. I love to eat one after I go on a run," Dream chuckled as he answered Sapnap. In response to this, Sapnap pumped his arms in the air with a whoop while Bad scoffed angrily.

"But the chocolate chip ones are honestly the best. I think both of you are just wrong in this since I'm the one who knows about muffins," Bad retorted while crossing his arms. He wasn't upset, but rather just playing up his response as he wanted to mess with the alphas. Both chuckled at that.

The trio soon went back to silence as they wondered what to talk about next. The only thing that filled the room was the gentle purrs that released from George's throat as he slept on Dream's lap while hugged against his chest. Dream couldn't help the pink coloration that rose to his face. Sapnap snorted before Dream sent him a look. With one last giggle, Sapnap began to do something on his phone. Dream decided to use this moment to talk with Bad about their earlier conversation.

Dream swallowed before he looked over at Bad. "Is it true what you said? He's always been on schedule for his heat?" He asked the omega, his eyes furrowed with concern. He believed George, sure, but he was still worried.

"Yeah, I've always known him as being perfectly scheduled. When we roomed together, he had a calendar with his heat dates labeled," Bad chuckled nervously as he rubbed his neck carefully. He certainly didn't keep track of his schedule as well as George did. That, or he certainly didn't really have a good schedule like George did. "Why, are you concerned or something?"

"I-" Dream started before stopping himself. He wanted to fully develop what he wanted to say before he actually said it. He closed his eyes for a moment before beginning again. "I don't think today is the first day of his preheat. He'd been very clingy with me the past few days and I don't

know if he realizes that.”

Bad’s eyes grew surprised as he heard that. He glanced down at the sleeping George that seemed to be peacefully enjoying his time in Dream’s lap. “Oh? George is usually pretty good about this. Are you sure it isn’t just the result of you straight up ignoring him for almost a week?”

Dream scoffed as he pretended to be offended, but the words hit Dream straight in the heart. He couldn’t help but feel horrible about that time and felt that bringing it up made him feel worse. He shook his head for a moment to get the thoughts out of his head. He sighed, “I guess it could be that. I-I was clingy as soon as I realized Skeppy was your partner.”

The omega nodded as he turned away from Dream and, subsequently, George as well. Dream swallowed once again as his attention was turned away from Bad and transferred to George. He couldn’t help himself as his attention was being pulled to George as if he had a gravitational force.

Sapnap began to discuss something on his phone. Bad responded for a moment before Dream immediately blurted something out. He didn’t mean to say it, but he felt like he needed to tell his two closest friends before he bubbled over. “I-I kissed George yesterday.”

That immediately stopped whatever conversation the two were about to engage in as they suddenly became much more interested in whatever Dream was going to say. They were acting almost identically to teenagers about to hear the latest gossip. He wondered why he ever became friends with them when talking about anything important turned out this way.

“Tell us more, Dream~” Sapnap purred with a devious smile. He curled up on the chair and attempted to get as close to the alpha as he could despite being on a whole separate piece of furniture. Bad, despite not being into gossip as much as Sapnap was, was also clearly interested in more.

There was a moment before the alpha began to respond, “It was yesterday morning. I had spent the night with George in a nonsexual way. We just slept together, no sex.” He explained the last bit quickly as he didn’t want them to assume anything. He had noticed the raised eyebrows on Bad when he first said it before explaining himself. Dream couldn’t help himself as he began to ramble, “Well, I didn’t really mean to, I guess? Not that I didn’t want to kiss him, it was just so sudden. I accidentally had a wet dream and it got everywhere, including on George, and we were arguing about who would clean it up. We ended up being inches away from one another and I just went for it. I-I don’t know if George liked it, though, as he pulled away like a minute afterwards to inform me about class.”

There was a long moment of silence as the two began to process everything that Dream just spoke in about a minute flat. It wasn’t that he meant to tell them everything, but it just sort of flowed out of him. He was scared about what they would say in reaction. He knew that they would judge him, but he was also scared about being judged. It was a weird conundrum that Dream was stuck in.

“You-you had a wet dream on George?” Sapnap exclaimed as he was clearly more interested in that than the whole kiss session the pair had. Dream didn’t really blame him as he would be more interested in the whole ‘wet dream’ situation than a boring old kiss. If Sapnap told him the same story, he would certainly react the same way.

“N-not on purpose! We were spooning with one another during the night and it just happened,” Dream explained quickly while defending himself. He was careful not to jostle George awake as he didn’t want the omega to hear anything that he was saying about this situation. It would probably just add some unnecessary stress to the situation.

“You guys were kissing for a minute, right? If he wasn’t into it, he would’ve pulled away immediately,” Bad suggested, pointing out things that seemed to go over Dream’s head. He was very much an idiot a lot of the time, but he never really meant to.

“More or less, yeah, I guess,” Dream responded as he moved to rub his neck nervously. He swallowed as he checked on George. The omega was happily nuzzled into the crook of his neck while his arms were wrapped around his chest. He occasionally fidgeted as he dreamed, but otherwise, he didn’t move that much. Despite waking up not too long ago, the omega seemed really tired.

“Dream, you’re the biggest idiot I’ve ever seen in my entire life,” Sapnap sighed as he face palmed. Dream couldn’t help but feel rather offended by the whole theatrics that Sapnap decided to pull off. Before he could even respond, Bad opened his mouth.

“I can only agree with him,” he said with a small laugh. When Dream opened his mouth once again, Bad cut him off again. “You and George are two of the most oblivious people I have ever met.”

“Wha- what does that mean?” Dream squealed, his eyes wide as he wondered what they were implying. Did they mean that George also liked him back? Both of them knew that he had a crush on George- he knew that enough, but he didn’t know if they knew George’s feelings. Dream thought that George might like him, but he wasn’t entirely positive on that.

It almost seemed like Bad realized he said too much in that moment as he immediately moved his hand to cover his mouth. That small movement made Dream all the more curious about what he was talking about. He needed to know more. He glanced over at Sapnap to see if he had anything to say, but he also seemed to be keeping himself rather tight-lipped.

If George wasn’t so tightly wrapped around the alpha, he would’ve stood up and fought Sapnap to get the truth out of him. Instead of doing that, he decided to glare at his friends until they answered. Despite this, they were still rather tight lipped about the whole situation. He wondered if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Did this mean that George didn’t like him? Did this mean that George did like him? They weren’t implying anything bad, it seemed, more that he was very oblivious. What did that mean exactly? Was it that he was oblivious to Bad and Skeppy’s relationship? Maybe it was that he didn’t realize how sad he was making George by ignoring him. Or maybe it was about George’s feelings?

It seemed that the other two in the room watched Dream’s face go through all sorts of emotions as he processed what they could possibly be talking about. Despite this, they still didn’t say anything about it.

Instead of talking further on that topic, Bad glanced over at Sapnap and asked, “You think Karl would like to come over on Tuesday? I’m planning on making dinner and wouldn’t mind if you invited them over.”

Dream could only huff in response as they continued to further ignore him and his questions. He wanted to know what they meant! They couldn’t just leave him hanging like this!

“Oh, maybe. I can ask him and see what he thinks. He shouldn’t be busy, I don’t think,” Sapnap responded with a smile. He seemed genuinely happy with the idea that they could all spend some time together. Last time they were all properly together, Dream and George didn’t really see eye-to-eye and made the whole evening rather awkward.

He soon realized that they weren't going to say anything else to Dream if he continued to press on the matter. He sighed and looked down at George who was sleeping. Preheat, huh? He wondered what he would do without George for another week again. Heats sucked whenever he was left without George- especially whenever he was left with the smell of George in heat.

Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

Next few chapters are gonna be great :)

George blinked the sleep away from his eyes as he felt rather rested. He pulled himself off of the rather soft pillow he was laying on to stretch his arms out. He glanced around for a moment before realizing that he wasn't actually laying on a pillow. It was Dream. His face flushed heavily as he wondered how he could even forget himself cuddling up against him and subsequently falling asleep on him.

Dream seemed to be unconscious to George at first, but he soon realized that he was actually awake and just had his eyes closed. As soon as he realized that George was awake and pulling away from him, his eyes peeled open. He smiled at the newly awoken George as he pulled himself away from Dream.

"Preheat?" Dream asked quietly as he stared into George's eyes. George could feel himself almost melt as the green eyes bored all of their secrets directly into George's heterochromatic ones. He swallowed before nodding slightly. He couldn't feel himself being able to answer... he was much too enticed by Dream's whole presence.

George felt himself slowly get closer to Dream. It was odd since he was already so close to sleep on him, but he wondered if the alpha was even comfortable with his actions. If he wasn't, he certainly wasn't saying anything about this. He couldn't help himself as his gaze turned to the alpha's lips as he wanted to press his own against them. They were so sweet the last time he tasted them, he wanted to do it again.

Except his own body stopped him. His stomach growled as it demanded food. He was hungry, sure, but probably more so because he was calorie loading due to heat being so close. George couldn't help but feel rather embarrassed by himself as he pulled away from Dream. The alpha couldn't help himself as he laughed at the whole interaction.

"Is George awake?" Bad called from the kitchen. He seemed to be making something, but George wasn't entirely sure what it was. He knew he smelled it before, but he was too dazed from the momentary experience that just happened and from just waking up. It certainly smelled rather delicious, but certainly not as much as Dream did to the omega in preheat. "I made some homemade mac and cheese for the four of us. I made some extra because I know that I'll be the only one having a small serving."

Bad was so sweet. George was surprised that he wasn't taken sooner by someone, especially Skeppy. The pair were friends for a whole year before they even considered the chance of dating. If George was an alpha, he'd snatch up Bad immediately and treat him like the royalty he was. If Skeppy ever mistreated him, he would certainly have something to explain.

"Thank you," George shouted back with a smile on his face. He turned to look back at Dream. He honestly didn't want to stand up and leave Dream, so he instead wrapped himself around the alpha. "Carry me, Dream. I don't want to walk."

Dream couldn't help but chuckle once again at the action before placing his hands on George's ass to support his weight. He could feel his face flush as he realized that both his skirt was short and panties were rather thin, so when he felt his warm hands on his ass, he couldn't help but squeal. He swallowed for a moment before the alpha stood up while holding George up. George naturally and instinctively wrapped his legs around Dream's waist.

The alpha began to walk into the dining room and sat down on a chair. He tried to dislocate George from him, but George certainly didn't want to leave. George felt that, even moving to sit in the chair next to him, would be too far away from the alpha. Instead of moving, he just twisted himself around to sit on Dream's lap.

Sapnap began to make comments on the other side of the table, "Gross. You two are not allowed to bang on the dining table. This is for eating food, not eating each other out."

"You're one to talk, Sapnap," George retorted as he rested the back of his head against Dream's chest lightly. He couldn't contain the purrs that rippled out of his throat and into the world around him.

Dream seemed to catch on almost immediately by responding with some of the things he'd heard Sapnap say to his partner in public. "I'm so full~, Karl said. You're supposed to say that later, you responded," Dream made sure to change his voice to match the individuals he was talking about. George couldn't help but giggle at his attempts of pretending to be the other two.

Sapnap's face immediately went a bright shade of red as he realized he was the one being made fun of now. He certainly didn't seem to like being tag-teamed by the pair sitting opposite of him. "Bad-" he called into the kitchen, "they're making fun of me."

Bad walked into the dining room with four plates of mac and cheese. How he was holding it, George certainly didn't know. Bad might've been a waiter when he was in high school. George might've remembered him saying that he was once. He placed them down in front of all of them (large ones for the other three, a small plate for himself) before sitting down next to Sapnap.

"I'm not your mom, Sapnap," Bad scoffed as he adjusted his chair. After a moment, he grabbed his fork and stirred the mac and cheese around to make sure everything got the crumbling on top. "Anyway, you deserve it. You do the same thing all the time but only mention whenever Dream and George do it because they live together."

Sapnap pretended to look offended for a moment before diving into a mountain of giggles. He certainly didn't seem to be taking everything that seriously, which George was glad about. Some alphas hated to be mocked by others, so he was glad he befriended some of the good ones like Sapnap and Dream.

Especially Dream. George certainly couldn't imagine where he'd be in life right now if he didn't have Dream. He would be in college, sure, but he wasn't sure what would even be happening right now. George would probably be much more focused on his education and spend all his time locked away in his dorm to complete his work.

"Thank you, Bad," George said as he realized that he had been staring off into space for a whole minute without doing anything. He said that in response to Bad cooking the meal, so the other omega happily nodded as he stuffed some mac and cheese into his face.

The omega sitting on Dream's lap soon followed and began to stuff his face with the mac and cheese. George knew that, as he ate, it was certainly awkward for Dream. Not that he was uncomfortable, but that he was having a rough time eating his food around George. George

adjusted himself on his lap so that Dream would have an easier time getting to eat. This meant that George wasn't completely surrounded by Dream, sure, but he was okay with being on him at the very least.

While eating, George couldn't help but watch Dream sitting technically next to him now. He was still sitting on his lap, but on his one leg instead. His eyes couldn't be torn away from staring at his beautiful lips. He wanted to pull him close and press his own lips against the alpha's soft, pink ones. He held his tongue as he continued to eat. He didn't want to make Sappnap and Bad uncomfortable despite how bad the urge to do it was.

They finished eating soon and Sappnap offered to wash up. Everyone was pretty surprised at that until he retorted that he knew how to wash dishes. He might've been terrible at cooking food, but he was good with the cleanup. He said that he did it a lot whenever he stayed over at his boyfriend's dorm. That wasn't what they were really thinking about, though. George was surprised at how willing he was to do the washing as he usually didn't seem that inclined.

Everyone (except Sappnap, he was in the kitchen) migrated into the living room. George found himself placed onto Dream again. He was so clingy, but he didn't really care that much about how clingy he was being. He wanted to be close to Dream, and the alpha didn't really seem to mind that much. In fact, it seemed that Dream seemed to be enjoying just as much as George was with the deep rumblings of purrs he heard coming from deep in his throat.

The day continued on from there rather quickly. George wasn't entirely sure how much of it he actually spent napping and how much he was awake, but he certainly only remembered about half the day. He didn't mean to fall asleep so often, but his body was preparing for heat. He never got this tired on only his first day of preheat, so he was somewhat weirded out by the pattern.

By the time it was dinner, he wondered how he would even be able to sleep tonight. It would be nice, sure, but would he really even have a good night of sleep? He'd spent so much of the day just napping along, so he might just end up rather awake during the night. He hoped that his body would only need a good night of sleep before allowing him to stay awake. How would he go to his classes tomorrow if he was struggling to maintain consciousness?

The four of them just ordered out at a nearby Italian restaurant. George was basic and ordered fettuccine Alfredo to eat. It was good- but not nearly as good as George's family made it. He sometimes wondered what it would be like if he went to college in England instead of in America. Cheaper, sure, but it was nice to be around Dream, Bad, and Sappnap. He didn't think he would have this much fun if he was someplace in Europe.

They ate, cleaned up, and returned to the couch. It was certainly different from last Sunday where Dream and George spent about an hour and a half at the park with George crying almost the entire time. The only similarity was that George was clinging to Dream as though he was the only thing keeping him alive.

The night continued on with nothing too exciting happening. The good part of this time was that George wasn't sleeping. His body must've realized that he needed to waste a little energy in order to sleep a solid amount of time to be ready for class tomorrow.

He stretched his arms as he sat in Dream's lap. It was almost as if the pair became one person with how close and cuddly George was being to him. Sappnap had, apparently, made some more comments about the whole situation to Dream while the omega was sleeping. At this point, George actually didn't really care what Sappnap said. He wanted to be at Dream's side, so he stayed by Dream's side.

George leaned his way towards Dream's face. He watched the alpha's face grow flushed as he got closer. He assumed that the taller boy was assuming that George was moving closer to press another kiss onto his lips like yesterday. While he wanted to kiss him, he didn't want to do it publicly around Bad and Sapnap. He may not have minded them as much anymore, but he didn't want to egg on Sapnap's comments either.

"Dream," he murmured to the alpha. He was quiet so none of the others could really hear him. He watched Dream's face carefully to make sure that he heard him. When Dream nodded slightly to show that he was listening, George continued, "Do you want to sleep in my room again, tonight? I- I want you to be there with me."

There was a moment of silence from the alpha. George could feel himself grow worried as he wondered if he crossed the line. The thought was there, but his mind was too clouded with pure lust for the idea to get much further. Dream chuckled before quietly murmuring back, "Yeah. Let's wait for Bad and Sapnap to go to their rooms, and then I can join you in yours."

George could barely hold back the squeal of excitement that rose within his throat. He wanted to say so many things in that moment and exclaim how much he wanted to spend the night with Dream. Instead, he swallowed before answering, "I can go get my room ready. They'll suspect something if we leave at the same or similar times. You can just leave after one of them goes to bed."

There was another moment of silence. Dream seemed to think for a moment before giving the smallest nod to Dream. He hoped that none of the other two boys in the room heard anything they said or the nod that came from Dream. Even if they did see the nod, they probably wouldn't be able to guess what they were talking about.

The pair sat together for a moment. Dream turned to have a conversation with the other two while George realized how drowsy he was growing. Damn- he really needed to sleep soon. At least he could stay awake until Dream joined him in his room. After another minute of George fighting sleep, he stood up.

The movement from the omega seemed to shock everyone in the room as he was pretty much only moving whenever Dream did. "I'm gonna go to bed early. I want to make sure I don't fall asleep in class tomorrow," George announced as he yawned. He wasn't trying to make his excuse sound more realistic by adding the yawn, it just presented itself. He wasn't lying. He needed to sleep and should get to bed early.

The others all waved him goodnight as he walked to his room and shut the door. There was a moment where he wondered if he should leave it open slightly, but shook his head. He always shut his door whenever he went to sleep. He made sure to close it all the way, but not lock it. He wanted Dream to be able to come in later tonight when he was able to slip away from the other two.

As soon as George stepped into his room, he felt a wave crash over him. It was a weird mix of emotions from longing to misery to lust to sadness. He wasn't entirely sure why this happened. The only thought that controlled his mind was to get back to Dream and feel his warmth again. It took everything inside of him to fight the urge.

He stripped his clothing off and exchanged it for something else. He pulled out some of his nicest panties and slipped those on. He wanted to impress Dream and show him how beautiful he was. The alpha might've already seen him naked and in nightwear, sure, but he still wanted to impress him with his body.

Following the panties, he moved to his closet. He put some of his nicer clothing within his closet

instead of his dresser, so he searched through the area. Most of the things within here were just nicer dress shirts or pants that needed hung up. That's when he spotted it: his nightgown. He bought it when he first moved here, but he never had much of a reason to use it. It was rather soft and silky, but he never had anyone that he wanted to show it off to.

Until tonight. He slipped the fabric over himself and shivered at how nice the silk was against his bare skin. He turned to look in the mirror to admire himself. The baby blue nightie was nicely fitted to his body, but gave just enough room for him to breathe. He wondered what Dream would think of his appearance. He shivered as he wondered how Dream's hands would feel as he ran them along his body.

George placed himself onto his bed and waited for Dream to come in. It would probably take a while, but he was willing to stay up as long as it took. That is, if his body allowed him to.

Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

guess who is talking to the police 🙄 😊

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was hard for him to maintain consciousness as he waited around for Dream to enter his room. There were moments where he was on the verge of falling asleep, but he jolted awake to see if Dream was around. This happened several times throughout however long it took for Dream to come in.

He wasn't actually paying attention to time. The only thing that was showing him that time was passing was the sky changing outside his window. It was dark when he got in here, but not completely. Now, the sky was remarkably dark. He knew the sky could change rather quickly, but he didn't realize how quickly it changed. That, or he had fallen asleep once or twice while waiting.

Every small noise made him jump up to see if Dream was at his door. Of course, it wasn't... every single time. He kept twisting and turning around on his bed as he worried about what was taking Dream so long. Maybe he was trapped in a conversation with Bad and Sapnap. Maybe he accidentally fell asleep. Maybe Sapnap and Bad knew what was happening and were keeping him away.

The more time that passed without Dream, the more time he worried about if he was actually going to join him. Was this just something he thought in his head? Was Dream too uncomfortable to join him? Was Dream just playing along to make him feel better during his preheat, but not actually going to do what he said he was? His brain flipped between these thoughts and the fantasy of Dream coming in. It was a weird situation to the small boy.

After jolting himself awake one of the times, he stood up off his bed and began to hurriedly nest. His body was nesting because he needed it for his heat, sure, but it was also rather comforting. Nesting was instinctual as he pulled the blankets off his bed and into the corner of his room. He began to gather them up in a large pile while purposely creating a dent in the middle for himself.

When he finished doing his nest with his blankets, he went around his room to look for something specific. He knew what he wanted, but he wasn't entirely sure where he had last placed them. George could feel himself grow frustrated when he couldn't find them immediately. His hormones were pushing his emotions tenfold on him, so he felt tears threaten to release from his eyes.

After another moment of searching, he found what he was looking for underneath his bed. There were two hoodies and a t-shirt pushed haphazardly under the bed. He realized that it might've happened when he ripped the blankets off his bed just a moment ago since he didn't pull them out from the day before the last.

With these items held within his hands, he began to softly purr. Each of these items smelled like Dream. They weren't as strongly scented as Dream himself or any of his more recently worn clothing, but they were enough to make him happy. He covered the blankets in his nest with these articles of clothing before placing himself within his nest.

He felt himself purr as he was surrounded by the wonderful scent of pine and citrus. Each was nice to him and were enough to make him feel warm and comfortable. Anytime he went shopping, especially in places like Bath and Body Works, he would look around for any type of candle or hand sanitizer that smells like pine and citrus. Unfortunately, nothing ever did, but he was able to find things that individually smelled like both. They weren't good enough for him, though.

George curled himself around within his nest as he waited for Dream. It was such a pleasant place to be for the preheating omega. He held his breath as he heard the door to his room click open. His heterochromatic gaze turned to the person opening the door. After a moment, Dream, dressed only in boxers, entered the room.

A rush of euphoria and lust rushed over him as he stared at the tall alpha in his doorway. He wanted to do so many things at that moment. He pushed himself up in his nest and stared at the alpha looking at him. Dream's green eyes were so soft and caring as he looked at George. The omega couldn't wait until the alpha was pressed up against him while they were sleeping. He needed to be by Dream again.

"Oh- you nested," Dream spoke, clearly surprised, aloud to the omega, "I'll get blankets from my room." It didn't even take a moment before the alpha was turned around and left the omega's room. George wasn't able to whine in disagreement before the alpha was already gone and out of his room. That didn't stop the whine, though, as it escaped his lips and held solidly within the air for a moment.

George could feel himself squirm around as he waited for Dream to return. It didn't take that long, sure, but he felt like it took ages. The omega did not want to be alone for that much longer. As soon as the alpha returned to the omega's room, he propped himself up immediately to stare at Dream. He couldn't help himself as he continued to gaze lovingly at him.

"Here, a blanket for us to use," Dream smiled as he stared at George before he walked towards the almost completely stripped bed. The only thing that wasn't purposely ripped off the bed was his sheets. Dream tossed his blanket, a large comforter, onto the bed. He soon joined the blanket on the bed and watched the omega in his nest, his eyes wondering if the omega was going to join him.

George scrambled his way up and over to Dream on the bed. He almost tripped over his feet as he basically ran to join Dream. He quickly jumped onto his bed and placed himself directly next to the alpha. He pressed himself against the alpha and made sure to get all the attention that he could from him.

"You're so clingy, Georgie," Dream remarked with a chuckle as he began to run his fingers through the smaller boy's hair. The alpha was careful with his movements, but they felt precise and sweet at the same time. George could feel the purrs ripple their way out of him without his control.

"Do you not like it?" George asked, pressing his head more into Dream's hand as his fingers raked against his scalp. Ugh- he felt himself shiver with pleasure even over the small movements. He was definitely in preheat.

"No," Dream responded quickly with a smile. His fingers paused for a moment before they began to run through his hair again. "I don't mind you being clingy. I-I like when you get clingy."

"Good," George purred softly as he rested his head against the larger boy's chest. He felt the warm skin of the alpha's chest against his face and wondered what the alpha was thinking. He secretly hoped that there was a blush on Dream's face from the movement.

There was a moment of blissful silence as the taller boy continued to play with George's beautiful

brown locks that were located on his head. George continued to purr while a rather low, rumbling purr joined in from Dream's throat. The noises that both of them made together made the omega feel rather content. It was like a weird song that the pair were creating together from their joy.

"You can touch more than just my head, Dream," George hinted as he wiggled his body erotically (well, as erotically as he could while still pressing himself against the alpha). The smaller boy moved his head away from Dream's chest as he pulled himself into a sitting position and began to sway his body teasingly. He turned his heterochromatic gaze to look up at Dream as he fluttered his eyelashes playfully. The color change in Dream's face was almost immediate as he realized what the omega was implying that he did.

He watched Dream's Adam's apple bob as he swallowed. He pushed himself up on the bed quickly to follow with George's movements. There was a moment where his hands weren't anywhere near George. Of course, he couldn't see them, though. George wondered where they were before he felt them on his neck, gently fondling his bonding gland.

"D-Dream~" George couldn't help but moan out as Dream's fingers lingered on his neck. He didn't want him to stop touching the area. His hands moved up immediately to cover his mouth as Dream tickled the area again. He would moan louder if Dream continued to do this.

"Do you like that, George?" He teased quietly as he leaned closer to George's face. The smaller boy could feel the breath of the blond haired boy against his ear. George nodded as he felt his face grow rather flushed in red. Yes, he liked it very much. Actually, he didn't just like it- he loved it.

"I-if you keep doing that, my body, hng~ won't be able to handle it anymore," George meekly responded before covering his mouth again as another moan tried to slip its way out of his body.

"I'm sorry. I just like seeing you look this way," There was a rough chuckle from the alpha's throat as he removed his hand and brought it down George's back. "I just want to see you all red and squirming from my touch." He still loved the feeling of his large hands, but he was glad that they weren't placed on the sensitive area anymore. His strong hands were soft as they carefully made their way down George's spine and sent shivers down it.

Maybe it was the hormones that were festering around inside of him. Maybe it was just his emotions around the situation. Maybe it was because of the preexisting stimulation that Dream caused by touching his bonding gland. Whatever it was, it certainly caused him to say the very next thing that came from his mouth.

"S-satisfy me other ways, then," George breathed carefully to the alpha next to him. That caused Dream's hands on his back to stop immediately as they processed what George was implying. The omega turned around and stared at Dream in the eyes as he felt his eyes almost glaze over in lust.

He wasn't in heat. No, he wasn't in heat. He was just in preheat- and he was sometimes horny in preheat as well. Except, he was mainly horny during preheat the day before his actual heat. That just meant that he was horny right now and not that his heat was much closer than what he predicted. Of course not- that couldn't possibly be true.

There was a minute of pure silence as both of the individuals on the bed thought about what George just said. George, himself, was surprised that he even managed to say that. He was usually much more... introverted when it meant more sexual actions.

The lust in Dream's eyes was almost immediate as he stared down at George. The alpha seemed to be very intrigued in 'helping' George out with his need to be satisfied. At this, the omega immediately shifted his position to allow easier access. Dream moved towards George's lower half

as he ran his fingers along the omega's nightgown.

"Did you bring me here just to satisfy you, Georgie?" Dream challenged as he played with the bottom of his baby blue nightgown. "You should've just told me that. I would've done so much more for you. More than messing with your bonding gland." His hands played with the silky fabric before they pushed their way up towards his underwear.

He felt the breeze of his room against his bare legs and shivered slightly at that. The moment that followed, George's legs twitched as he realized how close the alpha was to his special area. His nightgown was quite short, so just moving it up a little bit would be enough for Dream to see his panties.

His dick was quite hard within his panties. As soon as the nightgown was removed, the visible, but small, bulge was available for the alpha to see. Dream licked his lips as he examined the area around George's genitals as well as his thighs. George could only wonder what he was going to do to help pleasure him.

"D-Dream, what are you going to do to me?" He asked, feeling rather exposed as the alpha's eyes hungrily stared at the panties he chose to wear that night. He wasn't scared, but he was honestly very excited. He wanted much more, but he knew that he couldn't push that much. Alphas tended to hate it whenever omegas pushed or insisted- especially in the bedroom.

"You'll know soon~" He purred as he pulled down George's panties. If he felt exposed before, he certainly did now. His genitals, fully erect, were now visible for Dream to see and fully inspect up close. He couldn't take his eyes off of the omega's underwear. The omega couldn't help but watch Dream with just as much lust in his eyes.

George opened his mouth to complain before the alpha's hand was instantly wrapped around his dick. He squealed in response as his attention was turned to the warm hand now firmly placed around his dick. His grip was strong but gentle at the same time.

Slowly, the alpha's hand made its way up and down the omega's shaft to stimulate pleasure within him. George moaned out softly as he felt the warmth of Dream's hand move up and down. His dick was small as he was built for penetration, sure, but it still didn't stop him from deriving pleasure from it. The movements all caused various noises to slip from George's lips and fill the room with his moans.

"Move f-faster, Dream," He pleaded aloud as he squirmed from the movement. He could only allow himself to be played with by the much larger man. He moaned loudly before covering his mouth with his hands to prevent himself from being too loud.

"I will if you don't hide your pretty moans away," Dream continued to purr before he moved his hand (that wasn't holding the omega's dick) to hold George's hands above his head. "The room is soundproof. I want to hear the full volume of your moans, Georgie."

George swallowed before nodding along. As the alpha continued to work, he allowed lots of tiny squeaks and noises to exit his mouth and sprawl their way into the world. Many moans also made their way into the world as well. The alpha watched him carefully before the pace of his pumping began to grow faster and faster. George couldn't help but allow a loud moan escape from his lips as he felt himself. He could feel his back arch as he grew closer towards orgasm. It wouldn't be as pleasant as if he was being penetrated by Dream, sure, but he was certainly going to be perfectly pleased.

"D-Dream~" He wallowed aloud before it drizzled away into a series of loud and babbling moans.

He couldn't help himself as he continued to squeak and squeal after every single small movement that the alpha made on his genitals. He didn't know why he was so sensitive, but it caused him to be close to climax. "I-I-"

"I know, baby," Dream growled as he continued to pump his hand up and down the omega's shaft. His eyes were hungry and aggressive while also being caring at the same time. He wanted to please him while also getting his own pleasure out of it himself. The aggression was most likely being caused by his alpha hormones running into overdrive from the stimulation. "Cum for me, Georgie."

George nodded before panting out another moan. He felt the warmth bubble up inside himself before he finally felt the release from his dick. His back arched perfectly up from the bed as he was completely wrapped in the pleasure that Dream provided him. His semen dripped down and coated the alpha's hand.

The omega felt resigned to his pleasurable ecstasy as he slowly winded down after the handjob. He panted out heavily as he felt his brown hair stick to his forehead from the sweat that had been gathering on his forehead. His eyes were locked with Dream's as he stared at the omega after his pleasurable moment.

George suddenly felt really tired after the moment. It felt like he had just run three marathons in a row despite the fact that all he did was get a handjob from the alpha above him. He could only meekly purr out in joy.

He swallowed before he gestured to his bedside table. He murmured out, "I have some tissues in there, Dream. You can wipe off my..." He began before rambling off into almost nothingness as he realized he didn't need to say anything about what he needed to wipe off. Dream knew what he needed to wipe off.

Dream nodded and opened the drawer as he pulled out the box of tissues. George usually used them to clean up his mess after he masturbated, but he was surprised to see that someone other than him was using it to clean up. Well- it was still his mess, but it was Dream who caused it. The alpha began to clean himself off before tossing the tissues in the garbage beside his bed. He reached over and also wiped George off as well. The omega couldn't help but fidget around as he felt the alpha around his dick again. After they finished with that, George pulled his panties back up to cover himself.

George raised his arms towards Dream and made grabby movements towards him. He wanted to cuddle with him now since they were done. Dream chuckled as he laid down beside the omega and wrapped his arms around the omega's chest. Dream positioned himself behind George and pulled him into a spooning position as he gently nuzzled up against George's bonding spot. He was careful not to touch it as he didn't want to overstimulate George. The omega was very thankful for that.

The omega couldn't help himself as gentle purrs began to rise from his throat as his mind began to wander. Honestly, most of his thoughts were about Dream despite the fact that the pair were already next to one another. The blanket that Dream brought over also smelled heavily like pine and citrus, so that didn't help. Soon, his mind eased into a gentle sleep.

shoutout to Alex/evil bimbo (who is the worst- he's my friend who found this and is now spamming me)

Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

this took them fifty chapters- if they talked, they probably would've fucked by the third

“Why did you want to go on a run with me, again?” Dream asked, raising an eyebrow at George. The omega was behind Dream and clearly out of breath from all the panting he was doing. Dream had attempted to slow his pace a few times, but George told him to not go easy on him. Dream agreed, begrudgingly.

“I’m clingy,” George informed the alpha all the while panting his lungs out. His pace slowed behind the alpha, which caused Dream to stop. He didn’t want to leave him behind after everything that happened.

Yesterday night felt almost like a dream, if he had to be honest. The only thing that actually told him it was reality was when he woke up in the same outfit, in the same bed, with George cuddled up against him. Dream wasn’t quite sure what they were exactly. He didn’t feel like they were just friends, but they also never discussed if they were anything like boyfriends. The thought of that ran through his head.

“Yeah, I know that,” Dream responded with a small sigh as he stepped towards George. He looked at the smaller boy as he had trouble trying to regain his breath. “We can go back to our dorm room, if you’d like? I don’t think you should overextend yourself while you’re in preheat.”

“No no, I can keep going,” He says with a small smile despite continuing to pant. His face was visibly very red as he was overwhelmed by the amount of exercise Dream was doing. He sighed as he continued speaking, “Why is it so hot out?” Dream didn’t think it was that hot out. Preheat.

Dream rolled his eyes before he grabbed the omega in his arms. George squealed and began to fight his way out of Dream’s arms, but the alpha wasn’t planning on letting him go anytime soon. If someone didn’t know them and just saw them, they might think that the pair were together.

“Put me down, Dream! We can keep going on our run! Stop!” George screamed playfully as he began to pound his fists lightly against Dream’s back as he was carried over his shoulder.

“No. We’re going home and you’re taking a shower. You look like you’ve been frying in a pan for a few hours,” Dream huffed as he walked towards their dorm room. He made sure to have a strong grip on George, but to be careful enough to not force him to stay. George was fighting, sure, but he loved the attention and being held much more than he wanted to continue running.

It didn’t take that long to get back to their dorm room after George stopped fighting as much. Dream could only smile as he realized that the omega trusted him enough to carry him all the way home. It was a little straining on his back, but he was willing to do it for George. He was willing to do anything for George.

When they got to the stairwell, Dream placed George onto the ground. He couldn’t carry the omega up the stairs no matter how much he wanted to. It would be much too difficult of a task.

Plus, he would probably also fall down the stairs if he tried.

They got to their floor and entered their dorm quickly. There was a moment where neither one of them really wanted to move at all. Both just stared at one another, their eyes telling much more than what their mouths were. In Dream's head, they were doing much more than just standing around in the doorway.

Dream swallowed away that thought before saying, "You should go take a shower. Wash some of the sweat off of you before we have to go to our next class." He didn't want to leave the omega, but he knew he had to. The thought of joining him in the shower was tempting, but he didn't want to push.

George nodded subtly before walking his way towards the bathroom. The way he was walking seemed off and rather awkward. He seemed to be dazed. Dream chalked it up to him spending too much energy while being in preheat. He heard the sound of the shower as George turned on the water.

He turned and placed himself on the couch. He always sat on the couch whenever he didn't know what else to do. It was comforting enough to have a familiar place to rest. On top of that, Bad was also seated on the couch while watching something on his phone. The omega didn't really seem to have noticed the pair walking in.

Despite this, he picked his head up, noticed the alpha sitting on the other side of the couch, and gave him a friendly, welcoming smile. That was, of course, before he seemed to notice something. He raised his nose in the air and scented around for something.

Dream felt his face heat up as he was worried the omega was smelling him. He probably smelled a lot like sweat due to just getting off his run. He usually jumped in the shower immediately after his runs, but he decided to let George go first since he looked much worse off than he did.

He rubbed his neck nervously for a moment before speaking, "Sorry. I can't shower as Geor--"

He was cut off by Bad much before he was able to even finish his thought. "No, it's not you. I know what you smell like sweaty," Bad huffed. He continued to sniff around for a moment after speaking.

"What? How do you--" Dream began again but was once again cut off.

"You don't always immediately take a shower, you know. I know what everyone here smells like sweaty," Bad sighed as he explained himself. He stood up and moved towards the dorm's door. It almost looked like Bad was a drug sniffing dog who just realized that the nearby school boy had weed in his pocket.

"What do you smell, boy?" Dream teased, talking to him as though he was a dog. Bad shot him a glare before he took a final sniff of the area the pair just came from. Dream was honestly concerned at this point about what was triggering Bad to the point of getting up from the couch to investigate.

Bad swallowed as he finally figured out what he was smelling. Dream leaned in closer to Bad as he waited for him to inform him of what caused him to act like this. Bad opened his mouth, closed it, and reopened it before he actually spoke, "I think George is about to go into heat."

Dream's eyes immediately went wide as the omega next to him said this. What? But he just said yesterday that George was always on schedule for his heats. How would this be the first time that

he didn't actually have his heat on schedule? Dream should've probably put the pieces together, but, as he and everyone else knew, he was quite the idiot when it came to anything surrounding George.

That was why George decided to nest night. That was why he was so sensitive last night. That was why he wanted to get more physical with Dream. That was what caused Dream to give him a handjob. He swallowed. Well, he would've given him a handjob even if he wasn't in preheat and wanted it.

"W-what do you want me to do about that?" Dream asked, feeling rather defensive at the moment. He knew that Bad knew about his interest in the omega. Well, everyone in the house knew about his crush except for the person who was his crush. He wanted to be more, sure, but he didn't want to make that happen during George's heat. Omegas were basically purely driven by nature when in heat- he didn't care who fucked him. Who knew what would happen when he came out of heat and realized that Dream helped him out?

Bad laughed at that until he realized that Dream wasn't just making a joke. His chuckling died out as he saw the seriousness on the alpha's face. He frowned and said, "Help him out? The two of you have gotten very close recently, yeah? You slept in the same room, came all over him, and kissed him."

And gave him a handjob, Dream thought as Bad listed off all the things that he did with George. He argued, "S-sure, but that's not like having sex during heat. I-I don't even know if he'd want me to help him."

Bad rolled his eyes as he took a step towards Dream. He placed both his hands on the taller boy's shoulders as he stared deep into his green eyes. He sighed before he spoke, "George likes you just as much as you do. We were going to have a date planned for the two of you tomorrow, but it seems that George's body doesn't want that to happen."

"W-what?" Dream said immediately before he even had time to process everything. It took about a minute of him staring blankly off for his brain to catch up with everything that Bad said. George liked him as well. He knew that, sure, but he believed it was only a fantasy. He didn't realize that it was actually true. And George was going to take him on a date tomorrow. He felt his heart swell before he felt it drop as he realized that George was going to go into heat. Dream felt his body grow numb as he continued to process everything. He spoke, "I thought he might've, but... So George and I both liked each other and we didn't realize this."

"Uh, yeah," Bad said with a nervous laugh, "You two were so oblivious that I had to tell George before he realized anything. And, apparently, I had to do the same thing for you. That's what I meant when I said you were oblivious, yesterday."

Before Dream could say anything else, the pair heard the sound of the water turning off. George was done with his shower. The pair looked at one another, a knowing look in their eyes as they realized what was going to be happening soon. Dream could feel himself grow excited and nervous at the same time.

Bad stood up and took a final look at Dream before he walked off into his room. Dream wanted to say something to make him stay, but knew that there wasn't anything that he could do. Bad being there probably wouldn't change anything that would happen... except probably make Dream defensive. There was an audible click as the door was shut behind him.

Dream swallowed as he stood up from the couch. He began to pace around as he waited for George to be done in the bathroom with his shower. He wondered how long it would be before George

went into full heat at this point. He was already very clingy and hot when they were running, so it was probably soon.

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. Dream couldn't help himself as he continued to pace around as he thought of what to do. Should he really be doing this? It was now the only thought in his mind as he continued to wait for his beloved George. He had been dreaming of this moment for ages, and now it was finally happening? Well- it wasn't exactly like how he imagined, but he was alright with that.

Finally, George exited the bathroom. He looked very out of it as he stepped towards Dream. As soon as he noticed the alpha, his face changed to pure joy and maybe some lust. Okay, no, definitely lust. "Alph- er, Dream," George purred as he walked into the living room and grabbed the alpha in a hug. He seemed to have forgotten Dream's name for a moment and began to call him 'alpha' instead. God- he must've been very close if he struggled to call him by his name already.

Dream tried to control himself as he smelled the smaller boy's scent. It was strong vanilla that appeared to be on the verge of heat. He would definitely be in full heat in a few minutes, whether he wanted to or not. He swallowed before he asked, "George, do you want me to help you with your heat?" Dream wondered how much he was there and how much of his brain was already in heat mode. He didn't want to do anything without consent, so that was why he asked him.

George pulled away from the hug and looked up at Dream. His face looked heavily confused as he tried to process what Dream was implying. He began to mouth what Dream said back as he tried to figure out what exactly Dream meant. It took him another moment of thinking before he realized what he was implying. Whether this was George or the heat talking, his eyes went wide as he whimpered, "Yes- Yes I do." Seemingly noticing Dream concern over whether it was him or the heat, he continued, "D-Dream, yes."

It was George still here right now. He wasn't fully clouded by his heat yet, so he was able to say what he actually wanted. Dream couldn't help but smile as he pulled George into another hug. As he wrapped his arms around the smaller brown-haired boy, he continued to ask, "Are you sure? I want to make sure before anything happens. I-I, well, I-"

"I wouldn't have said yes, Dream," George responded softly as he nuzzled up against Dream's chest, "If I wasn't sure." Dream swallowed and nodded in response, making sure that George knew that he heard him. The next second, George half-grunted, half-moaned aloud before slumping up against Dream. His hands were tightly wrapped around him while his legs grew rather wobbly beneath him.

It took another moment before Dream could sense the change in George's vanilla scent. His heat very obviously began in that moment as the warm smell of vanilla filled the room. Dream could almost feel himself melting into the scent as well. Not only did the scent make Dream feel like he was melting away, it also caused him to gain a hard on. Dream felt embarrassed at first before he could smell more of the wonderful scent that was spreading in the air. George seemed to notice this immediately as he began to paw his way towards it.

"Al-alpha~" George moaned aloud as he tried to pull down the sweatpants that Dream was wearing. George seemed to be struggling as he was too focused on getting to it rather than understanding how to really take pants off. "P-please. I need to be bred, please."

Dream instinctively growled at the omega to make him stop. George's hands dropped away as his gaze turned up to Dream. His blue and brown eyes didn't seem to actually be looking at Dream, but more at what he was. He clearly lost himself in the haze of heat as he stared up at Dream in pure lust.

“G-George, wait,” He grumbled, trying to maintain his consciousness for at least a little longer. He wanted to lock them away in one of their rooms before they could actually do anything. It would be terrible if Sapnap came home from class only to see George and Dream banging on the couch in full view. That would be one more comment from Sapnap that they didn’t need.

The alpha leaned down and grabbed the omega in his arms, holding his breath the entire time. When George was firmly within his arms, Dream began to walk towards George’s bedroom as it was where all their blankets were. On top of that, George also placed his nest in there, so it’d be comfortable for him in there. George couldn’t help himself as he rubbed himself all over Dream as he was carried into George’s bedroom.

He continued to fight his natural urges as he placed George onto his bed. He knew that his rut was coming whether or not he liked it, but he continued to fight until he was fully in a position they wouldn’t be disturbed. Dream’s blankets were still there as they weren’t removed after the night they spent together. He walked quickly to shut the door and locked it so that no one would be able to disturb them. He turned and almost took a deep breath of the sweet vanilla heat scent that was radiating off the meek boy on the bed.

That was before a thought popped into the alpha’s mind. George said that he wasn’t on birth control yesterday. Dream swallowed as he realized this. He couldn’t do this if there was the possibility he could get George pregnant. He couldn’t. He wouldn’t. Dream didn’t want to ruin either of their college careers with the possibility of pregnancy.

He began to turn towards the door again causing George to whine out in disappointment and pain. That was close to pushing Dream over the edge and fully into his rut, but he was able to ignore it for another moment. He just needed to get outside of here. If he got out, he could probably run and get some protection somewhere. One of the nearby convenience stores must have some knotable condoms, right?

That’s when Dream was slapped in the face by yet another thought. George had condoms. He remembered that George bought condoms because they were placed on his dresser oh so long ago.

“George, where are the condoms?” Dream asked, beginning to look around the room. He made sure to keep his nose plugged while he scurried around the room. He didn’t see them anywhere in his vision, so he assumed that they were probably hidden away somewhere. He didn’t have enough time to look everywhere for them. His body was about to push into rutting- he wouldn’t be able to stop himself from fucking George raw in a moment.

“Why do you need a condom, alpha?” George whined out as he fidgeted around on his bed. He didn’t take his clothes off, so he was clearly just writhing around in the fluids that his body was producing. Dream knew that his own scent wasn’t helping him keep control over his body at all. He continued, “Alpha. Condoms get in the way of you breeding me. I-I want to be bred. Breed me. Fill me with your seed. I-I wanna be so swollen with your beautiful pups, alpha. Please~”

“Tell me where they are,” Dream commanded, using his alpha voice to make the omega listen to what he was saying. He didn’t want to have to do it, but it was the only way to make the in-heat omega to actually listen to what he was saying. Omegas in heat were needy brats when it came to having sex.

George’s attention immediately turned up towards Dream as he processed what he meant and what he wanted. He raised his hand and pointed towards his underwear drawer where he stashed the condoms at. He whimpered out in response, “Please don’t use them every time. I want to feel you inside of me. I want your pups.”

Dream took off towards the drawer and dug around in it until he pulled them out. A box of large knotable condoms. Perfect. He quickly tore the box apart to get the condoms out. When he could grab them, he grabbed them out and tossed them onto the bed. Before George returned to a heat state between intercourse, he could probably put another one on. He kept one and tore it open. It took only a moment before he tossed his clothes off and wrapped himself up in the condom.

Seeing Dream, now completely naked, made the omega on the bed yelp in glee as he watched him. He began to buck his hips as he insisted to be filled by the length of the alpha in front of him.

Dream stepped towards the omega as he allowed his entire state of restraint to melt away. The alpha took the deepest inhale that he probably ever did in his entire life. He wanted to allow himself to fully go into his rut to satisfy both of their natural urges in that moment. In order to help it along, he jumped his way on top of the omega and nuzzled his nose against George's bonding mark to get a full blast of the heat scent radiating off the omega below him.

The omega underneath him began to break out in moans and assorted squeaks due to this. His bucking against Dream's pelvis became more forceful as he wanted to experience more pleasure... or was in too much pleasure. Dream wondered if he came in his pants from this as he continued to tease his rut into place. It smacked him like a truck. Dream pulled away with a growl as he stared down at the omega twisting around from the pleasure he experienced from the alpha being so close to his bonding mark.

"Alpha! Breed me~" George moaned as he began to twist his clothing around in his hands. He struggled to take them off as he wanted to get to Dream. It seemed that he used a lot of his energy on that run that his body had been planning on using towards his heat. While he was very motivated towards sex, he seemed to be rather sluggish and somewhat dazed.

"My eager omega~" he purred aloud as he stared down at George with lust in his eyes. Dream bit his lip as he helped to pull the shirt off of George beneath him. Dream couldn't help himself as he immediately pressed himself up against George and pressed some deep kisses onto his lips. He was passionate and firm in everything that he did while also fighting his tongue into the smaller boy's mouth. George certainly didn't stop him.

George moaned out between their making out sessions. Instead of bucking his hips, he began to rub his clothed crotch against Dream's unclothed one. Dream insisted on biting George's lip as well since he wanted to make sure that the omega knew he was his.

He pulled away from George's lips when he noticed that they were nicely red from the kisses and bites. He growled in pleasure as he moved his way down to George's neck. The omega moved to present his bonding gland to the alpha and it took everything inside of Dream not to bite down on it.

Instead of biting down on the sensitive area, he moved to place kisses along the smaller boy's neck. He wanted everyone to see that George belonged to him. He wanted to make sure that he left some hickeys along his collarbone and his neck. He wanted to make sure that none of the alphas who wanted to assault George would ever mess with him again. Dream would be there to protect him forever. He did, however, place a few bites down on the omega's neck in places that weren't the bonding gland.

"P-please," George whined out, his eyes growing wide as he seemed to want more from Dream. He continued to rub his crotch against the alpha's own in attempts to stimulate him into fucking him right then and there.

"I will, omega," Dream growled back as he pulled away for a moment. He wanted to look at

George's body first before he actually did much more to him. He smirked as he continued, "I want to admire you. You're so pretty, omega. I want to see everything. After I do, I'll fill you with my pups."

George's face grew a heavy pink shade as Dream praised him. Dream couldn't help but smile at that. It seemed that, in his rut, he loved to praise his omega. Most alphas grew aggressive (which he still did, don't get him wrong), but he seemed to like seeing his omega squirm around. Dream began to press kisses on the omega's warm, pink cheeks.

When he decided that he had pressed enough kisses on his omega's face, he moved down towards the smaller boy's pants. They were still on around his waist. Dream happily stripped them off before tossing them across the room and was left with his beautiful panties. They were rather cute and barely held the omega's boner within them. They were also coated in all of the smaller boy's fluids as they leaked out of him such as precum and slick.

"You're so beautiful. So, so beautiful," Dream purred as he began to press kisses around the omega's panties. George's dick twitched within his panties as Dream continued to place his lips ever closer to the smaller boy's genitals.

"Ah~ alpha, please," George moaned out as he twisted his legs around as the alpha placed a kiss right next to his hard dick. He seemed to realize that Dream was teasing a blowjob as he moved his face ever closer. "D-don't pleasure just me. Fill me- breed me. Please- I want to feel your knot inside of me." George's hands thrust to grab the alpha's hair and tug gently as he was stimulated more.

Dream smiled as he grabbed his panties and pulled them down his legs. When he got them off, he twirled them around in his fingers. Dream brought them close to his face and took a sniff of the slick within his panties. This sent a shiver down his spine as he was delighted by the sweet scent of the slick.

He tossed them away and went back to ravaging the omega that twisted and fidgeted with every single touch the alpha placed on his smaller frame. In this moment, Dream's hand snaked around the omega and rested nicely on his ass. He grabbed the fat of his ass within his hand and squeezed it within his palm to show the omega he meant business now.

George's eyes widened as he realized what the alpha was about to do. He adjusted his position so that the alpha would have easier access to his hole. His whine pierced the air as he begged the alpha to do everything to him.

Dream took that and ran with it. His alpha instincts took over as he growled at the omega. George took this and tried to grow more submissive by turning his head away and presenting the back of his neck to the alpha standing over him. Dream's instinct was to bite the area to show that he was his, but he forced himself to stop as he brought his face close to it. He, instead, pressed a strong kiss onto it which caused the omega underneath him to shiver.

After this incident, Dream snaked his hand around and placed them at the entrance of the omega's hole. He gently swiped some of the slick off the entrance of George's hole as he shivered at the touch. Dream brought the slick he collected and licked it off his fingers. He made sure to make a show of it to the omega watching beneath him. The taste of George's slick was sweet- almost like the scent that he gave off.

When he had enough of tasting the wonderful slick that leaked out of his partner, he went back to pulling his fingers around the entrance to his omega. George moaned aloud as he felt the fingers of the alpha steadily drift closer and closer inside of him.

It took only another moment before Dream placed his first finger inside of George. He whimpered a bit in the beginning before he began to grow used to the feeling of the alpha's finger inside of him. When this occurred, Dream added a second finger into George's hole. This caused another noise to sneak out of the alpha. He settled once again, and Dream began to make scissoring motions inside of the smaller boy.

Following this, Dream added a third finger and repeated the process again. As he did more of this, he continued to watch George carefully. He fidgeted around at the movements as he grew pleased by it. His face was red in coloration and seemed to grow rather sweaty as they continued with the process.

"So beautiful for me," Dream purred as he added the fourth finger into George. He continued with the scissoring movements to make sure that George was properly prepared to be entered by Dream and his full length. He licked his lips as he continued, "You'll be my little slut, yes? You'll moan and whine for me and only me. You're mine, slut, and no one else's."

George nodded aggressively. His face was beat red as he purred out in response, "Y-yes alpha. I am only yours. I am your little slut to be bred with. Only for you to see and hear." He gasped as Dream removed the fingers from his hole and moved to lick them clean again. George could only whimper as he watched the alpha above him enjoy his secretions.

"Good," Dream growled in response as he thrust the tip of his dick into the omega. He was, of course, still wrapped in the condom that he had put on earlier. George whined as he noticed this. He wanted to feel the warmth of skin against skin while the alpha was inside of him. Noticing this, Dream's growl deepened. He couldn't remember why he had the condom on, but he did remember that there was certainly a reason for it. He, too, wanted to feel George's warmth against his dick but felt something pulling him back.

George swallowed and nodded in response to this. Dream hummed in victory as he pushed himself deeper into the omega. George yelped in response to the sudden increase of mass inside of him. Dream, eager as he was to enter the omega, widened his eyes as he realized that his beloved was in pain. He whined out in response to see if he was alright. George nodded once again to show that it was just surprise and not pain.

Dream watched him carefully for another moment before he increased what was inside of George. He seemed to be biting his tongue as he wanted to make a noise in response to this. Dream snapped, "I want to hear you, omega. Don't hide your noises." He watched George carefully with piercing eyes as he wanted to make sure he was understanding what he meant. George nodded again and released the noise that he was hiding away.

This repeated a few more times until Dream was fully inside of George. The omega seemed elated as he realized that he was full of Dream's beautiful presence. He smiled and proceeded to purr loudly about how much he wanted to be full of Dream's sperm inside of him.

Dream gave him a minute before he pulled himself out. The omega squeaked as he was suddenly missing the warmth of Dream's dick deep inside of him before it was inserted once again inside of him. George moaned aloud as he was entered again and his face grew a deep shade of scarlet.

Dream's praise kink came into play once again as he realized how much he was pleasing George. "You're doing so great, omega," He purred as he repeated the previous process again. In and out easily while slowly getting faster in the process. "You look so pretty lying there for me."

"Yes, for you alpha," George begged in response before releasing a loud moan Dream had finally hit upon the spot that would cause George a lot of ecstasy in that moment. That sent a wave of

pride over Dream as he continued to direct his thrusts against the specific area of the omega below him.

“I love you, omega. I love you so much. You’re so pretty and just for me,” He purred as he continued to thrust his wrapped dick against George’s precious prostate. He was certainly enjoying the moment. He, also, wasn’t in his right headspace as the rut had fully surrounded him long ago. If Dream was thinking straight, he never could’ve said this aloud to George.

“Alpha~” George moaned in response, the brown hair he had sticking to his forehead due to the sweat that had been building up. He panted as he continued to speak, “I-I love you too! I wanna be so full of your pups. I wanna feel you inside of me more than now.” And George, too, would never say this if he was in the proper headspace. Of course, heat certainly did allow omegas to say a lot of things that they mean but would never actually say aloud.

“Omega,” Dream taunted with a growl as George’s breeding and pregnancy kinks continued to rear their head in this situation. As much as Dream would love to fill George to the brim with his seed, he knew deep down that he couldn’t. Something was stopping him. Telling him not to.

George whined quietly before silencing himself. He seemed to be much more interested in continuing this instead of arguing with the alpha. He knew that, if he continued to push this, the alpha might stop fucking him. He certainly didn’t want that to happen to him.

“You’re taking me so well,” Dream praised as he continued to push his way in and out of George. Every thrust was going into George’s prostate which caused the omega to make various moans and noises in response. Dream couldn’t help but melt over every single small noise that released from George’s throat.

Dream’s thrust grew faster as he neared his climax. The warmth within his belly warned him about how close he was. He knew that he was coming soon enough, so he wanted to make sure that George would get to it as well. When he looked at George, he realized that he didn’t have to worry about making him orgasm first.

“A-ah~” the smaller boy moaned as he tried to say something. His hand fidgeted around as he was slammed again by Dream. He panted for a moment before he continued, “Alpha~ I-I’m gonna-”

“Wait,” Dream commanded and the omega complied by trying to hold himself off from cumming a little longer. Dream smiled as he watched the omega’s face squeeze as he grew closer and closer to orgasm. The speed of his thrusts grew faster as he continued to press himself into the omega. He wanted to sync their orgasms together.

And in the next moment, Dream grunted to tell the omega that it was time. George couldn’t help himself as his load shot out and coated the pairs’ chests. At almost the same time, Dream could feel himself shoot his seed out and into the condom while his knot began to inflate. He wished that this was inside of George instead, but knew that there was a reason he did this.

They held that pose for a moment as they both enjoyed their highs at the same time. It took a bit before they both settled down after their orgasms and began to cuddle up with one another. George began to fidget around slightly, but Dream forced him into one spot as he wanted to make sure that his knot stayed in place and didn’t slip. If it moved from the omega, he knew that it would probably hurt.

“Next time you won’t use that,” George babbled, referring to the condom that Dream was wearing. The only noise that Dream made was a grunt. He knew that he had to wear the condoms. He wasn’t entirely sure why, but his brain told him that he needed to. George would be happy if he wasn’t

wearing a condom, but he would be much happier later to know that he was.

George began to say something else, but he instead yawned. The whole action of intercourse as well as the run from before must've drained all the energy that he had been building up the previous day. It took him only a moment before he cuddled up into Dream's chest and began to purr out soft snores.

Dream couldn't help but also release small purrs as he watched the soft omega cuddle up against him after they had just finished. He couldn't help but feel like he was in love.

Chapter 51

Chapter Notes

I don't know what to write here tbh? I should be writing an essay, but here I am writing the continuation of this fanfic

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George blinked open his eyes as he looked around his room. He didn't feel like he was in his preheat anymore. He also felt oddly sticky despite the fact he was lying in his bed and not his nest. If he went into heat, why wasn't he placed within the nest he made? He remembered making one with all of his blankets and some of Dream's clothing.

He began to move when he realized that someone had their arms wrapped around him. On top of this, he realized that he was completely naked within his bed. This meant that he probably had his heat. Wait- this meant that he was done with his heat and had someone help him out. Who was it?

He craned his head around to see who it was. The blanket that was covering him was Dream's, so he was guessing that was where the scent was coming from. That was, of course, until he realized that it was Dream who was gently wrapped around the omega.

George felt himself melt as he realized that Dream helped him out and it wasn't someone that he didn't know. He was so glad about that. He relaxed for a moment before another thought crossed his head. It was the same one that usually caused him to wake up from all of his wet dreams that he had with Dream.

He sat up quickly while dislodging Dream's arms around him. The alpha next to him grunted as he pulled away and frantically began to shake him. It took a few moments before George was finally able to stir the larger, blond boy from his dreams and into reality. He blinked his green eyes open as he stared up at George.

"W-what is it, George?" He asked, pulling his hand up to rub sleep out of his eyes. He didn't seem to really think anything about being woken up until he noticed the expression on George's face. The omega looked panicked as he looked around them at the room. He seemed to almost be hyperventilating. Dream immediately sat up and brought the omega close to him and began to comfort him. "Shh, it's okay George. What's wrong? A-are you upset that I-"

"No," George spoke quickly as Dream began to grow worried himself. George sighed as he nuzzled up against him before pulling away. He looked Dream into his big, dreamy green eyes. "I-I'm not on birth control. If you- we... If we had sex during heat, then-"

Dream stopped him with a chuckle. George felt offended in the moment. Was he just dreaming? He certainly remembered a dream where it ended like this. Dream would say that it was fine since it was just a dream. He would wake up covered in sweat, semen, and slick. George would then take a shower, change clothes, and go back to sleep.

Noticing what George looked like, he explained, "I used condoms, George. I knew you weren't on birth control and that you had condoms." In that moment, the alpha reached down and pulled the one that he was wearing previously. It must've been the one that they used before they both passed

out that night.

“You-” George began before pausing. It took him a moment to fully process what that implied. “You knew that I had condoms? When did you learn that?” He paused for another moment before his face grew red. “Were you snooping through my underwear drawer?”

“No, no, no,” Dream exclaimed quickly as his own face went red in response. He swallowed before he continued, “I saw them when I returned the slick covered sheets from the living room. I thought they were for your partner before I discovered that Skeppy was Bad’s partner.”

“Oh,” George responded quietly as he processed everything that led up to that happening. He bought condoms on a whim while shopping with Bad. The only reason that the sheets were even out in the living room was because Dream came in on George while rutting. Dream saw them when cleaning the house. And now they used them when George was in heat? Wow- he was glad that he bought those now. He chuckled nervously before responding, “I bought them on the chance that we... had sex. It seems that I might’ve prepared rather well.”

Dream smiled and wrapped his arms around George before pulling him close. George couldn’t help but purr as he felt the warm embrace of the alpha around him. Both he and the alpha felt rather sticky, but that was always the result of heat. Whether it be slick, semen, or sweat, they were absolutely covered in their own filth.

“I-I was gonna ask you out on Tuesday,” George murmured as he was placed in the crook of the alpha’s neck. He knew that the alpha could hear him as he was placed rather close to his ear.

“I know,” Dream responded softly as his hands ran up and down the omega’s spine. He shivered at the movement and wondered if Dream even realized that he was moving his hands. “Bad told me. He told me that you liked me and implied that I should help you out during heat.”

“You didn’t have to do that,” George responded sadly as he realized that he might have just had Dream pushed on him. He knew that Dream liked him, sure, but he probably didn’t like being forced to have sex with George. Especially if it happened for a few days in a row with heat.

“I wanted to,” Dream purred quietly. He swallowed as he continued, “I wanted to see if you wanted to as well before I did anything.” George nodded. One of the last things that he blurrily remembered before fully being engrossed in his heat was Dream asking if he wanted help with his heat. He said yes, of course, as he was hormonal. He, also, wanted to have a lot of sex with Dream. That was obvious.

“I care about you a lot, Dream,” George sighed as he pulled away from Dream. He wanted to continue holding him close, but he also wanted to be able to look him in the eyes while he said all of this. “I care about you a whole lot. Like, more than I care about anyone else. I-I know this isn’t the most romantic place to ask this, but Dream, can we be boyfriends? I- really like you. A lot.”

Dream’s face shifted into a large smile as he nodded happily. He spoke, “Of course, Georgie. I like you a lot- I’ve liked you for a long time. I’ve just been really dumb with my feelings. I-I didn’t know how to express them to you.”

“I was too,” George hummed in response as he moved his face closer to Dream’s. He was hesitant for a moment before he pressed his lips against his mouth. Dream was gentle as they began to kiss before he began to grow much more aggressive. He seemed to still have the hormones from his rut- and George certainly still had hormones from his heat as well.

George pulled away before they could devolve into doing something much more sexual. He

wanted to do everything once again with Dream, sure, but he couldn't do it now. He felt rather sore after the time they had just spent fucking one another. He needed a bit of a break before they had sex again.

He watched Dream reach over to a nightstand and grab his phone. He seemed to be checking what time it was. George couldn't help himself as he peeked over the alpha's shoulder to get a look as well. It was morning on a Friday. That meant that they started on Monday and ended on Friday. Great.

The omega scooted his way towards the edge of the bed. He moved to stand up only to immediately collapse onto the ground with a soft thud. He whined out in pain as he landed on his ass. God- he didn't really expect that to happen.

Dream was immediately at his side as he realized that the omega fell and was in pain. He looked deeply concerned, but he also seemed to be holding in a laugh as well.

"I-I'm not used to you," George scoffed in defense as he struggled to stand up, "Plus you've been fucking me for a few days. My legs are sore." He couldn't really get up on his own and tried to use the bed for support. Of course, the bed wasn't good enough for him to stand up, so he fell back down once again.

"Nine inches will do that to you," Dream chuckled as he moved towards George. He grabbed the omega's arms gently and tried to be his support in the moment.

"Y-you're nine inches?" George exclaimed, his eyes wide as he looked up at Dream as he helped him stand up. His legs were almost made purely of jelly as he struggled to stand despite the help from the alpha.

"And some," Dream laughed again as he almost let go of the omega. When he regained his grip on George, the omega couldn't help himself as he shot a glare at the taller blond. "Sorry, sorry. It's just- we had sex several times over the past few days and you didn't know I was, like, nine inches? I guess you weren't fully aware, but you also saw me naked before. I thought you knew how big I was? You even bought condoms that were my size!"

"I-I-" George tried to defend himself before he sighed and leaned into Dream. He didn't feel like trying to stand anymore. "I didn't know how big you would be fully- er, erect. I bought the condoms before I even saw you naked. You're just lucky that they fit."

Dream chuckled and smiled down at George before he scooped the smaller boy up in his arms. George sighed as he realized how natural he felt being inside of Dream's arms. He wondered why he didn't act on his feelings before. "Do you want to take a bath or would you like me to help you in the shower?"

George hummed for a moment as he debated between the two options. A bath would probably feel nice, but it wouldn't clean him like how he wanted. He probably wouldn't be able to stand in the shower, though. Dream would help with the second situation, though. "Shower," he answered with a small smile. He couldn't help but enjoy the idea of Dream pampering him in the warmth of the water.

Dream happily opened their door and stepped out of their room. Neither of them were covered with anything to hide their shame, but no one else was within the dorm, thankfully. Dream carried George in his arms to the bathroom. He sat the omega down on the toilet seat as he turned the water on.

George couldn't help but marvel at Dream's body as he stood in front of him. A goofy smile rose to his face as he felt like he was loved by the most beautiful person in the world. He couldn't understand how Dream cared for him so much. He was willing to stick with him for a whole heat as well as help him clean up afterwards.

Dream turned around to say something when he noticed the look on George's face. He smiled back and asked, "What are you smiling about?"

"Oh, just how lucky I am," George hummed back. Dream chuckled as he stepped towards George. He leaned down, and George wrapped his arms around the alpha's neck as he was carried over to the shower.

"I think I'm luckier," Dream responded softly as he stepped into the shower. He helped George down to stand, but allowed him to rest against the taller boy as he wasn't stable on his feet. George could only scoff in response.

The water was warm against his skin and felt nice. He was glad that he was able to wash the various bodily fluids that were covering his skin in the water and with the body wash he had in here. Occasionally, the pair switched so that both of them would get a coating of water on themselves. George had to remember that he wasn't the only one covered in their shared fluids.

Dream reached over and grabbed George's shampoo that smelled like strawberries. He squeezed a sizable amount into his hands before he began to scrub it into the omega's scalp. George couldn't help but purr in response as he felt the alpha's fingers against his head. It almost felt like a massage. When he was finished, he helped George over to the water and rinsed it out from his hair. They repeated this process again afterwards.

"You need to wash your hair too, Dream," George grumbled as he noticed the alpha reach for George's conditioner. He smacked the alpha's hand away from it which almost caused him to fall before he grabbed onto the alpha again.

Dream sighed and responded, "I wanted to care for you first. If you want to wash my hair so badly, I can grab mine." Dream looked down at George, who looked up at him with pleading eyes. Dream sighed as he reached over for his own shampoo. He grabbed it and handed it over to the omega.

George pressed himself against Dream as he was handed the shampoo from Dream. He allowed Dream to handle all of his weight as he began to examine the shampoo in his hands. Thank god Dream wasn't an alpha who liked to use two in one shampoo and conditioner. Instead, he seemed to use an orange scented shampoo. George smiled as he realized that this probably helped his scent of citrus out.

George squeezed some into his hand before setting the bottle down onto the side of the shower. He rubbed it together in his hands before he reached up and began to scrub it into Dream's hair. He struggled as the alpha was rather tall. Dream realized this and scooped the omega up in his arms to allow him to reach his head better. George could only purr as he continued to scrub.

After this, Dream stepped over and rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. George began to giggle as he looked at the alpha holding him. Dream raised an eyebrow as he wanted to know what George was laughing at. George's response was, "You look like a wet golden retriever."

That brought a smile onto the taller boy's face as he nuzzled up against the omega in his arms. George purred in response as he nuzzled back for a moment. They repeated the shampoo process once again before washing it out.

Next was George's turn again. Dream happily ran his fingers through George's brown locks as he pushed the conditioner through it. He was humming quietly as he did this. George perked up as he realized what the alpha was humming. Line Without A Hook- the song that he showed George when they made up with one another. George couldn't help himself as he began to hum along.

The pair hobbled over to the water, and George washed the conditioner out of his hair. It was Dream's turn now as George reached around for the bottle of conditioner that Dream used. He managed to grab it without Dream's help before he was hoisted up into his arms to run it through his beautiful blond hair.

George squeezed a generous amount of the orange scented conditioner into his hand before he ran it through Dream's hair. His hair already felt smooth and silky despite not being conditioned, but it probably still needed it anyway. George couldn't wait to feel how it felt when it wasn't wet.

Dream stepped into the water and began to wash it out of his hair when George was done. He set down George when he did this as he wanted to run his hands through his hair. George didn't want to be set down, but he understood why it was happening. He leaned against the taller boy for support. It didn't take him too long to wash everything out of his hair.

Dream reached over and grabbed George's cherry scented body wash. On top of this, he also grabbed George's washcloth as well as his own. George raised an eyebrow before he noticed that Dream handed him the alpha's wash cloth. He swallowed as the alpha squirted some of the body wash into both of their washcloths before setting the bottle back down where it was.

George rubbed the washcloth to get the foam started before he began to run it up and down the alpha's body. He ran his washcloth up and down the alpha's chest. He couldn't really reach much else as he was pressed up against the alpha and didn't have a stable enough grip to actually stand up.

He shivered as he felt the washcloth against his back. Dream was gentle with his washing but made sure that he could get every nook and cranny that the omega had. George copied what the alpha did because he wanted to make sure that Dream felt as clean as he did.

They both finished and stood under the water together. The bubbles drifted off their bodies and on the floor. Their bubbles met up before drifting down the drain to be washed away. George was spun around as Dream tried to make sure that he was fully clear of all the suds that had built up on his body.

When they both were fully cleaned off, Dream reached over and turned the water off. George purred softly as he leaned up against the alpha. He had been doing that the entire shower, but he couldn't help but do it again. He just really liked being around him. Could anyone really blame him?

Dream set George down gently on the ledge of the bath. When George was fully sitting down, the alpha stood up and stepped out of the shower. He grabbed two towels and handed one of them to the omega to dry off.

"If you let me dry off real quick, I can help you out, George," Dream purred softly as he smiled at the omega. George nodded as he wrapped the towel around himself. He was cold because he wasn't underneath the heat of the water nor was he pressed up against the alpha like he was used to.

Dream took this and began to dry himself off quickly. He made sure that he wiped off all the areas of his body really well. George couldn't help but be mesmerized as he watched the alpha quickly

dry every part of his body. It took him a moment of drying off before he was done. He finished by wrapping the towel around his hair to allow it to dry.

He stepped towards George and helped the omega stand up. He took the towel from around George's shoulders and began to do the same thing but to the omega instead. George couldn't help but feel pampered as he was lovingly dried off by the taller boy beside him. George couldn't help as, again, a loud purr released from his throat and began to fill the room. He couldn't believe that this was real life. He was with Dream.

Chapter End Notes

thank you guys for the 2k kudos!!! I honestly didn't think I'd get past 100 tbh

Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

I wrote a much more serious note here, but deleted it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George snuggled up against Dream on the couch. Dream couldn't help but smile as he watched the omega. He couldn't really stand up due to the rigorous sex the pair had the past four days. Dream didn't really blame him as nine inches was a lot for the omega to take.

Bad had recently come home and was currently in the kitchen making something really quick. He said that he would make a large dinner for them, but he had class almost immediately after they had lunch. He couldn't make anything too big. Dream certainly didn't expect him to make anything.

Dream leaned down and placed gentle kisses on the omega's hairline as they sat together on the couch. He couldn't help himself as he looked at the beautiful omega underneath him. How was he able to actually make him his? That wasn't something he ever thought was going to happen. He went to place another kiss on his hairline, but instead made contact with George's mouth as he moved his head up to meet him.

Dream smiled as he pressed into the kiss himself. George's lips were soft and gentle against Dream's own. They were usually a pretty pink color, but Dream had been biting them during George's heat, making them rather red and torn.

"Did you two have fun?" Bad smiled as he stepped into the room. He almost seemed to be teasing them as he placed two plates with sandwiches on them in front of the pair. Bad has his own plate as well that he began to eat. He didn't know that George couldn't really stand up on his own yet, and Dream was more than happy to keep it that way. All he knew was that they were cuddling on the couch and didn't want to get up.

George pulled away as a pretty shade of pink blushed across his cheeks. The omega glanced over at bad before grabbing his plate of food. He muttered something in response before shoving the food into his mouth.

"Thank you, Bad," Dream sighed as he grabbed the plate from the table. He didn't mean this for the sandwich that he currently had. He meant it for informing them of their idiotic natures. Bad seemed to understand when he nodded before taking another bite from his sandwich.

The door clicked open as Sappnap sluggishly entered the room with a groan. He looked fed up with school before he noticed that everyone was on the couch. He smiled at everyone and joined them by plopping down in his pre-determined chair.

"Oh, you guys are out? I thought you would've spent at least one more day locked up in there banging the brains out of one another," Sappnap chuckled as he tossed his laptop onto the coffee table. He didn't really care much about what happened to his laptop since it was already banged up.

George scoffed as he took another bite of his sandwich. He adjusted his position so that he was facing Dream more than the other two since he clearly didn't want to look at Sapnap and Bad's judging faces.

Dream instinctively wrapped his arm around George's shoulders and stuck his tongue out at Sapnap playfully. He knew that he didn't mean any harm in anything that he said. That was just how the other alpha was. "You're so dumb, Sapnap," Dream huffed, shaking his head at his friend while a smile crawled across his face.

Sapnap only hummed in response before standing up. He went to the kitchen, grabbed something from the fridge, and returned to his seat. Dream glanced at what he grabbed and noticed that it was some soda that he really liked.

"So, are you guys like official or something?" Bad asked as he turned to stare at the cuddling pair. Dream turned to look at his omega friend, watching him closely. There was no teasing to his voice like the last time he spoke, but rather a pure, genuine question. Dream smiled and watched as George began to fidget around before speaking.

George piped up, his face a bright shade of pink as he answered, "Yes. We-we're boyfriends." Dream couldn't help but smile as he heard the word exit from George's mouth and into the room. He could see the happy looks on his friends and felt the excitement bubble up within his gut.

"Yeah," Dream purred as he laced his fingers together with the smaller boy's fingers. He was careful not to be too rough as he made sure they could hold hands. He wanted to always feel George's skin against his own. The warmth of the pale boy's skin was almost electric against his own.

They continued to chat for a bit longer before Dream set down his plate on the table. George had placed his plate down much before Dream did as he ate much faster. He seemed to be very hungry after their four days of fun previously. Dream was hungry as well, sure, but clearly not as much.

Noticing this, George stacked the two plates on top of one another. Dream watched him do this carefully, wondering what he was planning on doing. The next thing he knew, George tried to stand up. Dream couldn't react fast enough to stop the omega before he collapsed onto the floor and dropped the plates as well. Thank god they didn't break.

George yelped out in pain as he landed on the floor in a pile of himself. Everyone in the room turned their attention to him and grew concerned. He struggled to push his way up the couch and back to Dream's side. Dream helped him up gently and brought him close to comfort him. He began to release his soothing scent to calm George down after his fall.

"Are you okay, George?" Bad asked, his eyes wide as he approached the other omega carefully. He was almost mother-like in his tone as he began to run his eyes up and down the smaller boy's body to see if there was anything wrong.

"He's alright. It's from the-" Dream stopped himself before he said anything more. His gaze quickly turned to Sapnap as he seemed to also be rather worried about what was wrong with George. He swallowed as he hoped that neither of them would pick up on what he was about to say aloud.

Unfortunately for the blond alpha, he was rather bad at covering up his mistakes. Sapnap paused for a moment before he broke down into laughter. Somehow, the laughter felt both good and bad. Dream wasn't entirely sure what he was laughing at exactly, but he did notice that it seemed to bother George. George turned around and glared at him as he laughed at the omega's pain.

Sapnap raised his hands in surrender as he noticed George glaring at him. He calmed himself down and said, "I'm not laughing at you, I'm laughing at the situation. God- Dream must've ruined you." That caused both of the boys to blush heavily as Sapnap continued to talk, "I can't imagine what Dream did to you."

"You mean that-" George began to speak, but stopped himself mid thought. Sapnap seemed to understand what he was going to say and nodded. George's eyes grew wide before he turned away from Sapnap and buried his face into Dream's shirt. Dream sighed and began to gently pet the omega's hair.

Dream didn't really understand what George was saying, so he stared at Sapnap to see if he could get a feel. The other alpha just shrugged with a shit-eating smirk on his face that Dream wanted to punch off of him. Not in the aggressive way- in the playful "I hate you so much but love you at the same time" type of way.

"All of you are muffins," Bad sighed as he watched everyone else in the room. That caused all the boys within the room to descend into giggles as they drifted away into a nice peace.

Chapter End Notes

Official boyfriends 🍷

Chapter 53

Chapter Notes

cuddles

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I called my doctor about getting birth control,” George murmured quickly to the alpha nuzzling behind him. They were in bed after a long day of... relaxing pretty much. Dream hummed in response as he lifted his head up and rested it against his palm. George continued softly, “He said I can pick it up tomorrow.”

George felt Dream’s finger run small circles on his shoulder. He shivered at the small movement that he probably wasn’t aware he was even doing. “We still have to use condoms for a week, you know. I don’t want to get you pregnant,” Dream murmured into George’s ear from behind.

They tossed Dream’s bedding into the laundry and switched over to George’s blankets that he used to make a nest. He didn’t use it during his heat, so they weren’t covered in slick and semen, thankfully.

The omega was quite tired despite taking quite a few naps throughout the day. He knew that his body needed to regain all the energy it had lost during his heat. Thankfully Dream stayed by his side the entire time and even napped with him once or twice through the day. He also helped him to the bathroom and to get something to eat since he wrecked George’s legs for that day.

“You know how birth control pills work?” George asked, raising an eyebrow as he turned to look at the alpha snuggling up against him. He noticed the slight change in the coloration of his cheeks as he asked this.

“I looked up birth control during one of your naps. I knew you said that they messed up your schedule, so I wanted to see if there was anything that would help with that,” Dream chuckled nervously as he avoided the gaze of his omega.

George couldn’t help himself as he turned around and embraced the alpha warmly. He didn’t understand why the alpha decided to do that for him. It was sweet, though, as he realized that almost no one else would do that for him. He purred softly as he nuzzled against Dream’s neck.

“Dream, you’re amazing,” George sighed as he placed some kisses against the alpha’s neck and jawline in response. Dream chuckled above him as he began to place some kisses on the top of George’s head as well. He swallowed before continuing, “I don’t mind if my schedule is messed up if you’re around with me. I-I think I’d like it better to feel you inside of me instead of in a condom.”

A noise was released from Dream’s mouth before he began to press more kisses to George’s head. He was both soft and aggressive at the same time as he rapidly began to assault the omega’s head with his lips. He soon moved down and began to press kisses against George’s face softly before meeting with his lips. George pressed back for a moment before pulling away and biting his lip.

Dream’s eyes grew soft with concern as he stared at George after he pulled away. He grabbed

George's shoulders gently and asked, "Are you alright? What's wrong?" His scent changed in the air and grew rather thick and overpowering as the scent of worry drowned out anything else.

"It doesn't mess up my schedule, exactly. Well, it does, but it messes up my heats in a different way," George began to explain, trying not to ramble as he began to ramble. He didn't really seem to know how to say what he meant to say.

"What does birth control do, George?" Dream asked, still heavily concerned for everything that was happening. George watched as all thoughts ran through his head constantly as he thought of what that meant.

George swallowed before exclaiming, "T-they make them longer. My heats become a full seven to eight days of heat instead of my normal four or five." He shook his head before turning away. He was worried that Dream would think that would be too much. Many people would probably think that seven to eight days of pure heat would be rather annoying to deal with- especially with how George acted around his heats. He was clingy and obsessive in preheat- as evidenced by his actions the previous week.

There was a moment of silence before Dream immediately began to wheeze in laughter. George felt his face heat up as he grew rather upset with Dream. What was he laughing about? There was nothing funny about what he said. This was a very serious matter. He huffed to get Dream's attention.

Noticing how George was reacting, Dream began to wipe tears from his eyes as he chuckled, "Sorry, sorry. Look, Georgie, I thought they did something bad. If all they do is make your heats longer, then we'll just have some more fun times together." The omega waited for a moment before he peered over at Dream. When Dream noticed that he was looking, the alpha winked playfully.

His face was bright red as he realized what Dream implied in that moment. He also felt a rush of blood in the other direction as well, but he tried to ignore that. "You're the worst," George mumbled as he hid his face within his hands while turned away from Dream. That was certainly a lie, and George would happily admit that to anyone who wasn't Dream. Right now, though, he acted like Dream really was the worst- playfully, of course.

The alpha chuckled behind him as he wrapped his arms around George's chest gently before pulling him flush against his own chest. George couldn't really fight much as he was now pressed against the alpha. "You don't think that," Dream purred softly into his ear.

"Yes I do," George huffed while crossing his arms. He didn't move his position, otherwise, though as he loved feeling Dream's skin against his. Their legs brushing up against each other underneath the blanket while George pretended to be mad at his boyfriend. God- George couldn't believe that he was his boyfriend.

"Your body says otherwise," Dream hummed before George squeaked. The alpha's hand had migrated from around his chest to down near his panties without George even realizing it. He had been wearing panties all the time recently as he realized that Dream would see them more often now. They certainly didn't help hide anything, though, whenever he got a boner.

"D-Dream," George breathed as he felt the alpha's hands fiddle around with his underwear. If he wasn't hard before, he certainly was now. He swallowed as he wondered if he should push the alpha away. He didn't want to, though, as he was much more interested in seeing what Dream was going to do next.

Dream only hummed as he slipped his hand into George's panties and began to handle George's dick inside of his palm. His hand was so warm and big, yet soft and gentle as he felt up George. There was a moment of silence before Dream began to pump George's dick up and down gently. It didn't take him that much to really move his hand up and down the small shaft as his hands were large and George's dick was rather small.

"You like that, Georgie?" Dream purred as he continued to move his hand up and down in a rhythmic fashion. George couldn't open his mouth or else he would squeak and squeal various things about Dream. Instead of saying anything, he nodded while biting his tongue. "Hmmm, I can't hear you. Maybe you don't want me to do this."

George's eyes widened as he felt the alpha's hand release. He opened his mouth and whined out, "D-Dream, I like that a lot. P-please." He tried to get Dream's attention behind him with another pleading whine to him.

Dream purred in response, and George felt his hand return to his dick. Instead of going at the same pace he left at, he began to pump much faster than before. George couldn't say that he hated it- he quite enjoyed the increased pace. He was just confused over the change that occurred.

"Dream, what are- ah!~" He started before a moan made its way out of his mouth. He also released a few more assorted noises as well in pleasure. Every small thing that came from George's mouth only seemed to encourage the alpha more as he increased his pace of pumping.

"You're so pretty, George," Dream purred as he wrapped himself carefully around George while continuing to give George a handjob inside of his panties. "I love seeing your face when you moan out my name."

George squealed quietly as he felt himself grow close. It would still take a bit before he was fully there, but he could feel himself edging ever closer. Realizing that what Dream said was what he wanted, he decided to oblige him. The alpha was pleasuring him, why shouldn't he return the favor? "Dream~" George moaned loudly to show his appreciation for his boyfriend.

"You're so close, aren't you?" Dream asked, a smile on his face as he continued to play with George's dick. He began to place kisses gently against George's neck. He mainly placed them around his shoulders and collarbone, but he placed a few directly on his bonding gland that made George see stars.

George moaned out a 'yes' as well as he could in that moment, which Dream seemed to understand. It took barely another moment of pumping before George came all over his beautiful panties. He moaned out Dream's name once again as he reached orgasm and covered himself in his own seed.

He panted heavily as he was slowly dwindled down from his orgasm. It took about a minute for him to fully regain his solid consciousness. When he did, the omega turned around and nuzzled up against Dream. He didn't really care for the moment that his panties were soiled as he wanted to cuddle with Dream.

"I'm not the worst, right?" Dream purred as he looked closely at the omega. George's eyes widened as he realized that was what Dream was upset about. He scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah, you're not the worst," He huffed, resting his head against Dream's chest for a moment. He sighed and purred out, "You're actually the best. Speaking of being the best, can you get me some new panties? You made me soil my old ones."

Chapter End Notes

okay, maybe more than just cuddles

Chapter 54

Chapter Notes

Last one, huh? This was such a journey and I love all of y'all /p

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George had managed to regain his legs the next day. He was still rather wobbly, but he got around just fine without Dream's assistance. That didn't mean that he didn't want Dream's assistance anyway since they had the day off to stabilize their hormones. He spent all his time around the alpha since his scent was so alluring to him. It was probably from the remaining rut hormones leftover.

He was certainly glad that all the alpha did last night was give him a handjob. If he did much more, especially actual intercourse, George wasn't sure if he'd be able to go to his classes when they started on Monday. Dream probably wouldn't mind carrying him around, but the omega didn't want to see everyone judge him.

He stood in the kitchen waiting for their food to finish cooking. George didn't really feel like making anything, so he tossed some microwavable mac and cheese in the microwave. The microwaved beeped to show that it was done and the omega pulled it out. They were somewhat hot in his hands, but he managed. He grabbed them in his hands before walking into the living room and handing one to Dream.

"Thank you," Dream purred before pressing a kiss onto George's cheek. The omega purred softly as he sat down beside his taller lover. Dream was one of the most caring and loving individuals he knew. He was so gentle and romantic with everything that he did. George felt himself so lucky to have the taller boy in his life.

"You're welcome, Dreamie," George purred as he took a bite of his food. It seemed that all George was doing recently was eating, sleeping, and cuddling. It wasn't that bad of a life to live, honestly, but he felt like he should be doing more. He tried to allow Dream to allow him to do more, but the alpha told him he needed to allow his body to recover.

The pair ate in semi silence as they were too busy stuffing their faces. Hunger was certainly one hell of a thing that happens after heats and ruts. They occasionally made comments to one another or made noises of enjoyment. Dream was mainly praising George about how good it was while George reminded him that all he did was microwave it. Dream's praise kink certainly didn't just happen when he was in bed. How did he not realize this before?

George wondered if this would be how it felt if they lived together when they were older. George couldn't help but smile at the idea as it came through his mind. He would love to own a nice home with Dream while relaxing on the couch. They would probably do more than just relaxing, though, when they got their own home. Maybe they'd eventually get married and have a litter of pups all their own.

He would love to have pups of his own one day. Not only anyone's pups- Dream's pups. He'd dreamed about Dream's pups, but they didn't belong to George. These ones would be his and Dream's pups together. They would probably look just as pretty as Dream did with mixed features

from George as well. He could only picture a beautiful blond haired pup with brown eyes as a smile crossed his face. All of these sent butterflies into his gut as he wanted that to become a reality.

They finished and set the containers down on the coffee table. Dream had basically licked his completely clean, which caused George to blush as he wondered what else his tongue could do. Neither one of them really wanted to get up and throw them away, so they just allowed them to sit there. They could just clean them up later.

George cuddled up against Dream, finding his place in the crook of his body as the alpha wrapped his arm around the smaller boy's shoulder. A loud purring sounded between them and swirled in the air. It was hard to see them lately without the sound of purring following suit. George wondered how they would go back to classes after spending so much time together without breaks.

Speaking of class, the pair of them would have today off as well as tomorrow since they didn't have class tomorrow. This week, the pair only had once actual class before George unfortunately succumbed to his heat. It wasn't like George was complaining, but he knew he'd probably have a lot of makeup work. Plus, they wouldn't have the notes since both of them weren't in their classes.

The silence between them was a comfortable one as they existed peacefully. George didn't want to break the silence as he enjoyed the vibe that was in the room. He noticed that Dream also seemed rather content in the moment. Well- Dream was actually gazing down at George as he cuddled up against him.

He turned his head to match with the alpha's gaze as his gentle eyes matched with George's heterochromatic ones. "Dream, what's on your mind?" George spoke, breaking the silence that held so strong in the air. George felt upset that he broke it, but decided it was probably better. He wanted to know what was running through his brain.

"I love you so much, George," Dream purred as he placed a gentle kiss on the omega's forehead. He pulled away from the kiss after a moment and stared down at him. He moved and pressed a loving, soft kiss against the omega's lips as George tilted his head up towards him. He pulled away with a raspy purr. After a moment, the gravity of the statement seemed to hit him as he grew concerned and surprised with himself. The air grew thick with nervousness and regret as he began to rub his neck nervously. "I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean to-"

"I know," George sighed happily as he stared into Dream's beautiful green eyes. It took him a moment before he found his strength and confidence to respond. "I love you too, Dream," George spoke before the alpha could take back his words. He smiled as he nuzzled up against Dream's neck. He sighed and pulled Dream closer despite the fact they couldn't really be pulled closer to one another.

Dream cuddled up against the smaller boy's neck as he did the same. There was a moment where George shivered as he felt his warm breath against the sensitive spot. Deep inside of him in the back of his mind, he wanted the alpha to bite the area and show the world that he belonged to only Dream. On the other hand, though, he knew that he shouldn't. They hadn't been together for too long and were still in college.

"I would love to mark you, but I can't," Dream whispered as he seemed to really know exactly what the omega was thinking. They knew each other too well to really have their own thoughts- especially this week. They had spent the entire week together, so they were connected at the hip basically. Every single word sent a hot breath against the spot that caused shivers to drift down his spine.

Certain families forbade the individuals from marking their mates' bonding mark until they were properly married. It was similar to the whole "virgin until marriage" thing that a lot of religious families did. Some families wanted to see the blood from the bonding mark on the white wedding dress to signify the union. It was always so weird to George as the moment was rather intimate. Omegas felt a rush of pleasure- some even came when they were marked. He felt like he'd be embarrassed if that happened in front of his own family. George's family wasn't like that, though, but he wondered if Dream's family was anything like that.

George didn't want his bonding to happen just anywhere and with just anyone. He really hoped that it would be with someone he loved in a situation they both agreed in. He wanted to truly feel the love from the other individual as their fangs sank deep into his neck. He shivered at the thought of someone- specifically Dream- biting his neck and marking him as theirs forever. He wanted that so badly... so, so badly.

"I know," George responded softly as he buried his nose against the alpha's neck. He knew that the alpha couldn't do the same without stimulating him, but he didn't really care. He wanted to be close to the alpha. "If we're still together after college, I want you to mark me," George continued softly. There was no one around, but he still didn't want anyone else to hear the promise he was making to Dream.

He felt the alpha swallow as George rested against him before Dream nodded slightly. George couldn't help as a smile crossed his face. He turned his head and gently began to press kisses against the alpha's neck as he wanted to show how much he cared for him. He believed that he and Dream would spend the rest of their lives together. He may just be fantasizing, but he truly believed it deep inside of him.

He was left with a peaceful coexistence with Dream at his side as they cuddled with one another. That was all George wanted. And he had it now. This was the best thing to ever happen in his life, and he could be content for the rest of his life with Dream with him. He hoped this would last forever.

Chapter End Notes

I'll see you guys again soon, very very soon :)

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